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(PASADENA, CALIFORNIA)

Historical and Personal

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE ORGANIZATION

OF THE

INDIANA COLONY

ITS ESTABLISHMENT ON THE RANCHO SAN PASCUAL AND ITS EVOLUTION INTO

THE CITY OF PASADENA.

INCLUDING A BRIEF STORY OF SAN GABRIEL MISSION, THE STORY OF THE

BOOM AND ITS AFTERMATH, AND OF THE POLITICAL

CHANGES AND PERSONAGES INVOLVED IN

THIS TRANSFORMATION.

CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, HOMES, ETC.

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Dedication

TO THE PIONEER

*WHOSE HAPPY FORESIGHT AND STEADFAST PURPOSE
FOUNDED A FAIR COLONY, AND MADE POSSIBLE
THIS HISTORY, THESE CHRONICLES ARE
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY*

THE AUTHOR

PASADENA, CAL., 1917.

FOREWORD



CELEBRATED man once said that "History is only a recital of lies." Another, that "History was a lie that had been agreed upon." Now, if these men's words must be accepted at their own reckoning, how dubious one must feel when he seeks, by printed page, to lay open the tombs that hold the secrets of the past!

Rather do I prefer the greater tolerance of a better sage who more aptly said that "History is the memory of a race and is to be written." You and I, kind reader, must agree, if we will travel amicably through this volume, that it is a voracious record and must be accepted as such.

For indeed, the labors and the patience required need at least that much confidence to make the task worth while.

Had I the affluence of imagination and the poetic vocabulary of my friend John McGroarty, I could have made this reading more entertaining, I know. But in these plain hands history must have its limitations—at least while its subjects survive! So I cling to facts, dull and prosy as they may be, oft desiring a wider horizon to soar and entertainment to seek.

This history was "wished on me" by well intentioned friends who believed in its need. Really, I fear they may find some disappointment at its limitations, for I think they expected an encyclopedia of events. The most difficult task that confronted me was not what to include, but what to omit!

Pasadena has had no exciting epochs—barring the boom period—no events of wide interest; just the quiet, forward moving life that evolved a fine city from simple beginnings and a plain people.

The reader will note that these pages have not given much space to personal eulogies. This may disappoint some who like this sort of writing. But it usually looks suspicious in local history and invites criticism—unjust, often. And then how could I, with due discretion and fair discrimination, be entirely honest! Rather permit a future obituary to record the shining virtues of these distinguished citizens. For myself, I will content me to attest their qualities and their merits

in a recital of their accomplishments—so one may read as he runs.

Nevertheless, I cannot refrain from saying here a good word for a very few of the many who gave me such advice and assistance as was within their power. Particularly and most important, was the word that renewed oft flagging courage to continue my sometimes faltering journey.

First, to Charles H. Prisk, who gave me access to old *Star* files, without which this accomplishment would have been nigh impossible; Heman Dyer, who was indispensable; and Harry A. Huff, valuable. To T. P. Lukens, to John McDonald, to C. D. Daggett, to W. H. Vedder, to C. V. Sturtevant and to N. G. Felker, I am especially under obligations. May Allah compensate them! And there are others who did their bit.

And to Doctor Reid's History—the wellspring of early facts—I am able to receive that return for once similar opportunity—in a limited way—which through certain old files of papers, was vouchsafed him. Well, it has had its pleasures, has this task, for it has brought me close again to the golden past, when life was young, when the fragrance of nature was shed in its unalloyed abundance over this beautiful valley, when the soft breezes rustled through bending groves, and when the odor of the sage-brush and wild flowers mingled, and filled the nostrils with delight.

Years from now, another historian will take up the pen where I have laid it down. Then, perhaps, all these actors will have rendered up their account and passed upon that long road, nevermore to turn back. He may be certain that

*“Not one returns to tell of the road,
Which to discover we must travel, too.”*

If this narrative will help him in his labors, that will be satisfaction in a large way to this writer.

I finish this work with relief and with regret—relief that the onerous task is over, regret at the interruption of friendly dalliance with a loved theme. I must, before parting, crave the one favor—that I am absolved from egotism in writing these annals in the first person. I did so deliberately and for two reasons. First, because it is the pleasantest form of narrative; second, because I was thus able to continue an intimate fellowship with old friends all the journey through.

Finally, then, if I have given my patient reader pleasure enough, interest enough, and information enough, to sustain him throughout these pages and unto the very end of the book—that will bring me content! If not, there is no recourse, for—

*“The moving finger writes, and having writ
Moves on; nor all your poetry and wit,
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.”*

Most sincerely,

THE AUTHOR.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION



COME with me through this welcoming gate which stands open with beckoning invitation, and leads to busy thoroughfares, happy homes, and lovely gardens decked with fragrant flowers.

Come with me through green lawns, and over sunlit paths whose flowering borders lead to rose bowered pergolas and secluded retreats.

Come where the golden sunshine sifts in chastened floods upon smiling hill and valley, and fills the land with its happy radiance.

Come with me and listen to the mocking-bird singing its celestial pæans and everlasting melodies.

For I am leading you to a splendid city, resting at the feet of mighty mountains whose peaks pierce the profound depths of benignant skies.

I am showing you a city of clean, spacious avenues, of picturesque bungalows and spacious villas, set in Elysian gardens where soft zephyrs play in amorous dalliance.

And I am recording in these pages, the history that made these things possible to us, and to those who follow us. And to the Pioneer I am giving a just mead of praise for his share in them.



A GLIMPSE WITHIN

The pioneers of Pasadena were not heroic adventurers who sought to face death by flood or field; or who chose, by preference, hazards and privations in that quest whereby they undertook to lay the foundations for new homes in a new land.

No Homeric epic may be written upon enduring tablets to note for them deeds of valor or recount for them strange

adventures. Nor may minstrel sing of hairbreadth 'scapes by land and sea—to their glorification. For they were average people; or—we prefer to believe—just a little better than the average, and, consequently, too unpretending to acclaim, or allow to be acclaimed, the modest labors which resulted in the founding of this city. Therefore, I will refrain, in these pages, the indulgence in panegyrics or in over praise. Let the reader observe, as he rambles through them, the mere mention of deeds that were performed by these unassuming makers of history and construe them in his own generous way. In leading up to the actual historical achievements concerning Pasadena, the writer, in order to give a proper record, finds himself compelled to go back a long way into the past, to link together the important chain of events leading up to the foundation of the Indiana Colony, which, in time, became Pasadena. So, out of regard for chronological verities, I have seen fit to include a brief history of the Mission “San Gabriel Arcangel,” one of the finest specimens of California missions now existing, and thus make a perfect connecting link.

The excuse for this, while sufficient in itself, lies also in the fact of its neighborly interest and does not need further apology.

CHAPTER I

SAN GABRIEL ARCANGEL

WHEREIN IS BRIEFLY WRITTEN THE STORY OF CALIFORNIA'S FOURTH FOUNDED MISSION AND SOMETHING CONCERNING THE PADRES WHO FOUNDED IT AND THE GOOD WORKS THEY PERFORMED.



MISSION SAN GABRIEL, Founded 1771

THE MISSION GARDEN

MRS. G. PACKARD-DU BOIS

*Where once the padres walked in days gone by,
At peace, within this quiet, cool retreat,
The great white sea-gulls, circling far, and high,
The ocean coming, going at their feet,
Is silence now. The roses bloom and die
With but the soft, salt breeze to breathe their sweet.
On crumbled wall the lizard basks in heat,
And, far away, and clear, the curlews cry.
Enter. The spell of time is over all.
What wonder if beneath the palm trees tall
A shadowy form be seen, a scotfall heard,
Or breathes again at dusk some whispered word
From out that Old World past? The padre's sleep
Beneath the arches gray is calm and deep.*



BOOKS, and other books, have been written about California missions; about the good padres who founded them; the noble enterprise they engaged in, and the meaning and success of that great crusade.

The missions, themselves, are, in most cases, but reminiscences of a heroic purpose; and their architectural beauties—unique and striking—will be forgotten soon, unless methods are continued to preserve them from the devastating tooth of time. Many now are but heaps of brick and adobe—melancholy reminders of their day and plan; but, thanks to the Landmarks Club of Southern California, efforts to protect and preserve some of them have been successful; and some, at least, will remain fitting monuments to the self-sacrificing efforts of their founders.

If we glance at a map of California whereon is set down the "El Camino Real," we behold a series of black dots, set apart, at more or less regular intervals, but following, in their general trend, the coast line from San Diego in the south to Sonoma in the north—a distance, altogether, of about seven hundred miles. These black dots are linked together by a fine line, and one is reminded of a string of black beads, or if more poetic, a rosary, bound by gossamer strands woven by vagrant spider, who, in his meanderings, has affixed his tenuous cables at regular intervals as he strolled on his journey. The slender cable is "El Camino Real"—the "King's Highway," and the dots represent the missions of the holy fathers, those evangelizing places established by them in that romantic and eventful pilgrimage, through fertile valleys and over sunny mesas, when they laid the foundations of a lofty and sacred purpose.

Over these Highways the King's soldiers journeyed; and, came with them, the Fathers of the Church, in quest of new realms where they might plant their gonfalons in the name of conquest and their Holy Cause. Over this route Serra and his brothers made well beaten paths, for they traveled it often; and in token of remembrance, they scattered by the way, seed of the yellow mustard, thus bordering their pathways with a golden token to guide the future traveler. And the while, it may be added, as they set the foundations of their missions, they also gave them well sounding names, bespeaking thus the protection of some good saint or other—for that was the custom of the time. As has been said—

*"To name them is to pray;
For their names fulfill the chorus
Of a thousand saints that o'er us
Swing the censers night and day."*

The Mission San Gabriel lies south of the borders of Pasadena but three miles, in the old town of San Gabriel, now, alas, modernized and deprived forever of much of its once picturesque and sentimental glamour. Desiring to reach it, we, now, instead of as of yore making our pilgrimage by the Camino Real, go by modern trolley car, whose clamorous and rumbling wheels disperse the atmosphere of romance which in the past invested its thoroughfares. Long ago the pedestrian wended between low browed adobes, around whose thresholds clambered blooming Castilian roses over which betimes, passed sandal footed padres droning their litanies. From these casements once peered dark eyed senoritas who, half hid, listened to the strains of gallant troubadour as he breathed his ardour and his devoirs from the *calle* below. Rarely, now, may be heard the enamored gallant, as in the old time ways. He may twang his guitar, and does so indeed, but it is in the more modern manner, reclining on the door step, on the piazza, or within the family walls, instead of under latticed window and scented bower with a friendly moon looking on.

The modern street of San Gabriel—now traversed by noisy cars and ill smelling automobiles—was its chief *calle* in that time, and the Mission, that was begun before the liberty bell chimed its defiance to king and potentate, was the center of all activities—religious, social and commercial; for within its walls were taught all of these principles upon which the mission enterprise was founded. The adobe of those days has, in most cases, given way to the more modern brick business place, or the frame bungalow. Happily, however, some remnants yet remain of the days before came the Gringo,* the "Yanqui" invader.

When the Gringo came with his Yankee innovations, the old atmosphere departed forever, the glamour and the pictur-

* Charles F. Lummis says "Gringo" is an old Spanish word, current in Spain a century before any English-speaking person ever saw Mexico. It is a corruption of "Griego," but was corrupted in Spain and not in this country, and not on account of the "Tenderfeet" who came to Mexico. It is recorded in Spanish dictionaries of 1878 and earlier.

esque gave way before the material and practical money maker. Perhaps this was necessary for human progress: that the rattle and bang of railroads and the belching smoke of manufacturing plants displace the romantic and the sentimental; yet the vanishing of a picturesque period and its people must, nevertheless, not be permitted to pass into the oblivion of forgetfulness without some record being made of that period and of that race. Therefore, let this history do its brief part, and its pages acclaim a noble cause, of which these mission walls stand signal reminders.

When the padres invaded California for the purpose of establishing the Holy Cross among the aborigines, they found in them a simple people, living primitive and purposeless lives—a mere existence in fact—just as exist millions of other beings, more luckily born, upon this earth; who live and pass through a process, then die, leaving no excuse as to why.

To these Indians, living was a mere routine of lazy indulgence. True, they sometimes engaged in the milder forms of the chase, when hunger compelled or primal inclinations prompted. They might sometimes bathe, if ablutions meant mere aquatic pleasures; but not, usually, perhaps, in the desire for sanitation. They have been charged with having some kind of religion—a God to worship—by historians who endeavor to endow them with elevated characteristics and noble sentiments. Perhaps those Indians had some sort of creed, or belief—most Indians have—and the great Father or Spirit had a significance as deep and impressive to their simple minds as does the Christian God to a Christian race. For the primitive mind cannot contemplate great natural phenomena without being impressed by them, as mysteries ever will impress. The power that can send the sun on its daily course, cause thunder and rain and snow, must be a wonderful one indeed, hence should be worshiped. But these people had never before heard of the Christian's God. It behooved the Church to evangelize this untutored people and bring them into the fold. Thus, when the King of Spain was besought by the Fathers of the Church for the privilege of sending missionaries into the faraway California—so far that even its geography was unknown—there to engage in the rescue of souls—the monarch acceded with kingly gener-

osity: that is, he gave them the privilege they asked with the added injunction that if they fared successfully, they could help themselves to whatever of the domain that might be found necessary for their enterprise, and annex the same to the Holy Church. So it came to pass that these missionaries came to the strange land, took generously of its domain and proceeded to instill into the ignorant Indian some new ideas of life—here and hereafter; and also a system of living heretofore inconceivable to him. History has shown how successfully this was done; how the padres, with a practical comprehension of life, taught the Indian to labor in new ways; to till the soil; to sow and to harvest; to plant fruit-bearing trees, and to plant vines and make rare vintages from them. Cattle and sheep were also introduced into this new existence, to later become the backbone of California products, in their day. Besides these endeavors came instruction in household affairs, new methods of cooking. The tortilla, or frijole, was made known, perhaps, also, *chile con carne*, to regale with gustatory delight the heretofore unepicurean tastes of the noble braves, whose stomachs were not yet educated beyond such horrific things as lizards and grasshoppers! Moreover, they were taught exemplary habits and morals—a system of living in accordance with a higher existence. And in a measure they succeeded in their efforts, did these crusaders of the church, and where ordinary mortals might fail, they made their impress deep and strong. Whether the subjects also absorbed the spiritual instillations who can tell? But they conformed, in externals at least, to the priestly admonitions, whatever may have been the reservation deep down in their primitive minds.

No less than twenty-one missions, in all, were thus established in California, beginning with that of San Diego de Alcala, whose foundations were laid June 16th, 1769, and ending with the San Francisco Solano, at Sonoma, in 1823—fifty-four years afterwards.

As noted before, and as shown by proper maps, these missions are located, as a rule, a day's journey apart; a day's journey meaning in those times the distance possible by plodding, patient Fray, afoot; or by mule attached to creaking "carreta." So arranged, they afforded shelter and provender to wearied traveler at the end of each day's journey. Designedly and with characteristic acumen, the missions were built

in fertile valleys by pellucid streams where the arts of agriculture could be carried on. They were their own sources of support and more; and in due time the excess crops were conveyed on mule back or in "carreta" to markets—the camps of the soldiers, usually—and there sold at a good profit.

Thus from Mission to Mission traveled the Missionary on his errand of civilization, or in the behest of commerce, and never wearied of his purpose. And so the "Camino Real," or King's Highway, was established. Over these old roads, even today, so well were they planned, the more modern automobile speeds, guided to its destination by the modern made Mission bells in miniature, recalling to the contemplative mind the trails and the trials of Fray Junipero Serra and his noble band of argonauts of the Church.



CHAPTER II

THE JOURNEYS OF DON GASPAR DE PORTOLA

*"Once more I see Portolá's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon."*



ON GASPAR DE PORTOLA was a man of arms and noted for his adventurous disposition. A few years ago the people of San Francisco celebrated his name, and conferred upon him much fame; and the state of California has written into its calendar of holidays "Portolá Day," in commemoration of his discovery of the bay and the sand dunes where the city of St. Francis was later built. Yet this discovery, and Portolá's great fame, was brought about through an error. Either because of poor maps, poor judgment or good fortune, Portolá, who was in reality in quest of the bay of Monterey, stumbled upon the Golden Gate and post-mortem renown.

To Don Gaspar de Portolá adventure was meat and sustenance. He loved romance, for the blood of the conquistadore was in his veins. He had heard of California,* and had been sent to Baja California (Mexico) to take over the Jesuit missions. The Crown, being desirous of confiscating these properties, wished to expel their Jesuit founders. Coincidentally, Fray Junipero Serra desired to adopt these very Missions for his Franciscan brothers, and was engaged in this undertaking also. It is a matter of history, however, that, harsh as was the edict of the Crown, it was carried out by Portolá with consideration and mercy. Portolá had been commissioned *Gobernador* to give him authority in his work. His great ambition was to travel north into the land of California on a voyage of discovery. These ambitions fitted well into the plans of Junipero Serra, for this zealous missionary

* The name California, or Kali-fornia, is of obscure origin and meaning, but the commonly accepted and most satisfactory origin is that it was applied by an ancient writer of romance to a strange island in the Pacific, peopled by a singular people. At one time California was supposed to be an island and was so called by old time geographers.

desired to bring under the tutelage of the church the Indians that he had heard were there in great numbers. Thus, in the year 1768, we find Portolá in Loreto, Baja California completing his work with the Jesuits as magnanimously as the decree permitted. This business finally attended to, he arranged to accompany Fray Junipero on his journey. Portolá and his leather coated troops, servants and Indian attendants, started on the first stage of his journey to San Diego, and after many hardships incident to such travel arrived there in due season.

To Portolá there was also another incentive more urgent than the establishment of Missions. Somewhere in the far north was a bay which was named Monterey by another explorer, who told wonderful things about it. He was desirous of seeing this bay for himself, and gathering some of the wonderful rich pearls, said to be lying thereabout in profusion, as trophies of his adventure. This was the incentive in his mind when he rendezvoused at San Diego with his little band of forty-four persons, in the year 1768. Some recent historians ascribe to one Jose de Galvez the glory of originating the idea of establishing the California Missions; thus poaching from Junipero Serra his long enjoyed credit. Father Galvez had a history that spells romance from its beginning to its ending. It read from a shepherd boy in Spain, then to Minister to India, with the title of Marquis. From that far land to "New Spain" he traveled, and in conjunction with Fray Serra, established the civilization of the Church. At all events he is entitled to be considered an able auxiliary, at least, of Fray Junipero, the most illustrious of all priests in the annals of California Missions.

After two weeks' rest and recuperation the band of Portolá departed from San Diego on its new adventures. There were all told sixty soldiers, servants and guides. There were included several priests, among whom were Frays Crespi and Gomez, also Governor Fages, who had replaced Portolá as Governor. Luckily, Fray Juan Crespi was the chronicler of this expedition, as he was of others of the kind, and to his imagination and sense of the beautiful and harmonious we owe the euphonious appellations which he thought fit to apply to the places he passed by, and saw, on these journeys. As the historian of these expeditions he conferred the dignity and sentiment they required to raise them into romantic pil-

grimaces. In this capacity he has related, in minute detail, the incidents of travel and the momentous occurrences and adventures attending them. We should thank him in our hearts for the musical and felicitous names he applied to the valleys, and peaks, and streams of our beloved State. True, he drew frequently upon the Saintly calendar for his nomenclature, but who can deny the propriety and harmony of such names as Santa Margarita, San Felipe, Santa Barbara, or our own Los Angeles and San Gabriel, as compared with their Anglicized congeners? How regretful we are that another Fray Crespi could not have been present, with authority when some streets of Pasadena were baptized; for then we might have been spared such discordant and tuneless examples as Worcester, Wapallo, Muscatan or Punahou!

But, if Portolá's expedition failed to find Monterey bay, it did discover a bay of far greater significance in its future importance to the world; for on November 7th, 1769, the beautiful portals of the Golden Gate were disclosed to the soldiers' gaze, and the bay of San Fransicco was first seen by white men. With this discovery, Portolá's name was written into the pages of California's history. Portolá did not know then of the vastly superior importance that this discovery had above mere Monterey, for once again he essayed to find the object of his original quest. In April, 1770, on his second journey northward, he and his little band for the second time traversed the Valley of the San Gabriel, and upon a fine day arrived and found surcease from travel under the oaks and sycamores of South Pasadena.

They found Indians in plenty, living in their primitive villages, and it is said that Portolá smoked the pipe of friendly confidence with the head man, or Chief, one Hahamovie, who lived with his followers on the land where, seventy-five years later, was built the hacienda of Colonel Manuel Garfias and which is now the property of George W. Glover. It was the time of the year when blooming poppies blazed the slopes and mesas with their golden bannerets, and it was this flaming glory that begat the name "Copra de Ora," or cloth of gold, which sailors out at sea forty miles away, conferred upon the splendid sight. But these soldiers of Portolá gave to this particular land the name which it afterward, in part, retained. It was on an Easter Sunday they arrived, and because of this, and upon beholding the striking beauty of the blooming pop-

pies, they applied the term "La Sabinalla de San Pascual," "The Grand Altar Cloth of Holy Easter"—hence it was that the Rancho San Pascual received its name. Portolá and his followers were perhaps the first white men ever seen by these Indians, and for that reason, and also for the fact that it was then that the desirability of this place for a Mission germinated, it later became the domain of the Mission San Gabriel.

On the bank of the Arroyo Seco, near where stood the famous Garfia's hacienda, stands a fine spreading oak which has seen the suns of centuries. Upon the trunk of this tree can be faintly seen the form of a cross, now nearly overgrown and obliterated. It is given upon the best legendary authority that this cross was cut upon a day when the first religious services were held in this valley, these services being held beneath this spreading oak, the cross being made by one of the soldiers of Portolá upon the visit above referred to. Just a few yards away is the "Garfia's spring," where the family sought libations on occasion; where children played, and romance dwelt, long years ago. It was in September, 1771, that another expedition, consisting of ten soldiers, some muleteers and servants, in command of two priests, Fray Pedro Cambon and Angel Somero, traveled north from San Diego and arrived in a few days on the banks of the Rio Temblores, a branch of the San Gabriel. Here it was decided was the place to establish a Mission, the fourth of the California chain. This was done, and it was named the Mission San Gabriel Arcangel; later, when it had been abandoned because of damage by erratic floods, known as Mission Vieja, or "Old Mission." When the storms of winter came and mountain streams flooded the valley, it was found an undesirable location, and after four years a new site was sought. The ruins of the "Old Mission" may yet be seen where originally founded 146 years ago.

LO THE POOR INDIAN

I have said that Portolá exchanged a smoke or two with Chief Hahamovic and received proper courtesies at his hands. I cannot say that it was good tobacco that was smoked, for it is doubtful that the true Virginia weed was extensively known to the Indians, but probably a wild variety. What kind of conversation was carried on and the subjects discussed can be conjectured, for the Indian knew not the white man's lan-

guage and had little, in fact, of his own, and the worthy soldiers certainly knew nothing of the aboriginal's dialect. It must have been a "Quaker Meeting" conversazione—so to say! However, the red man deserves that respect due to an antiquity of ancestry which some families gladly pay for! No one knows the origin of these races of California Indians; all information is but guesswork. There were numerous villages of them scattered throughout the valley, and, in fact, all over Southern California. Each clan had its head man, or "chief," usually an hereditary dignity, and a simulation of laws prevailed. One of these "clans" was located on Raymond Hill, one at Oak Knoll, one near Devil's Gate in the Arroyo Seco, one in Millard's Canyon, and the one which Hahamovic was head was located at Lincoln Park, in South Pasadena. The chief, Hahamovic, was taken into the bosom of the church, became baptized under the name of Pascual, afterwards married a Spanish woman named Angela Seise, and "lived happy ever after"—or at least to a very old age.

In 1775 another Mission building was begun—a few hundred feet north of the present Mission. The new building was also built of adobe. Then, in a few years came a *temblor* or earthquake, which wrecked the newer edifice and rendered it unfit for permanent use. Persistent in their purpose, the indefatigable Frays began the construction of a larger and more substantial Mission, this time using burned brick and stone to fortify its walls. This is the Mission San Gabriel as seen today, differing little except that in the original there was a belfry, or tower, and the roof was of burned tile. An earthquake in 1804 destroyed the tile roof, which was then replaced by shingles. So it stands, modernized, yet still bearing the conspicuous features of the original Mission architecture.

When the Holy Fathers settled down in earnest to their work of proselytizing, they lost no time. The Indians were pressed into the labors of the day, and there being no trades unions, accepted the conditions offered, which were hard work, something to eat, and prospects of their souls' salvation—a new vista for them! They were instructed in manual labor and their hands built the Mission, under the guidance of more competent Spanish instructors, of course. Thus they were taught to serve the Lord and their new masters at the same time. Seeds, plants, vines and trees were brought from Spain

or from New Spain (Mexico) and those neophytes ("Christianized" Indians) were taught to plant and care for them. Gradually, the Aboriginal was led from his primitive habits and customs. In the past labor with them had been done mostly by proxy, i.e., by their wives, they looking on in satisfied content. But as they lived the simple life, subsisting upon berries, the cactus pear, succulent roots or nuts, which the trees in paternal beneficence dropped at their feet, the labor was not arduous or prolonged. Game was abundant and fish to be had in the mountain streams, if the "buck" was unusually zealous. Even the festive grasshopper added much to the delight of a meal; and the meat of the rattlesnake was the piece de resistance of epicurean festivities. Of any higher culture there was no evidence. Metates, or mortars, and pestles are yet turned up from the soil which in their day served to grind grain and nuts they used for food. Little clothing was worn, especially by the men. In winter, sometimes a mere coating of mud served to protect from unusual cold. In later years, perhaps under the instructions of Spanish hands, the women of these tribes became expert in making baskets, whose artistic design and figuring have made them of great value to the collector. Some of these collections, particularly those made by Mrs. Belle Jewett and Mrs. T. S. C. Lowe, were of exceptional merit, but have scattered since the death of their collectors.

CHRISTIANIZING THE INDIANS

It required time for these novices to become sufficiently familiar with their new arts to make themselves really useful. Also, it required time to inspire confidence in their new masters—for they became Masters—and the process was not always through affectionate persuasion; but it was coming. An irrigation system was built into the canyon back of Monrovia (Sawpit) and water brought down. Fields of grain, vineyards and orchards, sprang up and bloomed where heretofore the cactus and chaparral snugly harbored the long-eared jackrabbit and the horned toad. It is said that no less than four thousand Indians submitted to the new régime, became members of the priestly family and useful beings with a new purpose in life, under the domination of the Frays of San Gabriel.

It was a raw but willing, or at least obedient, material, and thrift and prosperity followed the labors at the Missions. This transformation came not in a day or a year; but the padres were patient and time to them had no significance, for upon the death of one, another took up his labors without interruption. Aside from the agricultural pursuits taught them, the women were initiated into heretofore mysterious things regarding morals and household craft. The use of the needle was made known. With the soldiers from Mexico had come some wives of them, who made their homes about the Mission and became useful instructors for the Indian women in new ideas of domestic life. Some of these soldiers established permanent homes and raised families whose descendants are now good California citizens.

Thrice daily, at the sound of the Mission bells, the neophytes bowed their heads in token of submission to the new creed and their new masters. In the evenings, when the last regular meal of the day was eaten, they gathered within the Mission walls and listened to the admonitions of the padres, repeated their aves and sang a salve to their new God. Perhaps they had but faint comprehension of the meaning of all these things, but, at least, they were better fed and had more interest in life than formerly. The wise priests, after the usual religious services, permitted them to engage in amusements. Dancing was one of these—no tangoes, of course! Thus were the childish minds captured and their hearts contented, and thus they were held in useful control. Doubtless there were occasions when more strenuous, even seemingly cruel, methods were indulged in. Fray Zalvidea, who assumed charge of this Mission in 1806, was one of the kind who displayed—according to repute—less gentleness and more severity of discipline. Perhaps conditions demanded this; at any rate, Fray Zalvidea proved himself a good administrator, if a hard taskmaster, and greatly advanced business affairs at the Mission.

Los Angeles—nine miles distant—had been growing into a somewhat important pueblo. It was the western terminus of the great Santa Fé trail, over which traveled hosts of adventurers from the East who dreamed of fortunes out where the sun set, and journeyed with their ox teams, their mules and their horses, to the land of promise. The wharves of San Pedro were, even in those early days, important, and from

them sailed ships laden with the products of the fertile valley. Hides, tallow and wool from the sleek, fat cattle and sheep that browsed upon the verdure of the sunny hillsides; vintages from the vines that clustered on valley and mesa. From the dimpling grain fields was sent loads of wheat and barley; and from the olive groves oil equal to that from the hills of Sicily. In time the Mission San Gabriel gathered about it families from Mexico and Spain, who set up their lares and penates and the Mission prospered. When the weary traveler by the Santa Fé trail came upon this fertile, smiling settlement, where wine and food was offered him in generous quantities, he halted and partook of the hospitalities that greeted him. The newcomers gladly exchanged their gold for the fresh fruits and other highly satisfying provender, and halted for a time in the smiling sunshine. So the Mission and its people reaped prosperity therefrom. Thus matters continued for many years, until about 1813, in fact. The prosperity of the church and the fertility of the land had become known. The Junta in Mexico became desirous of possessing the rich soil of upper California. An edict was passed and the church deprived of its entire landed possessions. This was called "secularizing," and although this decree was not strictly put in force until twenty years afterwards, its effects were immediate, and in the end disastrous. Under the decree the Missions became mere parishes, the Indians being given small parcels of land for their own uses and homes were provided for them. The result of this new dispensation became demoralizing, for these simple people could not manage themselves, the Missionaries foreseeing their authority gone and their control over the Indians lost heart. All their achievements had come to naught by a stroke of the pen! It was easy to see that these aboriginals, bereft of any strong authority, would readily revert to their original condition—or worse. For they had a taste of civilization!

Parishes were to replace large land estates and the incomes thus be lost to the Missions. Without adequate income, what could be done? And this is what did happen. The authority gone, the Indians gradually dropped back again to their primal condition and became like sheep without a bell-wether.

The tribe of Hahamovic, of the Isanthcognas and the Arvignas became scattered and were known thereafter as but

a memory, and the years of labor of the Missionary Frays were annulled and their wards scattered and lost to them for all time. But the Mission San Gabriel still rears its walls and asserts its purpose, as sings Bret Harte—

*“Bells of the Past, whose long forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the Present,
With color of romance!”*



CHAPTER III

DONA EULALIA PEREZ DE GUILLEN

CONCERNING A WOMAN OF MANY VIRTUES WHO LIVED TO AN EXTRAORDINARY AGE, DOING MANY BENEVOLENT THINGS THE WHILE. AND HER CONNECTION WITH THIS STORY.



WE are approaching the link that connects the San Gabriel Mission and its lands with our own Pasadena; and in telling the story must of necessity, as well as by disposition, introduce a remarkable and worthy lady who was noted not only for her charities and benevolent deeds, but for the remarkable length of life she attained. Her fame still lingers about the Mission walls, and the remembrance of her strong personality is told, even now, by some of the older residents of San Gabriel. This noted lady was Dona Eulalia de Guillen, born Perez. The Dona de Guillen was not of "noble" blood, but of good Spanish extraction and was born in "Lower" California in 1735. She came to San Gabriel with her husband, who was a soldier of Spain, about the year 1800, being then sixty-five years of age. She then began her career of practical benevolence, which included nursing the sick, teaching the ignorant Indians housewifely arts, and acting as midwife upon occasion; and by these acts ingratiated herself into the notice of the padres, who fully appreciated her meritorious deeds.

When the Junta of Mexico took steps to secularize the mission lands, Fray Zalvidea was in charge of the San Gabriel Mission, and foreseeing the consequences, decided to show his appreciation of Dona de Guillen's activities while he had the ability to do so. In this way came about the presentation to her of a deed to no less than 14,000 acres out of the northwest corner of the Mission lands. One might call it a handsome gratuity indeed, when it is known that these lands embrace the very soil upon which Pasadena stands; and much adjacent land as well—the entire San Pasquale Ranch, as known to map makers. This gift was made in 1826, just prior to Fray Zalvidea's departure to San Juan Capistrano, to which place he had been ordered. Now one might think that

with such a benefaction as this the good lady would have been blessed and forever relieved from fear of need. Not so, however; she was ninety-two years old at the time, and without money. It was the law that gifts of crown lands must needs have certain conditions complied with, to confirm them. The important one that the Dona de Guillen could not comply with was that it must be stocked with cattle. The gift was duly ratified on Easter day, 1827, and because of the day was named "Rancho San Pascual," or "Easter Day Ranch," the meaning it had in English, as heretofore explained.

Perhaps it was because of indifference, but most probably because lacking financial ability to stock the land as stipulated by law, the proper requirements were not carried out. No cattle, sheep or horses were placed upon the lands, and also, she even failed to place upon record the deed of conveyance. No trace of it can be found in our County archives. Nevertheless that the gift was made is a fact. Perhaps the old lady, knowing her inability to stock the ranch, felt also the uselessness of recording the title thereto. The law was doubtless a good one and prevented promiscuous land grabbing.

So for these reasons, the good Dona lost her broad domain, although a putative husband of her later years unsuccessfully endeavored to revive the title. When greatly advancing years incapacitated this lady from following her usual pursuits, she became very poor. At one time—in 1876—she appeared before Judge O'Melveny of Los Angeles, in charge of a daughter, who claimed for her a right to appear at the Centennial Exposition, at Philadelphia, as an evidence of the effect of California climate on health and longevity! The old lady was then 141 years of age and still sprightly.

The Judge reprimanded this daughter, and another one appearing with Attorney Stephen M. White to oppose the request, the first daughter was compelled to give a bond of five hundred dollars to insure the order of the Court "that the mother be kept at her home and properly cared for," which agreement was duly entered into then and there, and probably kept. Old residents visiting San Gabriel will remember this old woman as an object of curiosity because of her great age. She looked the part, too, being much wrinkled and withered, her face like a russet apple, gnarled by keeping overlong. But her bright and friendly eyes, as well as her simple words

of greeting, indicated a lively intellect to the end, almost. She died at San Gabriel, June 8th, 1878, being then 143 years old, and lies in the little cemetery there beside her first husband—who died in 1816—and the many friends whose birth she attended and at whose funerals she had given kindly assistance. Four daughters survived Dona de Guillen, one marrying one Ora Lopez, son of Claudeo Lopez, builder of the Old Mill; another Michael White, an American, and another a Mr. De la Ossa.

Some persons may be skeptical about the age of this good lady, but the records in San Diego County show the date of her baptism. Instances of extreme age are well known among Spanish people. There used to live in an old shack in the arroyo near the Devil's Gate, a Spanish woman named Lugo. She was known as "Old Francesca," and when she died—about 1896—she was said to be 107 year old and was active unto the end. Another old lady who died at San Gabriel some years ago claimed to be 110.

Peace be to the bones of Dona Eulalia, the first white owner—nominally at least—of the Rancho San Pascual. It is the duty of all loyal Pasadenans to remember her in their prayers!



CHAPTER IV

COLONEL DON MANUAL GARFIAS AND OUR LADY CHATELAINE

THE ROMANCE OF A GALLANT COLONEL AND A LOVELY LADY AND
WHAT RESULTED THEREFROM. THE RANCHO SAN PASCUAL'S NEW
OWNERS AND THE STORY OF THEIR VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

WE have seen
how the own-
ership of the
"Easter Day
Ranch," the

Rancho San Pascual—
or Pasquale—was
forfeited by its first
owner. Now comes a
gallant son of Mars,
fresh from the wars,
handsome and poor; as
of course must ever a
romantic hero be. I
am introducing Colo-
nel Manuel Garfias, of
the staff of one Gen-



RUINS OF THE GARFIAS ADOBE 1874

eral Micheltorena, one of the governors of California. It
had come to pass that Micheltorena had decided to visit South-
ern California and pay his respects to Governor Pio Pico,
who ruled the destinies of that section. Perhaps he was jeal-
ous of Pico's popularity and growing power. At all events
he gathered together a little army, and with a gallant staff
surrounding him, proceeded southward to the pueblo of Los
Angeles to look into the affairs of Pico, the renowned. Need-
less here to relate, there were no "battles," nor was gun-
powder burned on this occasion. Battles in those days,
compared with modern battles, were pleasing episodes of
merriment. Micheltorena landed in San Diego, making his
headquarters there, and found things apparently all right
and the occasion resulted in an exchange of agreeable ameni-

ties between the two governors and their supporters. The land barons of Southern California, the noble Dons of their time, opened their doors in hospitable generosity to the officers of Micheltorena. Instead of exploding gunpowder, they opened bottles, ate chile con carne and other comestibles. The tinkling guitar was heard, and in lieu of battle cries, sounds of revelry prevailed. Love passages were an agreeable substitute for belligerency to these brave troopers. They were the good old times, when life meant a succession of pleasures each day, and "manana" was its slogan. The Dons had the means and inclination, and their fair daughters and gallant sons were glad to open the gates of the great "haciendas" to the ever welcome visitor, who was never asked for the where-withal to pay, even were he a stranger to the house and a wayfarer in the land. Contemporary annals say the Spaniards of California in those days were gallant, chivalrous and care free; the Senoras hospitable and good natured; the daughters beautiful, gracious and coquettish. Into this charmed life came Colonel Garfias, poor, handsome and brave. He became a favorite everywhere and fell a victim to the allurements surrounding him. It was natural.

The toast of the pueblo Los Angeles and all the countryside was one Senorita Luisa Abila, whose beauty was celebrated, even among the many charming belles of the day, and for whose hand many gallants had sued, but as yet, unsuccessfully. It was not strange, then, that the soldierly figure of Colonel Garfias, with the halo of romantic interest that ever surrounds a warrior, should attract the fair Luisa and capture her attention. Nor, on the other hand, that the son of Mars should fall a victim to her lovely charms. A fair match, you may agree, and doubtless mutually approved, for it was not long ere the troth was pledged and announced. But family traditions must ever, with the old regime, be respected, even though Cupid might be ever so complaisant and dance ever so coaxingly along primrose paths. As I have said, Colonel Garfias was poor, neither was he of high caste, though eminently respectable.

The daughter of a Don may not marry and relinquish her position. Here comes, then, the gracious Micheltorena to straighten out the tangle and cause the god of love to smile approvingly, and smooth away, with a word, the obstacles that loomed frowningly upon the lovers. Micheltorena, with

the easy generosity of the times, and a prodigality born of experience and expediency, simply granted his favorite Colonel the great Rancho San Pascual as a wedding gift; and presto! the pathway of Mars was made smooth and easy. So the mere promptings of Cupid, accelerated by the witching eyes of the fair Senorita Luisa, became the easement of this baronial demesne; the gallant Colonel became the husband of the famous Luisa Abila in January, 1843, and this charming lady became Pasadena's first "Lady Chatelaine!"

But it was not Colonel Garfias himself who took charge of the gift, but Dona Abila, his wife's mother, for she it seems had both energy and ability. A foreman was placed in charge of the estate, and he lived in the little adobe south of the Raymond the while, Garfias in the meantime holding some offices of trust in the pueblo of Los Angeles, then having a population of about 3,000 souls. Dona Abila was of most excellent family, being related to the Sepulvedas, one of whom was a County Judge, who afterwards distinguished himself in Mexico City in the practice of law, and was also financial agent for the Hearst estate of 2,000,000 acres in that country. He died in 1915. Colonel Garfias was now a Don by virtue of his estate, and with his good lady cut a figure in the social life of the County.

Then bad blood arose between his old General and friend Micheltorena and Governor Pico, and Micheltorena came to settle things and to bring Pico to book. Pico was not backward himself, and met Micheltoreno's army at Cahuenga, near Hollywood, and fought a battle there, mostly at long range, which lasted most of two days. One may guess the blood-thirstiness of said "battle" when it is stated that a *mule or two* were rendered *hors de combat*, but no human lives lost. Some Americans engaged in this "battle" on the side of Pico,



DONA LUISA GARFIAS
Pasadena's First Lady Chatelaine
(In maturity)



HEADQUARTERS OF PICO'S ARMY STAFF
Before Surrender to Fremont

among them B. D. Wilson, who was at the time *Alcalde* (Mayor) of Los Angeles. As could be expected, Garfias remained loyal to his former General Micheltorena and with some others joined him in this engagement. After the two days of combat it seemed like a "draw" to the opposing governors and a truce was called. Micheltorena made terms with Pico, leaving him in his old position, and departed for

Monterey with his troops. But Garfias remained in Los Angeles, as he was enabled to do under the treaty just made. This fracas occurred in 1845 and was the final one between California governors of the old regime. In 1846 the disturbance between the United States and Mexico was on; the possession of California was threatened both by Great Britain and Russia, both having longings for it. The United States had knowledge of this fact, and sent the "pathfinder," John C. Fremont, down to Los Angeles to anticipate this contingency and take possession of California for the United States. Fremont came, saw and conquered, and made himself a picturesque figure in history. There was a "battle," and General Andres Pico made a treaty with Fremont, January 13th, 1847, surrendering the country to the United States. This occurred at Cahuengo, near Hollywood. It is of especial interest to us to know in this connection that the adobe house standing just south of the Raymond Hotel was, during the invasion of Fremont, the headquarters of General Flores and his staff of Pico's army, which included General Andres Pico, the Governor's brother, Don Jesus Pico (a nephew), Colonel Caville, Colonel Castro and Colonel Garfias. Their little army was encamped amidst the sycamores which yet stand near the adobe house. In these headquarters a hasty council was held

and foreseeing themselves outnumbered and beaten, a plan of surrender was agreed upon and commissioners appointed to meet Fremont and offer terms. Governor Pico had retreated to his ranch and General Flores had been made commander-in-chief, as well as temporary Governor, by a recent act of the Legislature, met in special session at Los Angeles, and he selected Francesco de la Guerra and Francesca Rico to meet Fremont to ascertain what terms could be made with him. This was preliminary to the Commission afterwards appointed by Pico to sign the compact. It is not part of this history to go into further details of this treaty. But it is interesting to know that Colonel Garfias, who, according to arrangements made with Fremont, was permitted to remain peacefully, but chose not to submit himself to Gringo rule, next day departed, in company with a score or more of companions, for Mexico, where he remained until the disturbance going on in that country was settled. In 1847 he was again in Los Angeles, by the treaty with Mexico having become an American citizen. Again settling down to politics in Los Angeles, he in 1850 became a *regidore*, or Councilman, and a year later, County Treasurer. But the call of the landed proprietor was upon him, he wanted the distinction that befell the Don, in person. In 1852, therefore, he built the hacienda of adobe on the Rancho San Pascual, where he proposed to set himself up as a land baron like his fellows. This hacienda was located on the bank of the arroyo seco, where nearby gushed a clear, sparkling spring of the purest water. The spring is still gushing forth in a bubbling stream, but the hacienda has long since been scattered in the dust of the surrounding fields.

To the completed hacienda came the Garfias family in 1853. Two children, daughters, had been born to them by then, and they began their residence under auspicious circumstances.

CHAPTER V

THE RANCHO SAN PASCUAL

GIVING SOME DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT RANCHO AND OF THE AFFAIRS OF ITS SUCCESSIVE OWNERS. THE MISFORTUNE OF THE GARFIAS FAMILY AND THEIR EFFACEMENT FROM THESE CHRONICLES. THE LIFE OF THE DONS AND THEIR UNBUSINESSLIKE SYSTEM.



THE Rancho San Pascual—or San Pasquale, as it is now generally spelled—covered all of the area from the west bank of the Arroyo Seco to Lamanda Park on the east; northward to the mountains; and southward to the area reserved for the Mission, including South Pasadena, the Wilson ranch and the present Huntington place of San Marino—once part of the Wilson estate and later the property of the Shorb family. It comprised, as before stated, 14,000 acres—three and a half square leagues—a sightly and fertile domain fit for founding a family or perpetuating a princely heritage. It would be pleasant for this scribe to write here of the happiness and prosperity of the family of Garfias, so auspiciously begun under indulgent and flattering auguries. Unfortunately, however, Don Manuel Garfias was less of a rancher or stockman than a soldier; fonder perhaps, like his kind, of the “camaraderie” of his fellows than of the duties pertaining to the business of a land owner. Yet he was ambitious to live as other large land owners of the day, and he was raising a family. When he decided to build his hacienda he wished to build a good one; but he lacked the coin of the realm to do it. What then easier than to borrow it? His friend, Dr. John S. Griffin of Los Angeles, was ready to loan it to him—at four per cent per month! Usurious! I hear exclaimed; true, but in those piping times this was not an excessive rate, as high as *twelve* per cent, per *week*, having been known as not uncommon! Land was the cheapest thing there was; it was plentiful, therefore poor security. Morris Newmark, in his Memoirs, relates a case wherein \$200 was loaned on a rancho at twelve per cent *weekly*. It was then the custom to allow the interest to run until the principal was due, no matter how many years. In

this instance the debt, with interest compounded weekly, as was agreed, amounted to, when finally called for, \$26,000! Of course, the "capitalist" took the ranch.

Garfias had a son born to him on this ranch in 1853, Manuel E., and in 1855 another, Mariana Jose, the first white children born on the rancho. Then, still scenting the smell of gunpowder, or perhaps disliking the call of the soil, he once more sought his old calling and went to Mexico, where he fought in the cause of President Juarez. Back he came to the rancho and domestic life. In the meantime the interest on the little mortgage—only forty-eight per cent per annum! was working industriously, as interest will invariably do—day and night. It is the businesslike way that interest has. No doubt Garfias was astonished when called upon to pay by Dr. Griffin. He couldn't pay. The upshot was that Dr. Griffin paid him \$2,000 additional and took over the whole ranch, stock and everything else on it. The \$2,000 was supposed to be for the stock and utensils. Censorious critics may accuse Dr. Griffin of a "freeze out," yet there are men yet living in Los Angeles who will say that the Doctor paid more for the ranch than it was worth at the time. "Two bits" (25 cents) an acre was then considered a fair price for land such as this—grazing land. The whole of East Los Angeles was sold to William Workman in 1856 for fifty cents per acre! The city owned it and much other land that it obtained when the capitulation was made. Thus passed from her beloved acres their first lady chatelaine. As was befitting, and as we like to believe, she was beautiful and as gracious as she was beautiful. About her memory there will ever cling a sentiment of romance—the romance of her people and of her time. It would be a fine thing to follow her declining years with happy circumstance of attending comfort and of luxuries befitting a noble dame. Alas, facts will not permit! The good lady was so far reduced in fortune that, while living in San Diego in the last years of her life—where she had come after her husband's death—friends in Pasadena, in 1898, endeavored to raise a sum of money for her assistance! Then a widow, her family scattered in foreign countries, her beauty departed, this once belle of Los Angeles was reduced to distressful circumstances. As for Colonel Garfias, with fortune broken, he had again gone to Mexico seeking more propitious opportunities. We hear of him being

appointed United States Consul at Tepic by President Grant in 1870, and Consul at San Blas from 1873 to 1877. He died in the City of Mexico, November 20th, 1895. The son Manuel E., first white (Spanish) child born on Rancho San Pasquale, followed the military instincts of his father and was killed in 1893 in an uprising in Honduras, having become a Colonel by that time. The brother of this boy, Mariana Jose, also born here, became a lawyer in Mexico and was a delegate to the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. He is yet believed to be living in Mexico.

Thus passeth from this history, and all concern with it, the family Garfias. Perhaps the shades of the gallant colonel and his fair lady may sometimes wander amidst the sycamores that grow in the arroyo, upon whose banks they once reposed in happy days. Perhaps, now and then, they again come to quaff at the crystal spring that gushes from these banks and listen to the mocking birds' carols. If they do, I trust that Judge Glover, from his nearby home, will show them the courtesies due returning fanes to deserted homesteads.

The abandoned hacienda fell into decay; its roof dropped within; its beautiful green blinds (a rare adjunct to an adobe), no longer jealous of flashing eyes within, hung in desolate dejection from broken hinges. Then, when Judge Eaton built his home upon a nearby site, he removed some of the heavy timbers and used them in his new house—now incorporated in the home of Mrs. Sherman Hoyt. George W. Glover acquired the site of the Garfias hacienda many years ago, and loves to sit in the shade of its old trees and recite his harrowing adventures of frontier life.

In 1858, Benjamin S. Eaton, who had brought his first wife to California for the benefit of her health, took charge of the Rancho San Pascual for his friend Dr. Griffin. The death of his wife in a few months caused Eaton to leave it, and the hacienda was vacant, once again. I have noted in a preceding page how the first white (Spanish) owner of the Rancho San Pascual, Dona Eulalia Perez de Guillen (nominal owner only), failed to secure her rights as owner of the same. As a matter of historic fact, notwithstanding her neglect and failure to conform to the law in this respect, she, or rather some of her heirs, endeavored to revive a title. When she had become almost a centenarian, a Castilian named

Mariné appeared at San Gabriel, courted and married her! He had acquired a little home in San Gabriel, but for some reason the two aged mates failed to live amicably together and parted, she receiving the little home and the husband accepting a deed to the Rancho San Pascual, probably believing her title good, which, in fact, Governor Figueroa had declared it to be, and gave Mariné a grant to it. Nevertheless, the title was not good, for this grant of Governor Figueroa did not stand. However that may be, a son of Mariné afterwards sold his hereditary interest in the ranch to Jose Perez, a cousin of Eulalie de Guillen (1839) for "six horses and ten head of cattle." This man Perez built the adobe below the Raymond, the headquarters of Pico's troopers, as heretofore related, and lived there for some time.

The fall of the Garfias family fortunes is an illustration of the career of most of the proud Dons who owned princely estates in California at the time of Fremont's arrival. These great estates were given, by the lavish hands of governors, or by the Crown, to friends, or to the soldiers who distinguished themselves in some way. If the Governor wished to reward a follower, he simply requested him to take a horse (few Spaniards ever thought of walking), and ride north, south, east or west for so many hours, and the lands thus circumscribed were his.

Nothing was more plentiful than acres, and nothing suited the worthy Dons quite so well as to possess them, for with these estates came the distinction pertaining to the landed proprietor, and the means to display his natural bent. These estates must be stocked with cattle and horses, of course, and supplied the means of maintenance. Thus it occurred that California was owned largely by the great landed Dons who were noted for their hospitality and the luxurious lives they lived. Peons did the work, while the sons lived a life of happy indifference to everything but the pleasures of the day. To them *Manana* was a bother to think about; today was sufficient. This method of living, ideal to them, brought about in the end their financial downfall and the eventual sequestration of their baronies. When the Gringo came with his Yankee shrewdness and love of gain, also his shining ducats, nothing seemed easier to the Don when he needed money than to get it from him who so cheerfully loaned it! What was a mortgage more or less anyhow? The end was inevitable and disastrous. In

a few years many of the Dons were living in tumbledown adobes wherever they might find shelter, and the now hated Gringo occupied the great haciendas where the *Caballero* had once so gallantly wooed the fair senorita to strains of sweet music, in the glamour of bright moonlight, and with roses scenting the air.

Alas for the improvident and confiding Don! His descendants today are known chiefly by the repute of the family name, but not by their possessions, and it is one of the melancholy chapters of California's history that this is true. At least, they were picturesque figures whose like will nevermore be seen in this land; the real and only romantic figures of American life; grafted upon it, from the land of Don Quixote, but nevertheless performing an important part therein. Pio Pico, once great landed proprietor and worthy Governor, died in a tumbledown adobe with his pride humbled and his possessions gone. Others once as proud and rich in acres have been added to this record of confiding innocence.

BEFORE THE GRINGO CAME

*In the quiet of the patio where the friendly sunbeams lie
Sits Don Pedro, last descendant, of the glorious days gone by,
Sits and dreams he of the glory of his father's house and fame
As they lived in song and story long before the Gringo came.*

*From his dreams there grew fair vistas, conjured up before his gaze,
While the shadows grow and deepen, dreams he of the bygone days;
'Tis a vision full of gladness, all the actors are the same—
As they were when youth was with him, long before the Gringo came.*

* * * * *

*Sees he fairest senoritas with alluring smiles and eyes,
Hears again their happy voices, pledges, too, with tender sighs;
Stands there yonder Don Francisco and beside him gracious dame;
Forbears they of dreaming Pedro—long before the Gringo came.*

*Proud senora, prouder senor, blood of noble house were they,
But to thee, oh hapless Pedro, fate unkind hath come this day;
Lord of countless herds and acres, heir to once illustrious name,
All are vanished—herds and acres; vanished since the Gringo came.*

CHAPTER VI

CHRONOLOGICAL SUCCESSION OF TITLES

HE WHO AVOIDS DRY STATISTICS WILL NOT FIND MUCH EXCITEMENT IN THE IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING PAGES; BUT HE WILL FIND IMPORTANT FACTS IN THE CHAIN OF TITLE TO THE SAN PASCUAL RANCHO, AS RECORDED, SHOWING JUST HOW IT DESCENDED TO OUR COLONISTS FROM INDIANA.



As noted in preceding pages, Manuel Garfias lost title to the domain he received as a wedding dower, and Dr. John S. Griffin, a practicing physician of Los Angeles, speculator "on the side," obtained it. This happened in 1858, although the records of the county show that Garfias and his wife conveyed "all right, title and interest" in this same ranch on January 15th, 1859, to B. D. Wilson for the sum of \$1,800. No explanation is given for this duplicate transfer, but it may have been merely to confirm title in Wilson's lands, already conveyed; or some possible equity in the same, that might yet remain. As both this transfer to Wilson and to Griffin took place prior to the real confirmation of title to Garfias by the United States, which did not occur until April 3rd, 1863, it might also be assumed that this was done so that no claim could be afterwards set up. Anyhow, so the records read. Judge Eaton, as has been said, represented Griffin in his occupancy of the premises at that time, and undertook to bring down the waters of the arroyo to some of the lands and otherwise lay the foundation for general farming. Eaton was an engineer, had been a newspaper man in several states and was, later (1865), a Judge of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County. On account of Eaton's brief residence on the ranch, his work was not finished during that period, but continued later, as will be shown. On December 11th, 1862, B. D. Wilson purchased from Griffin 640 acres for \$500, of which he conveyed 262 acres to Eliza A. Johnston for the sum of \$1,000. Mrs. Johnston was Dr. Griffin's sister. This purchase by Mrs. Johnston is of more than passing interest because of the part in National history that was performed by her husband, General

Albert Sidney Johnston. At the outbreak of the Civil War, General Albert Sidney Johnston was stationed at the Presidio, San Francisco, and was ordered to report at Washington. General Johnston was a Virginian and knew what the summons meant, and instead of so reporting he sent in his resignation and joined the Confederate cause. At the battle of Shiloh, April 6th, 1862, he was killed, while gallantly leading his troops. It is said that he was shot through an artery of the leg, and was not aware of the seriousness of his wound, but while talking to a member of his staff fell from his horse and expired in a few minutes. Mrs. Johnston had remained on her ranch, which she named "Fair Oaks," from her own home in Virginia, and began to till it, under the management of Judge Eaton. It may be here added that Hancock Johnston, son of General and Mrs. Johnston, married Mary, daughter of Judge Eaton, and is now a resident, with his family, of Los Angeles.

Judge Eaton again married and became, after the settlement of the Indiana Colony, one of its foremost promoters and advisers. His son, Fred Eaton, was mayor of Los Angeles one term, and it was from him the ranch where the great Los Angeles Aqueduct rises was purchased. Judge Eaton died in Los Angeles some years ago, but two of his daughters and son Fred are living there now.

On the Fair Oaks ranch, which later was the residence of Judge Eaton, was demonstrated the successful propagation of grapes on "dry" land—i. e., without irrigation. Judge Eaton was also among the first to plant the Eucalyptus in California. He sold this ranch to J. F. Crank in 1877. General Phineas Banning, the father of Hancock Banning of Los Angeles, formerly a resident of Pasadena, and of Captain J. B. Banning; who established Wilmington, and so called it from his "home town" in Delaware, became an owner in the San Pascual Ranch, March 3rd, 1869.

It is shown by the records that he purchased "all right, title and interest" of B. D. Wilson in said ranch for \$35,000. Then immediately retransferred it back to Wilson for \$30,000. Perhaps this was no sale, but a business turn "between friends." Then we find that on September 23d, 1870, Griffin deeded "an undivided half interest" in the remaining part of the ranch to Wilson, and "all unsold claims therein," for a nominal consideration; there being less than half of the

original tract remaining; the Grogan tract (lying west of Lamanda Park) of 5,000 acres having been sold already.

On June 20th, 1872, Griffin and Wilson deeded to Prudent Beaudry, lands lying on the west side of the Arroyo Seco containing thirty acres. At this time there remained, in joint ownership between Griffin and Wilson, 5,328 acres. In December, 1873, a survey was made of this, followed by its partition between the owners, Griffin taking 3,962 acres and Wilson 1,366.

B. D. Wilson built a fine ranch house on his place, and his family—those that survive—live there now. Wilson was a man of superior ability and took a prominent part in the affairs of his day. For a time he was Alcalde, or Mayor, of Los Angeles and also had some military experience here and with Indians while trading on western plains. He married Ramona Yorba, daughter of Don Bernardo Yorba, a great ranch owner. A daughter of Wilson married J. De Barth Shorb (of whom more anon), another named Hon. George D. Patton, a man of affairs and a recent candidate on the Democratic ticket for U. S. Senator. Patton occupies the old Wilson Hacienda at San Gabriel. Wilson purchased the Jerupa rancho, where the city of Riverside is now located, from Don Juan Bandini for \$1,000 per league (about 4,000 acres). Juan Bandini was the father of Arturo Bandini, of Pasadena, who married Helen Elliott, daughter of Dr. T. B. Elliott, one of Pasadena's founders. It has been said that Helen Hunt Jackson chose the title to her celebrated novel, *Ramona*, after meeting a daughter of J. De Barth Shorb, who possessed that beautiful name. This has been denied, but from regard for the former Miss Shorb, now Mrs. Major Murtaugh, U. S. Army, and a fair knowledge of her charming personality, I prefer to believe the story. We have traced the title of the rancho San Pasquale to Dr. Griffin, who sold it to the Indiana Colony; I will now take up the history of that body of pioneers who sought this new Jordan and who are the occasion of this history.

CHAPTER VIII

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING—THE INDIANA COLONY

THE INDIANA COLONY MAKES A START. IN THIS CHAPTER IT IS RELATED HOW MEN AND WOMEN FROM INDIANA, IOWA, AND OTHER FAR AWAY PLACES, SET STAKES FOR NEW HOMES, AND OTHER MATTERS PERTAINING THERETO.

*'Midst the breath of a million blossoms
And the sound of a songbird's lyre,
Lies the Valley of Contentment,
And the Garden of Desire.*



THE twenty-seventh day of January, 1874, must ever be a day of historical importance in the calendar of Pasadena. On this day, the pioneers, having previously purchased a domain upon which they were desirous of testing a hazard of new fortunes, met upon the land for the purpose of choosing, each for himself, or for the friend he represented, the very spot whereon his future abode must be. On this momentous day, having thus met in a common purpose, having pooled their fortunes and ambitions, their experience in life and its affairs; above all, pledging themselves in their new undertaking by bonds of mutual regard and good will, they set their stakes with faith in the future that lay before them; believing these smiling skies auspicious auguries of happy destinies. On this day, the Indiana Colony became a reality. It was born in Indiana, but it blossomed in the golden sunshine of California. That its history has justified the most sanguine expectations of its apostles and those who came after, will be seen by those who follow it.

It is a delightful flight of the imagination—back over the intervening years—to picture the scenes of that fair January day, 43 years ago. Pioneers who participated in its events, happily yet live, and enjoy this retrospect, and can still indulge in the emotions which beset them then. Their reminiscences afford the historian of today, substance for his pen, and so the reader will indulge the chronicler, if he merely embellishes

these pages with some feats of imagination in his own behalf, while delineating the real events he wishes to recall.

They had come far, from eastern homes, or from the places yet called "out west" by those who lived farther eastward. They had been foregathering in Los Angeles; then an unattractive town, crude and unpolished. And the promise was not propitious—yet. No pullmans landed them in sartorial freshness upon this, the domain of their choice, the threshold of their future abode, and it was but natural that some were filled with apprehension and forebodings. Yet they did not show it if this was so, and we find them on this day gathered, prepared to choose their particular home sites and begin their new hazard of fortunes. All was animation, and expectation shone upon every countenance. This was to be for them the epoch making day, that day in January of 1874. Some came on horseback, some in carriages, some in buggies or wagons—such as could be procured in Los Angeles. No matter, they were there. The place of rendezvous was just where the Orange Grove Avenue reservoir is—the most commanding spot on the land. I am told that the day was an ideal January day of Southern California. The kind when the sun shines in glorious radiance through an atmosphere washed of dust and smoke until it is perfectly transparent. It was just warm enough, just sparkling enough, to give life and zest to men's souls and cheer their courage.

Jollity and good nature prevailed in this little band, and their happiness was attuned to the glory of the day. All being gathered about the President of the Association, a map of the tract was unrolled, (this map is now in the possession of the City of Pasadena) and the conditions of sale explained once again. Such men as P. M. Green, A. O. Porter, Thomas Croft, Judge Eaton and Sherman Washburn, gave sage advice as to the selection of home sites, no doubt, for they were ever ready to "lend a hand" to their friends and neighbors. The map examined, they scattered over the lands to choose, each for himself, the particular spot he most desired. It was a merry quest, this homesite picking, and it meant much to them. Yet there was such variety, so much to choose from that all were satisfied by the time luncheon was called at high noon, when the wives and daughters—for they too were there, called the men together. A fine refection was found spread under friendly boughs which gave the finishing touches to the occa-

sion. Personal views were exchanged, plans and hopes discussed and prophecies indulged in to the heart's content.

Attachments were formed that day that became enduring bonds unto the end, and dreams were made to come true by vows of courage and mutual help. I wish I could linger longer in this scene, and dwell, with those pioneers, in their new found Paradise.

The loveliness of the scene, the charm of the day, fitted well into its prophecies—a forecast of days to come. It was a perfect California day in a perfect California spring, and the sorcery of its sunshine and the allurements of its caressing breath, found them willing captives. The blue mountains in the north, the green carpeted mesas and foothills, were impressive pictures. The bending skies of sapphire dipped into the mists of yonder western seas, where the imagination could easily picture the shallops of Argonauts breasting gentle billows as they came searching for the golden fleece. The pioneer looked upon this in delight—and he saw more. In the valley to the south and west, for miles and miles, dappling fields of wild oats and alfalfa spread in waving mantles of green and blue and lost themselves in the distant hills, and the whole scene was one glorious picture.

This, my reader, is no imaginary scene, but a real one of which many duplicates followed before the tiller of the soil transformed its native loveliness—the real call of California as expressed in its lovely moods. But the pioneer was there for business that day. The selection of each particular plot must be confirmed. Some had chosen already but others, laggard in deciding, now concluded their choice and entered into compact with the Secretary of the Orange Grove Association, whereby they confirmed their membership in a practical and definite way. It was virgin soil, new, as it had come from the hands of God. The prow of the plough had never yet cloven its surface, nor had the foot of man, except perhaps the shepherd or the Indian, trod its grassy mantle. Sheep and cattle and horses had been the only connecting link with civilization known to these pristine fields. The slinking coyote had peered through the dense chapparel in quest of unwitting prey; perhaps a mountain lion with her trailing whelps, had at times slunk through these cattle paths, astray from their canyon home. This day, lush grasses and wild flowers were as a brilliant robe upon the earth. On the slopes and hills

millions of many hued blossoms spread their dazzling glories. Acres and acres of copper and gold poppies; millions of baby blue eyes; wild portulaccas; buttercups, and mustard, made a marvelous mantle of color, splashing the emerald bosom like the arabesques of Aladdin's carpet. Down in the arroyo, the startled birds eyed these intruders from Indiana with concern, but soon discovered their peaceable intentions, for they set up their choruses from every branch. The blue jay tapped his welcome upon the giant sycamore; the darting tanager sped like a crimson gleam across the umbrageous arroyo; and from a majestic oak came the melodious orchestration of mocking birds, filling the land with their liquid music. Thus the invaders were met with exultant greetings and marvelous visions. It was the opulence of summer in a land combining the loveliness of Italy and the picturesqueness of Switzerland.

The last Don had lazed here in indolent improvidence and arcadian unthrift, but the metamorphosis was at hand; for the gringo had come to usurp his dominance, to create a splendid city from neglected acres, and lay the foundations for a new civilization.



COLORADO ST. BRIDGE

CHAPTER VIII

THOSE WHO WERE PRESENT



HE honored guests at the January 27th picnic, should have their names entered here for preservation against faulty memories and perishing records.

Unfortunately, not all those present can be named, for there were some who but came to linger and to look upon the scene, with perhaps but prospective interest. The actual buyers had already predicated their agreements in due form, at the Los Angeles headquarters, and they ratified their choice here—not one faltered.

Some of the colonizers had not been able to come in person, but had authorized their purchase and selection by proxy. According to the minutes of the organization, the following named persons became purchasers, as designated. The uniform price represented about \$30 per acre, which could be made in payments covering a year, as was done by most purchasers. This included cost of water, etc.

P. M. Green and A. O. Porter, Indiana (together) ..	80 acres
J. H. Baker, Indiana.....	15 acres
W. J. Barcus, Indiana.....	15 acres
A. W. Dana, Indiana.....	15 acres
Jesse Yarnel, Ohio.....	15 acres
A. O. Bristol, Iowa.....	30 acres
I. N. Mundell, Iowa.....	30 acres
Ney Strickland, Georgia.....	15 acres
Jabez Banbury, Iowa.....	60 acres
N. R. Gibson, Indiana.....	60 acres
Henry G. and Will J. Bennett, Michigan.....	60 acres
D. M. Berry, for self and Dr. Elliott, Indiana.....	165 acres
Thomas F. Croft, Indiana.....	60 acres
W. T. Clapp, Massachusetts.....	60 acres
Calvin Fletcher, Indiana (for self and others).....	180 acres
Benjamin S. Eaton (with A. O. Porter), Missouri...	60 acres

Purchasers by their representatives:—

E. J. Vawter, by Berry, Indiana.....	60 acres
Mrs. C. A. Vawter, by Berry, Indiana.....	60 acres
T. J. and L. J. Lockhart, by Fletcher, Indiana.....	30 acres
T. E. Lippincott, by Berry, Pennsylvania.....	60 acres
H. J. Holmes, by Clapp, Massachusetts.....	60 acres
J. M. Matthews, by Croft, Ohio.....	60 acres
Ward Leavitt, by Berry, Indiana.....	60 acres
A. W. Hutton, by Eaton, Alabama.....	30 acres
Representing the entire stock in the Association.	

Just twenty-eight purchasers in all and seventeen purchasers "present," with a total purchase of 1300 acres out of the 1500 acres of supposed irrigable land, from the 4000 Colony's ownership. The balance of the lands, those not purchased by the settlers that day, lay in the arroyo bottom and on the mesa; the latter, at that time supposed to be of little value, being too high above the arroyo streams to permit raising the water to them. The purchasers by proxy came out from their eastern homes shortly afterwards. Wives and children were there also to aid and abet in their undertaking, and to bring happy greeting to their future neighbors.

Each seven and one-half acres of land carried with it one share of stock in the Association, representing just that fractional ownership in the lands and the waters of the arroyo pertaining to these lands, which was thereby insured to the land forever, according to riparian law of the state.

Besides those named as purchasers in the original list, there came the following—some with families—during the years 1874 and 1875, so far as can now be ascertained:—Charles H. Watts, Illinois, '74; M. Rosenbaum, Iowa, '74; Rev. W. C. Mosher, New York, '74; Major Erie Locke, Indiana, '74; Dr. O. H. Conger, New York, '74; W. E. Cooley, Massachusetts, '74; Dr. H. G. Newton, Illinois, '75; Sherman Washburn, Iowa, '75. Of these, but five now (1917) survive:—Henry G. Bennett, A. W. Hutton (Los Angeles), J. H. Baker, O. A. Bristd and S. Washburn. J. H. Baker, drawing upon his memory of the occurrences of the day when the land was allotted, says that short addresses were made by some who owned ranches in the surrounding country. Among those were General Stoneman, who had retired to his fine ranch

south of the Colony lands after the Civil War, and who later became the Governor of California; L. H. Titus; Judge Eaton; and also Calvin Fletcher, all of whom spoke welcoming and cheering words to the settlers. The day's work over, they all departed to Los Angeles or vicinity, with new resolves or old ones renewed, for the future; hastening to prepare for taking up their actual residence.



CHAPTER IX

THE GENESIS—THE CALIFORNIA COLONY OF INDIANA

A CHAPTER WHICH MIGHT HAVE PRECEDED THE LAST, BUT WHICH THE AUTHOR BELIEVES BELONGS HERE. GIVING INFORMATION ABOUT THE ACTUAL ORGANIZATION OF THE INDIANA COLONY AND THOSE WHO BEGAN IT.



HAVING landed the pilgrims upon their chosen land and amid such pleasant and desirable surroundings; having seen them making ready for their new fortunes, and believing them able to commence operations without his guidance, the author begs permission to return to the good city of Indianapolis, where was incubated the *Great Idea*; commence at the very beginning of its history, and tell how it began and who began it. No unpleasant results may be anticipated because those aforesaid pilgrims were, for the time being, abandoned to their fate and fortunes in the new land; for it is certain they knew how to take care of themselves, and if any one person did not, the bond of fellowship that now bound them together was sufficiently strong to beget whatever aid and sympathy might be required under all circumstances. We heard the symphonies of birds welcome them, and the redolence of wild flowers, wafted by gentle south winds, bring joy to their senses. Therefore, in these safe and luxurious surroundings we leave them for a time.

ORGANIZATION OF THE CALIFORNIA COLONY OF INDIANA

In Indianapolis, in the beginning of the seventies, there had met, by the fortuitous circumstances of neighborly proximity, some men and women who, ambitious for the good things of God's making, had found themselves becoming dissatisfied with the chills and rigors of an exigent climate—both winter and summer—and yearned for more propitious environments.

To these people it seemed that there must be something in the world better than extreme cold and heat; sultry days in summer, and frigid days in winter. They were not filled with foolish, altruistic notions, but just craved the happiness of pleasant essentials, and coveted their possession.

The foremost of those interested were Dr. T. B. Elliott and Mrs. Elliott; D. M. Berry, Dr. Elliott's partner in the grain purchasing business. Also Calvin Fletcher, John H. Baker, J. M. Matthews and J. H. Ruddell. The subject was discussed at the Elliott home and in the Berry and Elliott office. Florida was at first considered, but California had the call, and Westward Ho was the moving sentiment. Writers had been indulging in paroxysms about the "Italy of America" as it had been termed, and it was decided that California possessed all the allurements of Paradise—it was then in charming distance! But the very name California was romantic and fascinating, and enticed the fancy. Meetings of these friends attracted others and the home of the Elliotts became too small to accommodate the gatherings. Then they met in the convenient freight house of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Indianapolis R. R., where Matthews was employed.

An organization was effected, it being decided that efforts be made to induce at least 50 families to join the project in the beginning.

A co-operative Colony plan was the idea, not a mutual sharing plan, but co-operation in beginning the enterprise—purchase of land in one body and concerted cultivation of each share until divided.

Pursuant to this plan, Dr. T. B. Elliott was chosen as president; J. M. Matthews, secretary; Hon. J. H. Ruddell, treasurer; Calvin Fletcher as general agent, with J. H. Baker and D. M. Berry the other members of the executive committee, so named.

The name of the Colony then chosen was "The California Colony of Indiana."

A prospectus of this Colony is before me as I write—the sole remaining one, and from it I quote:

"PLAN OF THE CALIFORNIA COLONY OF INDIANA

The Colony is to be started on a basis of Fifty Families, but may be increased to any number. A body of land sufficiently large to

allow 160 acres of land, and a town lot of two acres, to each member, is to be purchased at a cost of about three dollars per acre.

When the lands are purchased, a certain number of the Colonists will be selected to go ahead of the main body, to make arrangements for irrigating and cultivating the lands, to plant fences, start a nursery of tropical fruit and other trees.

There will be planted during the first season, five acres of grape cuttings—one-half for raisins and one-half for wine, one acre of orange trees and twenty acres of wheat, on each tract of land. In planting the wheat, however, boundary lines will not be considered, but it will be put in, in one tract of say 1000 acres. During the second season five acres more of grapes, one acre more of fruit trees and twenty acres more of wheat on each tract will be put in, and so on each season the number of acres of each variety of cultivation will be increased.

To create a fund to meet these expenses, assessments will be made on each member, as follows: June 1, 1873, \$10, July 1, 1873, \$10, August 1, 1873, \$10, September 1, 1873, \$10—Total, \$40, and thereafter, on the first day of each month, an assessment of like amount, or if found necessary, \$12.50 per month will be made.

When the first four assessments have been paid in, the pioneer party, composed of one of the executive committee and a Civil Engineer, (member of the colony,) will start for the lands purchased, and commence operations at once. This party will be empowered by the Executive Committee to purchase implements, seed, etc., and hire sufficient labor for the proper cultivation above mentioned.

All moneys received from the sale of crops will be paid over to the Treasurer and applied to the expenses of cultivation, thereby largely increasing the area of land brought under cultivation each season, and decreasing, if not wholly extinguishing the monthly assessments.

After two seasons of the above described gradual cultivation and partial preparation of the lands for those members remaining at home, a certain time shall be set, by vote of the colonists themselves, for allotting to each member his particular farm and town lot, in the following manner, viz:

As soon as the "pioneer" party arrive on the grounds, they will lay off the town into 100 lots of 300 feet square, so that each lot will have a frontage on a street, a lot of eight acres being reserved in the center for public purposes. Then the farms are to be laid off into tracts of 40, 80 and 160 acres. An average valuation by disinterested parties, shall be placed upon the farms and town lots, then all those subscribing for 40 acres and a town lot, shall have assigned to them by lot, one of the 40 acre farms and town lots. If the farm and lot are below the average valuation, the member getting such farm and

lot shall receive the difference in money; those getting one of greater valuation than the average, shall pay the difference. In like manner will the distribution be made of the 80 and 160 acre tracts, among those subscribing for 80 or 160 acres. But it is intended that each member (classified according to the number of acres subscribed for), shall receive a farm and town lot as nearly equal in value as may be.

After such allotment, all the tools, implements, stock, etc., heretofore purchased and owned by the colony, shall be sold, and the proceeds, together with any other surplus moneys on hand at that time, divided equally among the members.

After this time each member shall cultivate and take charge of his own place, the Colony, as an Association being dissolved, unless the members shall see fit to continue the organization for other purposes.

The following is a list of the members of the Executive Committee:

T. B. ELLIOTT, PRESIDENT.

J. M. MATTHEWS, SECRETARY,

HON. J. H. RUDELL, TREASURER.

CALVIN FLETCHER, GEN'L AGENT.

JNO. H. BAKER,

D. M. BERRY.

All those desiring to join the Colony will please apply to J. M. Matthews, Secretary, at Freight office of Cincinnati, Hamilton & Indianapolis R. R., Indianapolis, Ind."

The following agreement was to be signed by every member of the Colony:

"WHEREAS: We, the undersigned have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a colony for Co-operative Farming in Southern California, and for our self government, better management and protection, hereby adopt and agree to the following article of Association, viz:

ARTICLE I. The name of this Association shall be *The California Colony of Indiana*.

ART. II. Any person, of good moral character, who shall be accepted by the Executive Committee, shall be eligible to membership.

ART. III. The affairs of the Colony shall be governed by an executive committee of six, composed of the President, Secretary, Treasurer and three other members of the Association. Any vacancies in the committee shall be filled by ballot. Said committee shall have the power to make by-laws from time to time, for the better management of the affairs of the Colony, which shall be binding upon all members.

All expenditures shall be subject to the approval of the committee, and they are hereby authorized to make assessments on the members, either monthly or otherwise, sufficiently large to defray the expenses of the cultivation of the land; and we hereby bind ourselves to pay to the Treasurer such assessments when called upon, provided however that the assessment shall not exceed \$12.50 per month upon each member.

We also, hereby bind ourselves to pay as they become due, the payments on the land, each member, according to the number of acres set opposite his name, said payments to be made through the Treasurer of the Colony.

ART. IV. When the land is purchased a deed for the same shall be executed to the Executive Committee, as Trustee, in trust for the members of the Colony, who, when the land is apportioned, shall execute, to each and every member a good and sufficient deed for his apportionment.

ART. V. No member shall hold more than one hundred and sixty, or less than forty acres, besides a town lot.

ART. VI. No spirituous distilled liquors shall be allowed on the lands of the Colony for traffic.

ART. VII. The Executive Committee shall meet, regularly, once a month and oftener if necessary, upon the call of the President."

The foregoing prospectus setting these facts forth, was distributed freely and there were many who signed the agreement, and I believe Calvin Fletcher secured some members outside of Indiana, the Edson Turner family, for example, joining from Peoria, Illinois, by his solicitation, or perhaps it was that of Kimball, both being active agents.

Sufficient members had agreed in the summer of 1872, to make the project seem guaranteed. A committee composed of J. H. Baker, Nathan Kimball and Albert Bruxton—a surveyor—was chosen to go forth and find the land of milk and honey, and to purchase it for the would be colonists. Kimball and Berry departed in August of that year, and Baker shortly thereafter, going to San Francisco by rail, thence to Los Angeles via steamer; there being then no railroad communication with Los Angeles; and we find these men soon afterward in Los Angeles busily engaged in quest of the desired tract of land. From correspondence with Dr. Elliott, yet in existence, it would seem that this advance guard had no easy time finding a tract conforming to the requirements. At that time much of Southern California was in its primal state, almost, the land being held in great ranchos, with few water

systems and chiefly used for grazing purposes. The correspondence referred to shows that San Diego and San Bernardino counties had been pretty thoroughly investigated, and Berry wrote that he "was tired out knocking around in canyons, cactus, nettles, jungles, dry river bottoms, etc.," adding, "it was no longer funny, and he wanted to resign." No wonder, he hadn't yet prospected the right place; that was yet to come.

At one time a tract in San Bernardino County was about chosen, and again the Santa Anita ranch (not yet owned by Baldwin) was decided upon—8,000 acres. Then came, as a clap of thunder—as one of them expressed it—the financial panic of 1873, which knocked the embryo Colony into a "cocked hat" for the time being, leaving the prospecting agents stranded in Los Angeles with \$130 only, in hand!

The proposition fell to pieces for the time being. Berry opened a real estate office at 30 North Main Street, Los Angeles, with one H. C. Wiley under the name of Wiley & Berry, and the prospects of the California Colony of Indiana looked hopeless.

Nevertheless, Baker and Berry did not surrender, nor did Fletcher, who had also arrived. Kimball went to Utah and became Surveyor General of that territory. In the meantime other fortune seekers came to Los Angeles in quest of better prospects. Among them Jabez Banbury, P. M. Green, A. O. Porter, A. O. Bristol, Henry G. Bennett, Calvin Fletcher and Thomas F. Croft had come out from Indiana or other places and had also busied themselves looking about for suitable colony lands. Benjamin S. Eaton had met these men and had become interested in their object. Strange to say, the committee had not examined the lands of the San Pascual Ranch, or if they had, gave them no further attention. But Eaton believed this ranch possessed the very requisites a Colony should have, and invited Berry to his ranch "Fair Oaks" (comprising the Allen, the Crank and other lands, as they were later known). Berry accepted the invitation and was next day driven over the lands of the San Pascual ranch, returning to Los Angeles filled with the belief that he had found the very spot. True, the price was far beyond that originally supposed desirable lands could be purchased for, but it was believed a reorganization was now necessary anyhow, since the original plans had become disintegrated.

Baker, Bennett, Fletcher and Croft visited and carefully inspected these lands and decided they would fulfill their desired purpose.

A meeting was called of interested persons at Berry's office on November 13th, 1873. Of the original "California Colony of Indiana" only two members were present at this meeting, to wit, Baker and Fletcher. It was at this meeting that the "San Gabriel Orange Grove Association" was formed, it being decided that the old name was not appropriate, hence the change.

THE SAN GABRIEL ORANGE GROVE ASSOCIATION

It having been decided to purchase the interest of Dr. J. S. Griffin in the San Pascual ranch, consisting of about 4,000 acres, the members present proceeded to choose directors of the new company as follows:

B. S. Eaton, A. O. Porter, D. M. Berry, Thos. F. Croft, W. T. Clapp, A. O. Bristol and Calvin Fletcher. Eaton was elected president; Croft, vice president; Clapp, treasurer and Berry, secretary.

The capitalization at this time was made \$25,000—to be divided into 100 shares at \$250 each (this capitalization was subsequently doubled and the shares increased to 200).

It is a fact that not one of these first incorporators were farmers, unless we except Eaton, who was also lawyer, engineer, then rancher—at last. Of course they knew which end of a plow to hold, but it is doubtful if some of them knew when pumpkins should properly be planted or how to harness a horse. But they hoped to learn, and perhaps they didn't expect to plant pumpkins! And the fact did not worry any of them in the least, for in truth, California farming was a new science even to eastern farmers, and must be learned on the soil, and the eastern farmer must reorganize this mental slant before he undertakes his pursuit in this land where spring begins in December and rivers run bottom side up! The doctor, the lawyer, the carpenter and the merchant, felt no disqualification because they were compelled to learn a new pursuit, rather they were the more eager to begin.

Following organization, it was determined to open negotiations for the purchase of Dr. Griffin's ownership in San

Pascual ranch together with the waters appurtenant to it. Thomas F. Croft figured admirably in these negotiations because of his tactful management, when all signs pointed to a failure because some differences had arisen between Griffin and Wilson as to the precise manner of division and separation of interests. But all difficulties were finally overcome by Croft, and on December 15th, 1873, the agreement was concluded as to boundaries; on December 18th the price was determined upon, and on the 26th the purchase was concluded.

The price was \$25,000 for the tract of 3,933.35 acres. One-fourth of the money was paid down on the conclusion of the agreement, to wit, \$6,250, and a note for \$18,750, payable in one year, given for the remainder. This note and purchase was made in Croft's name, he afterwards conveying his title thereto to the Association. Thus the San Gabriel Orange Grove Association, which was in effect the Indiana Colony, as it thereafter, for a time, was known, became titular owner and established its foundations on the San Pascual ranch. It was believed that but 1500 acres of these lands were susceptible of farming or fruit growing, as it was not then thought that so called "dry lands" would grow fruit of any kind. About 900 acres of the lands lay in the Arroyo bottom; the balance of the tract, 1,400 acres, was located on the slopes above the natural flow of the Arroyo waters and was considered practically valueless.

Figuring upon choice arable land, as then considered, it will be seen that the cost of same to the Colony Association was seventeen dollars per acre; but deducting the price received afterwards for the mesa land, made the cost twelve dollars! As a fact, so little value was attached to the high lying lands at the time that they were not considered of intrinsic worth in the transaction, but "thrown in" with the rest! This land is now known as Altadena, and is valued at thousands of dollars per acre!

CHAPTER X

GETTING BUSY IN THE COLONY

AND LO, THE MERCHANT, THE DOCTOR AND THE LAWYER, BEGAN TO TILL THE SOIL, AND TO PLANT THINGS. SOME OF THE THINGS THEY PLANTED GREW AND SOME DID NOT, BUT COURAGE WAS NOT LESSENED THEREBY, NOR ENTHUSIASM DIMMED—IN THE DAYS OF THE PIONEER.



HE title to the lands had passed into the Association and from thence to the pioneer, who became at once eager to begin his new undertaking. Preparations were begun accordingly to buy the necessary tools, the horses and the lumber for the settlers' new homes.

To A. O. Bristol falls the honor of being the pioneer home builder; the first home in the Colony being built and occupied by him. This house—a three room, rough board and “battened” “California house,” so called—was begun and finished in a week, and occupied February 6th, 1874. It was not even white washed, or color washed, outside, but like most others of its kind in the Colony days, stood in naked ostentation until clampering vines hid its bareness. And it stands so today, untouched by the march of progress, just where it was built on the Bristol land 43 years ago, on the corner of North Orange Grove Avenue (then Mountain Street) and Lincoln Ave. Weatherbeaten by the storms of winters and suns of summers, its sagging sides appeal in pathetic dejection, as if beseeching that protection it deserves. Around its abandoned threshold clambers a blooming rose, endeavoring, as it seems, to hide the decrepitude it covers and defend



PASADENA'S FIRST HOUSE, Finished Feb. 6, 1874
(Still standing)

it from the too curious eyes of passers by. It was a fair type of the pioneer home in the Indiana Colony.

J. H. Baker was a prompt follower of Bristol, and built the second abode of the same kind, on the corner of Walnut Street and Fair Oaks Avenue, moving into it sometime in February. Colonel J. Banbury began his home on South Orange Grove Avenue about this time also, or just prior to it, but as he built a real, *plastered*, eastern style house of one and a half stories, it was longer in building, hence his family did not move in until about the tenth of March, 1874. Henry G. Bennett built the fourth home—the California pioneer kind, on South Orange Grove, near Bellefontaine Street—occupying it, also, in March, 1874. These are the historic facts in connection with the “first” homes in the Colony and are given here to settle, finally, some late day friendly controversy upon the subject. Older settlers will remember the long row of cypress hedge which led from the street back to Banbury’s house, growing in time into trees, and forming an archway of green which might be called a lovers’ lane. Perhaps it was such when, in later years, other comers occupied the premises and blooming daughters attracted the attention of languishing swain. But it was not here that the “Banbury Twins” made their debut as “marriageable” daughters, they being almost too young, then! The Banbury family took important place in the pioneer years of the Colony, socially, and in public affairs. The “twins” yet live in this land of California, their chief unhappiness being that they do not reside in their beloved Pasadena.

Colonel Banbury, who, as will appear, became prominent politically, went into the army at the beginning of the Civil War as a private; became a lieutenant after short service, and came out of it a full fledged Colonel with a record for gallantry and good service. While the Banbury’s were building their home the “twins” occasionally came over from Los Angeles with their father, playing about the place during the day, and at times remaining all night. On those occasions it was a matter of much alarm with the kiddies when the coyotes set up their pandemonium of noise—as they invariably did. After a time they got accustomed to these “wild dogs” and unafraid. A more interesting event occurred one day when an ill appearing Mexican stopped at the place and made some inquiries of the Colonel. After he had gone his way it was

learned that the Mexican was none other than the notorious Vasquez, the bandit, who, with his vicious band of horse thieves and cutthroats, had infested Southern California for years. He was hung in the Los Angeles jail the year following his meeting with Banbury, of whom he fortunately made but passing inquiries.

The Colonists all arrived in due time and began to prepare their "ranches" for planting. Most of the lands had to be cleared and leveled for irrigation. Some were covered with chaparral, greasewood, sage brush, etc.; in some places open and scattering, in others very dense, occasioning much labor to clear off. The first year little could be planted that demanded irrigation, inasmuch as no water was piped onto the land until the fall of 1784. Barley, corn and such things as would grow on "dry" land were put in, however, mostly as a matter of experiment. Preparations for bringing the waters of the Arroyo down to the land were begun at once, and a reservoir planned, but it was not until the fall of that year that this was completed.



HOME OF COLONEL BANBURY
Finished March, 1874

In the meantime the settlers were compelled to carry water from the Arroyo in barrels or other receptacles. As it was necessary to irrigate the citrus trees from their very planting, it will be seen that the planters had no easy job on hand. When at last the reservoir was finished and water piped to it, a ditch was plowed down Orange Grove Avenue through which water was run to those along the way. This primitive method was used until pipes replaced it, nearly a year afterward.

Of course water was too precious to be wasted. Fuel, also, was scarce and was provided usually from "wood lots" so called, these wood lots being a division of the wooded lands in the Arroyo bottoms, which contained a heavy growth of brushwood and saplings, alder, sycamore and scrub oak trees.

These lots contained from three to seven acres and extended in narrow strips, entirely across the Arroyo. There was one hundred of these, one going with each parcel of the originally subdivided lands of the Colony. They were sold in the beginning at from \$20 to \$50 each, but the price was later raised to \$62.50.

Critics like Myron Hunt and Prof. Damon criticize the removal of trees, brush, etc., from the Arroyo, for fuel or other uses in those times. Today, no one would contemplate such vandalism. But it must be remembered that when the Indiana Colony was settled by the Easterners, they had not yet studied the question of water conservation. Neither did the Arroyo appeal to them as a possible future park. The one thing in mind then was the need of fuel and its scarcity hereabouts. Of course with more experience came wisdom and conservation, just as sedulously practiced in the Colony days as now. Orange Grove Avenue as originally mapped was laid out with parkings here and there in the center, but pressure of more important affairs and scarcity of water, led to the abandonment of this plan, and the abutting lands were absorbed by the owners fronting thereon and the street narrowed just that much. As one pioneer said, the gophers "beat us to it" and preempted the Orange Grove Avenue parks.

When the lands were laid out, Orange Grove Avenue was the main avenue. Colorado Street, Fair Oaks Avenue, Arroyo Drive, Mountain Street (now North Orange Grove) and California Street—also Sylvan Avenue and Mission Street (in South Pasadena) were the only streets laid out in the original Colony.

The Association tract was laid out by Calvin Fletcher, who, with an eye to the beautiful, planned Orange Grove Avenue with its system of parkings throughout, and other things in keeping. Our present day City Planning Association might find some inspiration in the map devised by Calvin Fletcher, which, in respect to Orange Grove Avenue and also the Arroyo Drive plan, discovers a fine example of esthetic ambitions. Shade trees, usually the pepper, were set out; and cypress hedges adorned the front of nearly every home, being also used to show the dividing lines between neighbors' property. These hedges, when two or three years old, were shaped up and made beautiful street borders. The drawback was the labor in maintaining them

attractively. Of course the rose received first attention and became the queen of flowers, but the tastes of the pioneers were as diverse as the means at command and the results proved themselves.

WATER

Water was a subject of paramount importance to the pioneer and affected the progress of the settlement so vitally that it must needs have jealous attention. When the lands of the Orange Grove Association were purchased, a certain apportionment of the waters that came down the Arroyo Seco and also all rights in certain springs that rose below the Devil's Gate accompanied them. The principal springs above were the Tibbetts, the Ivy and the Flutterwheel, flowing altogether about 90 to 100 miner's inches (summer measurement) at the time of the purchase. (A miner's inch equals 13,000 gallons in 24 hours.) Thus the total water supply equalled about 1,300,000 gallons daily flow, from the sources named. When the Lake Vineyard Company began operations a division was made according to this apportionment. There were other springs, notably the Sheep Corral, and the one that rose near the old Garfias adobe house. The Association, preparing for its needs, gave first attention to its water supply and engaged B. S. Eaton to construct a reservoir and bring down the waters to it for distribution. Work was begun at once under the guidance of Eaton and others of the executive board of the Association, consisting of Calvin Fletcher and O. A. Porter. D. M. Berry was the first secretary of the Association and his minutes of the early meetings give brief information of the details that were entered into in this work. We find that meetings were held, accounts credited and paid, and contracts entered into in a formal business way. The affairs of the Colony were conducted by the Board of Directors, which of course also controlled the water affairs. Before work was finished on the reservoir and the water delivered at every tract of land, water had to be hauled from the arroyo as has been said. When Bristol was building his house, J. H. Baker assisted him. One evening about dark, it was decided to go to the arroyo, a half mile or so distant, to fetch some water. Each took his bucket, and filling it, started back through the bushes for Bristol's. Just as they entered the densest part of the brush, there broke upon them a frightful, ear splitting

roar, as if by an animal in desperate fury. So close it sounded that the men, with one accordant yell, made a dive homeward at a pace never before equalled. They arrived, exhausted, with emptied buckets! Next morning a sportsman shot an enormous mountain lion, just where that mighty noise was heard by the two pioneers, and they believed ever after that they had a miraculous escape.

The orange and the lemon, it had been decided by the settlers, were the proper trees to plant. Climatic conditions warranted this conclusion and profits seemed tempting. Stories of extraordinary returns were heard about the orange, and these appealed to the imagination—then as now.

The first orange trees planted in California had been planted at San Gabriel by the padres about 1820, the seed being brought from Mexico. It is known that the orange (seedling) is a very long lived tree, instances being alleged, in Italy, of trees five hundred years old, and yet in bearing. The Navel Orange was introduced in California by Mrs. Tibbetts of Riverside, who, in 1874, received from W. Sanders of the Agricultural Department at Washington, two trees for experiment. These trees had come to Mr. Sanders from Bahia, Brazil, in 1870. The variety was at first called the Washington Navel, but Riverside, upon discovering its value, changed the name to Riverside Navel, by which term it was long known. This tree, from which the first Navel buds were cut for experiment, is now to be seen on the grounds of the Glenwood Inn at Riverside. In 1874 there was but a limited market for the orange; beyond local consumption, the excess crops were sent by boat to San Francisco, but the freight was so high that the net returns were sometimes pretty discouraging.

In 1876 the first carload of oranges sent east went from Los Angeles, over the Southern Pacific railroad—then just opened—the freight for same was \$500. As the system of transporting fruit now in vogue was then unknown, and its preservation in refrigerator cars yet to be invented, much of the fruit found its market in poor condition, sometimes entirely ruined. These were some of the problems that faced the incipient horticulturist in the Indiana Colony. It was not considered wisdom to “trust all their eggs to one market,” so peaches, almonds, walnuts and other fruits were planted; also vineyards, mostly in Muscat grapes, as it was supposed

that the conditions were suitable for raisin making. Many lime trees were set out—in hedges chiefly, such hedges serving as a wind break and also party lines. The Colonists fell to, and studied horticulture, however and wherever they could—and practiced it.

Dr. Elliott has written that at the end of two years the Colonists had planted 10,000 orange and lemon trees, about 7,000 deciduous trees—apples, apricots, peaches, pears, etc.—150,000 grape vines and had a nursery stock of over 100,000 trees besides. Besides, they had planted many pepper and eucalyptus trees for street shade and had made some new streets.

When Mrs. Jeanne Carr and Dr. Carr came (in 1880) and laid out their beautiful "Carmelita," the residents found in her a student who could be invaluable to them, and was. Dr Carr and his wife had been educators in the East; he as a professor in medicine, at the Madison, Wisconsin, University, and later as State Superintendent of Schools in California, with Mrs. Carr as his able assistant.

Carmelita, a tract of forty-two acres, located on the northeast corner of Colorado Street and Orange Grove Avenue, became, in course of years, noted for several things; first, its great variety of fruit and ornamental trees and plants—more than two hundred in all—which Mrs. Carr had obtained from nearly every corner of the world. Again, for the hospitalities extended by its hosts to many eminent people, drawn thither by the personalities of the owners and as well because of its wonderful beauty and interest. In a little log cabin on these grounds (still standing, embowered in roses and other flowering vines) it is said that Helen Hunt Jackson, while visiting the Carr's, wrote part of *Ramona*. Whether this is true or not, cannot now be proved, but true it is, that many noted people have sat beneath the shade of the grand trees on Carmelita and there received the inspiration which comes from the contemplation of surpassing loveliness.

One of the pleasing features of the landscape in the early days of Pasadena was the long rows of cypress and laurustinus hedges which abounded. These hedges were used in lieu of fences, which were practically unknown. Living hedges are not so common today. Kept trim and formal, always green, they were picturesque and attractive and one of the notable features of the landscape. Now and then a rose "fence" or

“hedge” added the brilliancy of its color and beauty to the picture, relieving the green banks of cypress admirably. Of course, these features only came into being after a few years of toil and care by the settlers. The tillers had been busy, the soil was responding, as was seen by the blooming groves and orchards on every side and in a few years vast changes ensued.

It was a splendid, a magical transformation that soil and water, combined with brains and hard work, had accomplished in a few brief years, but such things are possible—in California! A few years and the stretches of untilled soil of sage brush, or heretofore almost barren slopes had become smiling orchards, orange groves and green mantling vineyards—best of all—Homes! Not stately villas, not mansions with imposing facades, but just comfortable, even humble dwellings, within whose doors dwelt hope and happiness. About their thresholds grew roses, and about their gables clambered honeysuckles, shedding fragrance everywhere. Trim green hedges, neatly kept lawns and other evidences of good taste prevailed in the humblest home. In season, the pink of the apple, of the peach and the almond blossom, became a billowy sea of color, while the snowy white bloom of prune and plum, and the golden oranges depending amidst their setting of emerald made a picture of rare loveliness and a joy to the owner. It was

*“A fair sweet scene of sunny air
Magnolia scented—sighing through—
Low drooping vine, with burdens rare
That heavy hung with diamond dew;
Of orange groves, whose golden globes
The summer sunlight sought in vain;
The cypress with its deep green robes,
The rolling hills and smiling plain.”*

The “village,” very small in its first decade, lay still in the splendid summer sunshine. A man astride of old dobbin rode up to the postoffice now and then, for his mail; and the postmaster was mighty glad of his “call,” for it broke the monotony of a quiet day. Down the pathway, where, by the green hedge, the pepper trailed its friendly branches and etched embroideries in the dust, came rosy cheeked children. The mocking-bird sang its melodies from tall eucalyptus and

the oriole gave back feeble response. It was the idealization of a peaceful existence.

Yet even with most happy surroundings and prospects, the heart of the pioneer sometimes longed for the friends and relatives left behind in the old homestead, and yearned for a word with them, for a peep at the old farm, or an exchange of greetings with a neighbor at the old village store.

Naturally, the colonists would talk these things over in their interchange of neighborly visits, and many tender memories were thus revived. A climax to this came when some lucky one would set out on a journey "back home." It was a matter of interest to all, and gracious Godspeeds were the departing benedictions the traveler received; for he or she might, in fact, be going right back where they had come from! Then the welcome the wanderers got when they returned! Often they were the bearers of messages from the old home which gave joy and gladness to the recipient. It was first hand!

Yet, these visits were satisfying in more ways than one. They made the visitor better contented with the newer home, and more appreciative of the advantages of it.

And after all, with years of absence, the old place seemed different there! The farm didn't seem so large, the house was not as imposing and the weather was so changeable! Yes, indeed, it was different, or it seemed so by comparison with this wider horizon. Just the fondness that remained for the old friends was as firm as ever.

Time sped on, finding the pioneer busy with his orchards, his groves, and his multitude of petty cares, besides. His eyes were forever bent forward to a provident future, but he was sometimes cast down by the burdens of the present. The orange groves were coming on—they were learning what would grow best and how to grow it, for, as I have said, these men had to learn the art of growing and the arts of managing the things they grew. There is no royal road to fortune, even in California! Water was one of the exasperating worries, or rather its scarcity was. The winter of 1876-77 was a very dry one; the summer following found the usual water supply less copious. Even then, we find there were troubles over its delivery and use—there are always the selfish ones who demand more than their share, or take it, *nolens volens*. Extraordinary as it may seem, the monthly rate was lower at times then, than it has been since.

Sometimes 75 cents, sometimes \$1.00, or on occasions, \$1.50 per month—cheap enough, everything considered. At a meeting of the directors of the company, August 7th, 1875, Thomas Croft introduced a resolution which read as follows:

“Resolved, that the members of this Board, being extremely anxious to further the interests of the Association and *morality* among our people, do hereby most emphatically denounce as acts of lawlessness *which should be dealt with severely*, the turning off of the water from the main pipe and turning it on again—to the extreme distress of their neighbors!” So it seems some miscreant was actually stealing water! Again, a certain resident was plainly notified, in writing, that “unless he quit using water for irrigating without obtaining consent for it,” his supply would be cut off. Still another, “that he must come up to the office and settle for past dues, or have his supply cut off until he did”—this, after several notices to pay up, which he had neglected. So it seems there were those who were not always as rule abiding as one might desire.

The income of the Association was not very much in its first year or so, sometimes less than \$25.00 per month. When the Colony became more fully settled, naturally this income increased and the Zanjero was paid \$50.00 per month and the Secretary \$25.00. Jabez Banbury, who had been appointed first Zanjero, resigned and A. O. Bristol was appointed on January 9th, 1875. This was the end of the Association's first year. D. M. Berry was secretary then, but was succeeded by H. G. Newton, who continued until November, 1877, when C. H. Watts was elected his successor.

At the annual election of Directors, November 9th, 1876, total cash receipts reported were \$4,936.00 and total expenditures \$4,578.00. Of this only \$600 came from water rentals, the balance from the sale of wood lots, of wood, and rent of pasture land. The account also showed an extraordinary expenditure for pipe, and reservoir repairs (lining). The minutes of this meeting recorded nineteen members as present in person and was a fair representation of actual settlers (families not counted), twenty months after the Colony began operations. A. O. Porter was elected President of the Association this year.

To meet extraordinary expenses it was proposed to borrow some money at a Los Angeles bank to make some

needed repairs to rotting flumes, and to replace some wooden flumes with iron pipes at a cost of \$720. But it was reported by the President that the bank wanted to charge one and a half per cent per month! It was decided to urge all delinquents to pay up their obligations promptly and borrow the needed balance, which was done.

As has been said, the tract of land now known as Altadena, had been "thrown in" when the main body was purchased. Now, it had been considered that this "sheep land" belonging to the Association, might with propriety be divided between its members gratuitously. But by 1879, at a stockholders meeting, it was decided "that the present financial condition of the company did not warrant this," and further that it should be sold for \$5.00 per acre, *if a buyer could be found*, or "that any stockholder could purchase any reasonable part of it at this price." In 1880, 420 acres of this land were sold to S. P. Jewett and P. Gano, at this price, on terms. Then on November 20th, 1880, the Board authorized the sale of 937 acres to Fred J. and John P. Woodbury at the same price, and the sale was consummated December 1st, 1880.

To anticipate the proper chronology of this story, let me say here that when the Lake Vineyard Association opened the lands lying east of the Indiana Colony tract, its settlers began using their share of the Arroyo waters. It was not long before differences occurred under the primitive methods of adjusting the proper proportions due each colony. Trouble occurred which was a long time continued. Whisky and water have never been plentiful in Pasadena, but both have occasioned painful disturbances.

Each company had been using the entire waters of the arroyo from the supply above the Devil's Gate, three days each week, alternately, for irrigation purposes, the assumption being that each company was owner equally with the other. But in 1879 the Lake Vineyard Company raised the claim that the Orange Grove Association was only entitled to the waters of the so-called "Tibbetts" spring located on the east side of the arroyo seco and none of the waters of the "Ivy" springs. The claims of the Lake Vineyard Company were sustained by a court decision and further affirmed by a supreme court decision in 1880. The Orange Grove Association then paid the Lake Vineyard Company \$10,000 to continue the rights in these springs which they had always

believed they owned. O. R. Dougherty was president of this company until 1891, Henry G. Bennett became secretary in 1881, and continued in that office until 1904, when Wm. McQuilling succeeded him.

Now and then the pioneers met in conclave, that is, held meetings to consider affairs affecting their well being. When the schoolhouse was built they met there. Again, there were informal meetings at neighbors' houses of evenings, when neighbors got together, compared experiences and exchanged advice. These were the compensations for the severance of old home ties, and served to promote that fellowship and neighborly regard that has been maintained between the pioneers ever since, and ever bids pleasant recollections of the



SO. ORANGE GROVE AVENUE, 1876

Looking North from Bellefontaine

H. J. Holmes' house on left
H. G. Bennett's on foreground

Methodist Church distant
center
School under tree

Mrs. Gilmore
Presbyterian Church on extreme right

"days of seventy-four." As met the family heads; also met and mingled the young ladies and the beaux, who sat on the little veranda viewing the moon and discussing the Pleiades, no doubt, as usual. The fragrance of the orange blossoms and the roses that clambered around the doorways gave fitting incense to the occasion. They sang songs together, and they dreamed dreams of years to come, just as is done everywhere. Above them the morning glory nodded approvingly and the hollyhocks, like sentinels standing by the path that led up to

the hospitable door, turned their faces to each other and smiled knowingly. On summer nights like these, peace settled down on the Colony folk, and if there were troubles by day, night and the silver moon, with its serenity and glory, made them forget. And then there was always tomorrow! The dry, dusty, rainless summers were an interesting novelty to them at first, and the fructifying rains of winter came as a delightful change, with the springing verdure, the clean washed atmosphere and clear skies as a benediction and a delight. And so life continued as it must, but there was only optimism in the Colony. It must succeed!

The difference in seasons was a new experience to the pioneers from Indiana and Iowa, but they grew accustomed to them and finally fond of them. There were no murky, hot mornings; the air was clear and sparkling. Sometimes though they did crave the rain, a storm with lightning and thunder—for it was monotonous at first. When, in the fall—in October or November—the sky grew gray with clouds and the winds came from the east, the farmer began to look hopefully for the coming of the “wet season.”

There came a night at last when he was awakened by a soft patter upon the roof and his heart bounded in gladness, for it was raining! Next morning he gazed out upon his fields and at his grove and watched the steady rainfall soak into the thirsty soil. And presently the thin stream in the arroyo rose higher and higher, and he knew that the rain was coming heavily in the mountains and the canyons were gathering it up into great streams there. It was winter, and crops were being assured and harvests certain.

CHAPTER XI

SOMETHING ABOUT PESTS

THE FRIENDLY SQUIRREL AND THE PERFIDIOUS GOPHER. THE WAYS OF
THE PEST IN CALIFORNIA.



AND oh, those pests! The gophers, the squirrels, the jackrabbits and the grasshoppers! The latter pest was like unto the celebrated locust in Egypt, as related in the Great Book—at least in numbers, and in the plague it carried. The grasshopper had an appetite voracious and insatiable, and fed upon everything green within the radius of its advance, and ate it in a hurry! Before the settler cleared the land of its brushwood, this little pest lived the life of quietude within its harborage. But when the advancing hand of civilization drove him forth from his sanctuary, he resented the intrusion by reciprocally foraging upon all growing things the settler planted, and presto, they disappeared! Burning the chaparral on uncleared land was sometimes resorted to to get rid of grasshoppers, but was a dangerous remedy.

The bark of young trees, even, went the way of the most succulent vegetable. It was a common thing to see long rows of young orange trees with their tops carefully covered with gunny sacks, and their trunks swathed with paper, for protection from the predaceous enemies. The festive jackrabbit, too, took a hand, or rather his jaws, and finished what the grasshopper might overlook, or balk on, as too tough. The green bark of the young orange was his joy and his luxury. And the gopher! Oh, the gopher! That was the cunning little darling with the bright shining baby eyes! The gopher caused more profanity than the grizzly bear, just because of his insidious cunning, amazing activity and destructiveness. Nothing occasioned more trouble to the pioneer than the depredations of this rodent. With teeth like a surgeon's saw, and a disposition as perverse and destructive as any pest created in California, he was a formidable visitor. Burrowing faster than a stream of water could chase him, as sly and watchful as brer fox, he challenged man's inventive genius

to conquer him. Poison and traps and interminable patience was the solution, even that was slow.

The ground squirrel, agile and timid, lives in burrows, sometimes in happy domestic association with snakes and owls, preying as a rule upon the grain fields. These pests mostly migrate with the cultivation of the land, but in the beginning of the Colony days, on account of surrounding uncultivated acres, gave much trouble to the settlers.

THE COYOTE

It may be a good opportunity here to mention another more or less friendly animal of early days, one whose voice once so raucous and voluble, has now ceased to trouble in these surroundings, he having slunk from sight and sound of noisy streets and glittering lights. I refer to the coyote—the wolf-dog of the desert and edge of civilization. The coyote is a lean and hungry animal. The coyote is in fact a wolf, known widely in western states. It makes its nest or cave, in canyons or secluded places away from civilization, but prowls at night in quest of game—chickens for preference. Also, he is the head devil of sneaks with a “voice.” Not the ordinary, every day, animal voice, but a voice comprising an aggregation of voices in one larynx—vociferous, wild, plaintive and compelling—all at once! One coyote in vocal action is as a half dozen, and that number of coyotes is a convention. Their habit is to choose a fine moonlight night, when nature is hushed and attuned to quiet and harmony, when repose should be balmy and peaceful. ’Tis then the coyote would sneak upon the outskirts of civilization—in this instance down in the Arroyo Seco, or over at San Rafael bluffs, there to emit his passionate serenades, seated the while on his haunches with nose pointed towards the moon.

“Tenderfeet” hearing that demoniac chorus, imagine dire tragedies and lose much sleep. But the coyote is a coward as well as a sneak, and desires no more than a tender spring chicken for his refection, and he not only selects the choicest of the flock, but will ruthlessly slay the rest ere he departs. Sometimes coyotes have, when badgered by pursuing hounds, sought refuge in the streets of Pasadena. I remember once that one of them ran, pursued, into the postoffice lobby in his fright, and was there captured. This also occurred to a fawn that evidently had wandered away from parental attention

and got lost. It (the fawn) was safely and tenderly cared for by a humane citizen.

This story is told of a coyote. It happened on the ranch of Fred Woodbury at Altadena, upon which stood a large pepper tree whereon turkeys were wont to seek refuge and repose o' nights. A coyote—hungry, of course, spied the "turks" one evening before it became quite dark. This cunning coyote knew a thing or two beyond the ordinary. It could not climb the tree, and of course the turkey would not come down to be devoured. So the coyote just walked 'round and 'round that tree, its movements being closely watched by the gobbler, who never ceased for a moment, to follow him with his eyes. The result was that the poor turkey became so hypnotized that it fell off the limb and was picked up by the cunning coyote who made off with it! This story is vouched for by Mrs. Jennie Ford.

These pioneer griefs had their funny side, too, even if they were costly and troublesome, and the settlers often laughed over their vexations. There were other humorous side lights, also.

INCIDENTS BY THE WAY

One might smile at the recollection of Henry Bennett or P. G. Wooster struggling with the business end of a plough in action. Or he may recall with pleased feeling the picture of Tom Croft driving his favorite mule team down Orange Grove Avenue. But the story that Mel Wood tells on Barney Williams gives a pathetic picture that shows how one prominent citizen of ye olden time engaged in pastoral pursuits. One day Mel went down to see Barney and found him busily engaged with a frolicky horse attached to a cultivator. It was raining pretty hard, but Barney couldn't help that! Mel was amazed to see him, dressed in a "frock" coat and "plug" hat!—discarded garments of better and more fastidious days. Every tug of the horse dragged Barney in sudden spasms forward, and with each stride the long tailed coat dangled against his legs in pathetic dejection. It was a funny sight, but there were few to enjoy it. Erstwhile clerks, lawyers or merchants, must needs do as others did in those days.

It is related that a prominent Colonist once built him a domicile for his six feet two of stature that was not quite equal to its purpose. After it was done he did not have room

for all of himself, including his feet, inside of it, so he slept with his feet out of the window! Also, that when he was putting the finishing touches to it, he nailed himself up inside! But what could be expected of a schoolmaster turned carpenter? Perhaps this is not true. It was no opprobrium upon the good name of another good man that he endeavored to secure olive oil from the tree, just as he had been accustomed to procure maple sugar sap in Michigan! Rubber trees are tapped for rubber, as are pine trees for turpentine; why not olive trees for oil?

Charley Watts and Charley Bell were 'the village "cut-ups"'—the jokers of the deck, in the early days, and made things merry now and then. It is told of Watts that upon one occasion, when walking down Orange Grove Avenue, he met a nice looking setter dog which stopped at Charley's beck, and friendlily wagged a greeting. Such a fine dog must have an owner nearby, though as yet not in sight. Opportunely, there chanced by a load of hay, being driven down to the village center—perhaps by Charley Bell—perhaps some other. No matter, it was Watt's opportunity for a practical joke, so, without the knowledge of the driver of the wagon, Watts tied the dog to the tail end of it, and it proceeded on its journey, while Charley continued upon his own way. By and by came a flustered Englishman with a gun, inquiring very concernedly of Watts whether he had seen anything of a "bloody dog?" Yes, Watts *had* seen the very dog; in fact, he knew it was the right dog and it was tied to a load of hay—no doubt stolen by the owner of the hay! And he pointed out to the Englishman the direction driven by the hay man. Off went the Englishman, wrathfully denouncing the dog thief, and in course of time found the hay wagon and his dog attached thereto in front of Barney Williams' store, the owner of the team making some purchases inside, quite unsuspecting the trouble in hand. Wrathfully approaching him, the Englishman demanded why he had stolen his dog? Of course, the surprised man could not answer such a question as that, and demanded, heatedly, what was meant? There was some merry cross-firing before the dog owner pointed out his setter, quietly asleep at the end of the load of hay and altogether unconscious of the row he had occasioned. There was almost a fight, for the Englishman could not understand how such a trick could be a "joke," and departed with his dog, calling

everybody "bloody fools" and similar epithets. Jerry Beebe and Al Carr were also merry jokers, and pulled off many of the "practical" kind. On one occasion the "Banbury twins" with a select few friends blackened their faces, and, driving around among the neighbors, serenaded them with "coon songs" without having their identities discovered. But in spite of all, there were days when the people, at least the women folks, were forced into a feeling of homesickness in spite of themselves. They missed the conveniences and associations of their old homes in Indiana, or in "Marshalltown!" The water was "riley" sometimes, and not infrequently a wriggling worm or tiny trout found its way down the pipes, and made the good housekeeper pine for civilization. But this feeling was but temporary; a look from the door at the vast mountains, ever alluring, a peep at the blue skies, and the benediction of it was upon them—they became satisfied.

When R. Williams moved into his new building, Will Wakeley secured the one he vacated, and put in a stock of hardware and tinware, in which line he was successful. But "Billy" later on sold this business and engaged in another, more to his liking, to wit a "curio" and taxidermy shop, which embraced in its scope the collection and mounting of horned toads and tarantulas; also other specimens of natural history—a place of much interest to small boys.

Which leads up to a story. Some one, with a desire to get even with Wakeley's well known proclivity for practical joking, circulated among the school boys, as a piece of news, that Wakeley was anxious to add *tadpoles* to his museum, and would pay ten cents a *quart* for them! Now be it known that in the early days, there was a great crop of tadpoles in the muddy reservoirs. It was a happy inspiration to the boys, therefore, to go to the reservoirs for the tadpole supply. Hence it happened that on the Saturday following the information, came boys, and many boys—each with a bucket or convenient receptacle—all loaded with squirming tadpoles! It didn't matter that Billy protested, objected, objurgated; the boys continued to come and offer their fine collection of tadpoles! When the boys finally realized the "joke," they, one and all, just set their buckets full of offerings of wriggling "poles" down on the floor and departed! It took some time for Wakeley to clear up the premises and dispose of the crop, and much longer to recover from the consequences of the "joke."

There came the first Christmas when all made merry as best they could. There was no snow like "back home," of course, and it seemed unreal. It did not seem to the children that Santa Claus could ever come to them away off here; for how could he drive a sleigh where there was no snow? Yet they gathered in each other's homes and recounted memories of past Christmases and told yarns of the old times. Perhaps, this first Christmas, there were some tears shed; but, all in all, the first year of the Colony brought with it encouragement and some content; and certainly the hopes of the settlers were not diminished even if mingled with some alloy.



CHAPTER XII—1874-1875

PROGRESS—A SCHOOL

THE FIRST SCHOOL AND A SCHOOLHOUSE. THE FIRST BORN CHILD OF THE COLONY.



MISS JENNIE CLAPP
Pasadena's First School Teacher

THERE were some children, of course—not many, but these needed instruction and the discipline of a teacher. There was yet no school, nor even any school officials to get them one. So, by and by, a meeting of parents was held—this was the first Parent Teachers Association!—to consider what to do. As a matter of course, it was decided that a school must be had.

A petition was prepared, addressed to the Board of Supervisors, which was signed by everyone in the Colony.

This petition was in due course granted, and a new school district, to be called after the name of the ranch—San Pasquale School District—was authorized. Then our old friend Thomas Croft—who, though having no children of his own, was as much interested as anyone—was named census-taker for the new district, while Henry G. Bennett and Jabez Banbury were appointed school directors. These were the first officials in the new Colony, and performed their duties promptly and well, as would be expected of them.

Of course there must be a teacher. The salary must be small; but no matter, there was a teacher right at home who would fill the bill—the daughter of one of the settlers, Miss Jennie Clapp. The appointment was tendered her and accepted, and to Miss Clapp, now Mrs. Frank J. Culver—yet living—belongs the honor of being the very first teacher employed in the San Pasquale School District. There being as yet no building for the purpose, Miss Clapp's father tendered the use of a room in his home, and here Miss Jennie

opened her school, September 10th, 1874. The Clapp house was located on Orange Grove Avenue, on the southwest corner of California Street, where the family lived from their coming until death claimed both Mr. and Mrs. Clapp.*

Just two urchins with scholastic ambitions appeared at the opening of the "school" and of course they were the "Banbury twins," Jennie and Jessie." But in a short time no less than sixteen pupils were enrolled and the little parlor became too small for them. Once again, the Colonists met, as was their custom when affairs were to be settled, and it was decided that a real schoolhouse must be built.

Three hundred dollars was soon collected and in October, 1874, a plain, rough board building was built on Orange Grove Avenue, close to the Clapp home. This was Pasadena's first schoolhouse. Its further history will be narrated under the chapter on schools.



HELEN WENTWORTH, Born 1874
Pasadena's first baby

LIST OF COLONISTS WHO CAME IN 1874-75

During the first and second years of the Colony the purchasers having settled down to hard work, cleared their lands and made a showing of results which may now be counted and their names recorded here. These were the real pioneers of the first, or Indiana Colony, for it was not until 1878 that its sister, the Lake Vineyard Colony, was established. I will deal with that in good time.

ROSTER OF 1874-75.

Barcus, W. J., 1874, Ind.

Barcus, Mrs. W. J., 1874, Ind.

Baker, J. H., 1874, Ind.

Baker, Mrs. J. H., 1874, Ind.

Baker, Edwin, 1874, Pa.

Banbury, Jabez, 1874, Iowa.

* "Billy" Clapp, Pasadena's first City Engineer, was the brother of Jennie Clapp Culver. "Billy" was a popular and prominent member of the Colony, one of the few young men who lived here in the Colony's first two or three years of existence. In fact, until the Lake Vineyard Colony was opened up, there were very few young men and women among the settlers.

ROSTER OF 1874-75, *Continued.*

- Banbury, Mrs. J., 1874, Iowa.
 Banbury, Jessie, 1874, Iowa.
 Banbury, Jennie, 1874, Iowa.
 Banbury, Morton, 1874, Iowa.
 Banbury, Thomas, 1874, Canada.
 Bennett, Henry G., 1874, Mich.
 Bennett, W. J., 1875, Mich.
 Berry, D. M., 1874, Ind.
 Berry, Jessie, 1874, Ind.
 Bristol, A. O., 1874, Iowa.
 Bristol, Mrs. A. O., 1874, Iowa.
 Clapp, W. T., 1874, Mass.
 Clapp, Mrs. W. T., 1874, Mass.
 Clapp, W. B., 1874, Mass.
 Clapp, Jennie, 1874, Mass.
 Conger, Dr. O. H., 1874, N. Y.
 Conger, Mrs. O. H., 1874, N. Y.
 Conger, Flora, 1874, N. Y.
 Clark, Geo. P., 1874, R. I.
 Croft, Thos. F., 1874, Ind.
 Cooley, W. E., 1874, Mass.
 Cooley, May, 1874, Mass.
 Dana, A. W., 1874, Mass.
 Edwards, Alex., 1874, Ind.
 Edwards, Mrs. Alex, 1874, Ind.
 Elliott, Dr. T. B., 1875, Ind.
 Elliott, Mrs. T. B., 1875, Ind.
 Elliott, Helen, 1875, Ind.
 Elliott, Agnes, 1875, Ind.
 Elliott, Whittier, 1875, Ind.
 Elliott, Georgia, Ind.
 Fletcher, Calvin, 1875, Ind.
 Gibson, N. R., 1875, Ind.
 Giddings, L. W., 1874, Ia.
 Giddings, G. L., 1874, Ia.
 Giddings, E. W., 1874, Ia.
 Giddings, J. Reed, 1874, Ia.
 Giddings, Miss (2), 1874, Ia.
 Green, P. M., 1874, Ind.
 Green, Mrs. P. M., 1874, Ind.
 Green, Miss Mary, 1874, Ind.
 Greene, Frank W., 1874, Mass.
 Hurlbut, E. F., 1875, Ill.
 Harry, Wm., 1874, Ind.,
 and family.
 Lippincott, T. E., 1874, Pa.
 Locke, Erie, 1874, Ind.
 Locke, Mrs. Erie, 1874, Ind.
 Lockhart, T. J., 1874, Ind.
 Lockhart, L. J., 1874, Ind.
 Matthews, J. M., 1874, Ohio.
 McQuilling, A. K., 1875, Ill.,
 and family.
 Millard, Elisha, 1875, Ind.
 Mosher, Rev. W. C., 1874, N. Y.,
 and family.
 Mundell, I. N., 1874, Ohio.
 Mundell, Mrs. I. N.
 Porter, O. A., 1874, Ind.
 Porter, Mrs. O. A., 1874, Ind.
 Porter, Don C., 1874, Ind.
 Raab, D., 1870, Ill., and family.
 (not a member of the Colony
 proper)
 Richardson, Geo. A., 1875, Mass.
 Rosenbaum, M., 1874, Ia.
 Rosenbaum, Mrs. M., 1874, Ia.
 Strickland, Ney, 1875, Ga.
 Turner, Edson, 1874, Ill.
 Turner, Mrs. E., 1874, Ill.
 Turner, Bruce, 1874, Ill.
 Turner, Charles, 1874, Ill.
 Turner, Edson, Jr., 1874, Ill.
 Wallace, Joseph, 1875, Canada.
 Wallace, Mrs. J.
 Wallace, Miss E., 1875, Canada.
 Washburn, S., 1874, Ia.
 Washburn, Mrs. S., 1874, Ia.
 Watts, Chas. H., 1874, Ill., and
 family.
 Wooster, P. G., 1875, Maine.
 Wooster, Mrs. P. G., 1875, Maine.

Besides those named several had purchased property, but had not become residents, or had remained but a brief time. There were about half dozen of these.

The Giddings family, also, were not members of the Indiana Colony at this period, but owned a large tract on the foothills and later became active members of the Indiana Colony.

A daughter of L. W. Hollingsworth, who was the first locator in the Lake Vineyard Colony tract, married J. R. Giddings. Both have grown to be prominent citizens, Mrs. Giddings having been a president of the Parent Teachers Association. A sister, Mrs. W. T. Vore, is the mother of Pasadena's second born boy—Jesse. The "first born" of Pasadena was Helen Wentworth, daughter of George Wentworth. She was born in a house that was located on the



POLYTECHNIC HIGH SCHOOL GROUP

Joseph Wallace place, on the northwest corner of Lincoln Avenue and Orange Grove Avenue. Little Helen made her appearance some time in 1874, exact date unknown, and her advent was so appreciated that the colonists raised a fund to buy a perambulator for her. She is now Mrs. Earl E. Davis and is living in Alaska. The first boy born in the Colony was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Watts, a son of its first bride and groom. According to the best information, at the end of its first two years of existence, not more than 125 persons, including children, were in the settlement. Enough to be chummy and sociable, but room for more.

There were a few families living outside of the Colony proper, notably the Wilsons, the Shorbs, the family of James Craig, who lived at "The Hermitage," near Lamanda Park, and which later became prominent in the Colony, as were the Wilsons and Shorbs. There was also the Titus family, the Winstons, the Stonemans and a few others. These, then, were

literally the “first families” of the Indiana Colony—not considering, of course, the Indian aboriginals!

They were not proud and haughty over the fact, because they had not occasion to “put on family airs.” They welcomed with delight the coming of new families, who might add to the social pleasures and lighten the monotony of pioneer life. It is a pleasant thing to relate that many sons and daughters of these “first families” have maintained their fealty to Pasadena and have steadfastly remained to see its evolution from a sheep pasture to a splendid municipality.



CHAPTER XIII

CHOOSING A NAME

THE COLONY, HAVING OUTGROWN ITS SWADDLING CLOTHES AND HAVING A POST OFFICE OFFERED TO IT, MUST PERFORCE CHOOSE A FITTING COGNOMEN WHEREWITH TO MAKE ITS CLAIMS BETTER KNOWN.

THE name *Indiana Colony* had to go. The postoffice department demanded a more fitting one when the colonists requested a post-office. Also, the colonists themselves believed by this time that the "Colony" might—some time—become a "village," or even a "town!" The question was mooted among the pioneers and a meeting called to decide the matter at the schoolhouse. This meeting was held April 22d, 1875. This meeting, also, seems to have considered other business, as the minutes show.

The question of dividing the Arroyo lands into "wood lots," a much discussed question, also came up for settlement, and the minutes state that "after a lengthy discussion in the torrid, temperate and frigid zones," the division of said lands was approved by a vote of 119 shares (of stock) in favor to 21 against. President Eaton presided and D. M. Berry was secretary of this important meeting.

THE ORIGIN OF "PASADENA"

When the question of a proper name for the Colony came up for settlement; in fact, it had been mooted for some time and had occasioned much discussion, "New Grenada" was suggested by a lover of Irving, and "Indianola" by a Hoosier—a not inappropriate name for a Hoosier settlement. D. M. Berry, secretary of the association, was for "Muscat!" What



DR. T. B. ELLIOTT
who named Pasadena

a burden that would have been upon us! Berry, who was fond of classics, also suggested a Greek work, "Kleikos," dropping the letter "g" from Kleigkos. Perhaps this was a joke of Berry's, but as a fact I have seen a letter of his urging this very name—and the letter is quite serious in other respects.

But, happily, there was one who believed that a name of Indian derivation would at least be appropriate; therefore, he wrote to a college friend in the East soliciting assistance. This man was Tuttle Smith, whose father had been a missionary among the Indians of Minnesota. The reply to this request was lost for thirty-one years, but finally discovered among the papers of the Orange Grove Association by William McQuilling in 1905. Then it was again mislaid for a number of years, and but recently rescued. Fortunately, therefore, I am able to give this letter, now a valuable historical document, to the readers.

When this letter was submitted to the stockholders, and fully considered, a vote was taken which resulted in seventeen voting in favor of *Pasadena* and four against it. Thus was the colony presented with a new title under whose banner it has since pressed forward.

LETTER OF PROF. GEORGE N. SMITH, COINING THE NAME
"PASADENA" *

Northport, Mich., April 13th, 1874.

"Son Tuttle:

I have taken considerable pains to get up answers to your question with the following result, but I am not satisfied you will find any acceptable name.

Crown of the Valley, Weoquán, Pá-sá-de-ná—a rather agreeable name if you get the right sound and accent. I think I have marked it so that you can.

Peak of the Valley, Gish ká de ná—Pá-sá-de-ná.

Key of the Valley, Tá pe ká e gun—Pá-sá-de-ná.

Hill of the Valley, Pe quá de ná—Pá-sá-de ná.

Cap same as Crown—Rostrum is not known in the language.

The principal accent falls on the last syllable of each word, the marks indicating vowel sounds should be left off; as a name. I should like the first, or the last, better than the others.

There is no difference between Ottawa and Chippewa in these words, the Chippewa and Ojibway are convertible names, different ways of spelling by different writers. The Indians speak it Ojibwa,

* Written to Tuttle Smith by his father, Geo. N. Smith, to whose erudition we owe the name Pasadena.

the initial O slightly spoken, jib strong with i inclining towards our English I—the main accent on wā.

The more I speak over the samples I give you, the more I am satisfied that either of the 4 would make an agreeable name. Either when spoken correctly would fall pleasantly on the ear. If I could give you the living example of the peculiar Indian mode of speaking the words, you would be able to appreciate them fully and I hope you will succeed from this paper. Write and let me know all about the matter.

Most sincerely,

GEO. N. SMITH.

Professor Smith chose well and the Pasadenans of today must accord him the obligation that is due him for choosing this highly distinctive and euphonious name for posterity. No less than three other aspiring towns have pirated it from us. Such is fame!

We have a broad field and some difficulty if we attempt to arbitrarily determine the exact meaning of the word. Pasadenans in later years have attempted to do so by adopting "Crown of the Valley" as having the best and most appropriate interpretation. Bearing further on this appropriateness it may be said that, according to Judge Eaton, Don Manuel Garfias, when owner of the ranch, gave his hacienda the title "Llave del Valle"—which signifies "Key of the Valley" and refers to the fact that his hacienda was so located that he could take note of the cattle passing from one part of the ranch to the other. Thus his house was "Key" to what went on there. At one time, also, this ranch was on the route of the Mission travel, the road from the San Gabriel to San Fernando passing over it—crossing the hills of San Rafat, thence via Canada onward.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FIRST CHURCHES—GETTING ON

AFTER THE SCHOOL CAME THE CHURCH, ONE GOOD FOR THE INTELLECT, THE OTHER GOOD FOR THE SOUL, BOTH THE USUAL APPENDAGES OF PROGRESS. THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN AND THE FIRST METHODIST.

THE pioneers, as they became settled and moved along in a regular daily orbit, with habitual and constant avocations, with prospects cheering and crops maturing, bethought themselves more and more of past habits and customs. Having, mostly, been trained in the good old habit of going to church o' Sundays, they now missed that practice and began to feel that it was, after all, an essential thing to their well being. They had their little school; they must also have a church, or at least a place of meeting where Sabbath services might be conducted. So it was appreciated when the Rev. W. C. Mosher, a missionary and a resident, announced his intention of conducting

religious services upon a certain Sabbath day. "Charley" Watts had done a serious thing; he had donated his bachelor cabin for this purpose. And it was in this cabin, located at the present northeast corner of Kensington Place and Orange Grove Avenue, on August 30th, 1874, that the first religious services in the Colony were held.

There were present, besides the reverend gentleman and his spouse, M. Rosenbaum



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, 1875

and wife, August Blix and wife, William T. Clapp and Miss Jennie; just eight persons all told. History does not say, but perhaps "Charley" Watts was also present, in a secluded corner, and again, perhaps, he was out at the barn "fixing things," for "Charley" was rather careless of Sundays! This little service was the precursor of the many splendid church organizations that were to follow.

Succeeding to this beginning, two or three more meetings were held at the Watts home; then the Mosher home, at the corner of Walnut and Fair Oaks, being ready (he had purchased it from J. H. Baker, who in turn purchased in another place), the Reverend Mosher arranged to have the meetings held in his own home, which they accordingly were. Then, when the schoolhouse was finished at the end of the year, it was decided to hold services therein; the first meeting being held February 7th, 1875, Reverend Mosher conducting it, the first *formal* sermon being then delivered. Sunday school services had also been conducted at the Mosher home by W. T. Clapp and D. H. Pike; Clapp being a Congregationalist, Pike a Methodist and Mosher a Presbyterian—a cosmopolitan trinity. The second sermon was preached by Rev. Solomon Dunton, known as "Father" Dunton, the father of Mrs. Jabez Banbury. Dunton was a Methodist, but no regard was paid to sectarian dogmas in these early day s e r m o n s . The attendance now assured a permanent congregation and regular services were held each Sabbath, Dunton and Mosher alternating.

On March 21st, 1874, the First Presbyterian Church was organized at a meeting held for the purpose in the little schoolhouse. Twenty-two persons signed as members.



FIRST METHODIST CHURCH
Dedicated Jan. 7, 1877

Plans were at once made to raise funds to build a church building, which were duly secured,* and the edifice erected on California Street, just west of Orange Grove Avenue. A parsonage was also built on an adjoining lot in 1877, costing \$1,800. The row of cypress planted in front of this church and parsonage are yet standing, now grown to trees fifty feet in height, and having a girth of four feet or more. (See Chapter XXXVI for further details of this church and its subsequent history.)

ANOTHER CHURCH—THE FIRST METHODIST

If the Presbyterians must have a church, why not the Methodists also? That is what the Methodists thought in 1875, and acted accordingly.

The colonists had worshiped together in the schoolhouse, and we have seen how the Presbyterians struggled, and finally obtained a place of their own to worship in. They invited all of their fellow colonists to join them in the new house of God, but the Methodists were themselves becoming husky in numbers, and they, too, cast about for means to build their own house of worship, and have services and discourses suitable to their own ways. They held services in the schoolhouse on alternate Sundays with the Presbyterians until the latter moved to their own church. After the Presbyterians foregathered in their own brand new meeting place the attendance upon the Methodist meetings was of course diminished, but none the less enthusiastic. In pursuance to the desires of this body, the Rev. J. M. Campbell had come over from Los Angeles, where he was ministering to a flock, and organized a class of eleven members, on April 18th, 1875. This class was as follows: O. A. Porter and Mrs. Porter, D. H. Pike and Mrs. Pike (it will be noted that D. H. Pike had been a trustee in the Presbyterian congregation), P. M. Green and Mrs. Green, W. J. Barcus and Mrs. Barcus, I. N. Mundell and Mrs. Mundell, Elizabeth Edwards. Mundell was made class leader. Rev. F. D. Bovard began regular services on the "Methodist" Sunday in place of Campbell on July 18th, 1875.

* The first money raised, \$600, was lost by a bank failure in Los Angeles, but after a struggle \$2,300 more was raised, which was the cost of the church when finished.

On October 21st, 1875, the committee appointed to the task reported progress in the matter of funds, etc. P. M. Green, D. H. Pike and Rev. Charles Shilling composed this committee, and so successful did they labor that in a short time a lot was purchased on Orange Grove Avenue, north of California Street (corner of Palmetto), and a modest edifice finished, without debt, January 7th, 1877, and dedicated that happy day. (Further history in chapter on churches.)



CHAPTER XV

THE LAKE VINEYARD TRACT--A SISTER COLONY

A RIVAL OF THE INDIANA COLONY APPEARS AND IOWA SENDS IN SOME STRENUOUS MEMBERS TO HELP MAKE HISTORY. ESTABLISHMENT OF THE LAKE VINEYARD COLONY AND THOSE WHO FOUNDED IT.



THESE chronicles have endeavored to faithfully follow the trend of events concerning the original colonists and their Colony enterprise, finding them at the end of two years as happy as bunnies in a clover field, with a schoolhouse and two churches already to their credit. What better evidence of foresight and prosperity need one ask than this?

They had tested the climate and found it fine; they had tested their neighbors and learned to love them; the orange trees had begun to show by extending foliage the result of affectionate care, and the roses had begun to bloom about their doorways and clamber over trellises. Also, the gophers, grasshoppers and other "friendly" pests began to respect the aggressive precautions of these strange invaders. So I will leave them, temporarily, to narrate the founding of a sister Colony, which in time became united to and assimilated with the parent one.

Beyond the boundaries of the Orange Grove Association's Colony lands on the east, to wit, Fair Oaks Avenue, which was but a rough and uncertain pathway, occasionally used, stretched the balance of the San Pascuale ranch as far as the Santa Anita road and in 1876 uncultivated, being used only as a pasturage. There was no break in this stretch of land until reaching James Craig's "Hermitage" on the northeast, excepting the Wilson, Titus, Rose and Winston ranches to the south. The Eaton Fair Oaks ranch was north of the Craig ranch, but there were no intervening settlers in this untilled range. It was a beautiful spread of lordly acres, with its scattering live oaks giving it the appearance of a park. No water had as yet been wedded to these lands and they were called "dry" in the nomenclature of current description. By 1875 all of the supposed cultivable lands of

the original Orange Grove Association had been disposed of. But new arrivals came, drawn hither by reports of the success of the Colony, and by reason of the attractiveness of the surroundings.

B. D. Wilson owned the unimproved lands above referred to excepting the Grogan lands, and it seemed that the time was opportune for selling some of them to these newcomers who were arriving from Iowa, Kansas and Illinois, and who were nosing about for fertile soil where there might be found a proper settling place. Wilson decided to accommodate this demand. He had laid out Alhambra and began its career satisfactorily; why not another undertaking? He took his son-in-law, J. De Barth Shorb, into executive session, and made him his manager and agent. Early in 1876, Wilson set aside 2,500 acres immediately adjoining the Indiana Colony on its eastern boundary, and called the tract "The Lake Vineyard Land and Water Company Tract." Truly, a ponderous name, derived partly from his own home place, the suffix meaning that it had incorporated into the project a water system with the land. Until Pasadena became incorporated this tract was known generally by the shorter and more convenient title of "Lake Vineyard Tract." This land was surveyed into five, ten and twenty acre parcels; water was brought from the Arroyo Seco (it will be remembered that Wilson yet owned seven-tenths of these waters) and piped to the land; and it was offered to settlers for from \$75 to \$100 per acre.

J. De Barth Shorb handled the business end of the transaction. Let me here note that one of the first men to be employed in this subdivision was "Tom" Banbury (nephew of Colonel J. Banbury). "Tom" liked the prospect and negotiated with Shorb for ten acres of the land before it was actually on the market. This was in December, 1875, and he thus became the original owner in the Lake Vineyard subdivision. The water question gave some trouble, for it was not yet properly piped when buyers began to settle upon their lands. C. C. Brown, for so many years identified with this water system, informed me that it was his frequent custom in early days to take a "chink" (a Chinaman) with him, and walk along the main supply ditch, picking out of it dead snakes, gophers and, occasionally, a defunct canine. But the water was there, such as it was, the principal hurry being to get the land and look out for the water afterwards. (These

men learned more wisdom by later experience.) “Tom” Banbury’s land was located where the Pasadena Manufacturing Company’s plant now is. In fact, Banbury planted that very spot to “spuds” in 1876, and this was the first actual farming done on that tract. L. D. Hollingsworth was the next buyer, and secured fifty acres for himself and other members of his family, his son Henry choosing ten acres where the Wilson grammar school stands, his own choice being on the northeast corner of Colorado Street and Marengo Avenue. Colorado and California streets were opened through the new Colony eastward, when it was laid out, and Marengo Avenue was opened at the same time, the latter being the first north and south street in the Lake Vineyard Tract that was opened for travel and improved.

Hollingsworth’s lands extended from Fair Oaks Avenue eastward to Euclid Avenue, on the north side of Colorado Street. He built a rough “California” house on a tract he also bought on South Marengo and Green Street, the first house built in the Lake Vineyard Tract. The Hollingsworth family lived there with their daughter, Mrs. Nellie Vore, until they built their own home about where the postoffice is now. W. O. Swan and Charles Legge came, and also bought, being in a “pool” that Hollingsworth had formed to obtain the land at a reduced price. Legge secured the twenty acres of which the Library Park was once a part. Colonel Banbury bought five acres on the southeast corner of Marengo and Colorado for his son Morton, and also ten acres for his father-in-law, Rev. S. Dunton, whereon now stands the old Throop College, the Universalist Church, etc., and built a good house upon it.

Reference has been made in connection with the earlier church services of the same “Father” Dunton, as he was affectionately called, and it is a fitting place here to tell a “yarn” about this goodly old gentleman, prefacing it with the information that he was one of the beloved old men of the Colony days, and as trustful and trusting as a baby. But he had just one weakness—some may call it a “sin”—he chewed tobacco! Just plain, old-fashioned “niggerhead” or such, and he chewed it with an energy and constancy born of long habit. Seldom, indeed, that “Father” Dunton had not his “cud” in his cheek. Upon a certain occasion in the later history of the Colony he attended a revival service at the Methodist church and was one of the most fervid worshipers

present. Rev. P. F. Bresee was the dominie in charge of the services, and any one who knew him will recall his uncompromising attitude to sinners. On this occasion he was preaching against the sinfulness of bad habits in general. At each characterization, made in a stentorian voice, the Reverend Dunton emitted an approving and emphatic "Amen!" The reverend preacher stormed against backsliding. "Amen!" shouted Dunton. Against the frivolities of social life. "Amen!" again exclaimed Dunton. "God punish the wicked who imbibe intoxicating drink." "Amen! Amen!" came once again in resounding approval from "Father" Dunton, and with it an approving thwack of his hands. "And, Lord, chasten those who defile themselves and defy Thy law *by using tobacco!*"

The Reverend Solomon's hand had been upraised in order to give additional emphasis to his approving "Amen." But it remained suspended in the air; his exclamation died in a struggling gurgle, languished amidst the "cud" stowed away for safety in his cheek! A convulsive, strangling noise expired in his throat as his hand slowly descended, while his head was bowed in humble embarrassment. There were no further demonstrations from his corner that night. It is not reported that the old gentleman ceased using the "weed," but doubtless he refrained when under the Reverend Bresee's eye.

Let us again return from the diversion of a story to the doings of the Lake Vineyard Colony. Among the early settlers was Henry Hollingsworth, who took ten acres. Sherman Washburn bought five acres on the southeast corner of Marengo and Colorado Street—where the Brockway block was built in 1887. I believe Charley Bell purchased the five acres from Washburn and set it out to orange trees in 1877 or 1878. It became, subsequently, the property of Judge Magee, who sold it in the early boom days. Colonel Banbury also purchased for his boy Morton a five-acre tract on the southeast corner of Marengo Avenue and Colorado Street where the Methodist church stands. The original purchases were made at the exceptional price of \$55 per acre, on account of an agreement with Hollingsworth that he would interest a number of his Iowa friends and dispose of considerable other lands through this influence, which he did. The regular price was fixed at from \$75 to \$100 per acre; water, of course, being included. This is the "pool" referred to. B. D. Wilson was an enterprising man, and when the tract was laid out he set

aside a tract of five acres on the southeast corner of Fair Oaks and Colorado Street for school purposes and thereby created a "village center."

P. G. Wooster also came along—from Boston—in 1876, and bought nine acres on Fair Oaks Avenue on which now stands the Hotel Green and the Santa Fé station. Albert Ninde took twenty acres and Stephen Townsend also took ten acres. I believe these above named were the first purchasers on the Lake Vineyard Tract, in the order named. Hollingsworth built a good residence on the corner of Marengo and the others followed his example by improving their selections also.

As the new Colony became settled it became a rival to the original Colony. Fair Oaks Avenue was the "Mason and Dixon" line of separation, but the rivalry was a friendly rivalry, and although the east and west side conducted their Colony affairs on a separate basis, there was no other than amicable relations manifested.* Of course, when the little first schoolhouse was removed from its Orange Grove Avenue home to the land donated by Wilson there was some friction, and again was this felt when the original church was moved. But these differences were soon forgotten in the events which came pressing forward. The new Colony soon numbered more people than the old, and its people cast about for a "village center," where marts of trade might be established. L. D. Hollingsworth took the initiative by building a little store, in 1876, on Colorado Street, near Fair Oaks. It had been his intention to build this nearer his Marengo Avenue home, but finally decided upon the former place on account of the proximity to the new school lot. Another reason was that this location would be more convenient to the "west siders," and everything counted. A movement had been made by this time to get a postoffice, and it was hoped to locate it in the new store. This was not the first store in Pasadena, the first, a small structure, was built (of common rough boards) by M. Rosenbaum on Orange Grove Avenue, just south of Colorado Street, where he owned a fifteen-acre orange grove. Rosenbaum had been in business in San Diego, going there from Marshalltown, Iowa, where he had lived an energetic business life and had been at one time postmaster. He moved his stock of goods (books and stationery mostly) to

* In later years some feeling was engendered over the segregation of the arroyo water, but no personal unfriendliness became manifest.

the Colony, and thus started Pasadena's very first store. This business was not continued long, and the building was afterward used as a Chinese laundry until it was removed in 1887. The Hollingsworth store became the nucleus of the new business center. Henry T. Hollingsworth occupied a corner of his father's store with a jewelry repairing outfit. When a postoffice was eventually established Henry T. Hollingsworth became the first postmaster—at the munificent salary of \$12 per annum! As usual with budding villages, the postoffice centralized business, and this, together with the arrival of the schoolhouse just across the street, induced J. H. Baker to move his shop from his place on Fair Oaks Avenue and Walnut Street, where his forge had been established, "under the spreading (pepper) tree," to a location next door to the Hollingsworth store; then, also, was added a shoe shop, O. R. Dougherty, later J. D. Youngclaus, proprietor. Thus around the coming "center" we find a schoolhouse, a forge, a shoe shop and a general store, clustering in business solidarity. A meat shop, owned by W. G. Watson, was started on North Fair Oaks soon after the above operations, and we find their proprietors looking keenly forward to a provident future. Sherman Washburn bought Hollingsworth's store in 1877, and continued it until 1880, when Romaine ("Barney") Williams purchased it.

How unfortunate it was that Colorado Street was not made wider then! But no thought was entertained at that period of Pasadena ever becoming even a town. Efforts were made to induce "Barney" Williams to move back his building, in 1885, but without avail. Marengo Avenue was opened when the Lake Vineyard Tract was laid out and the great pepper trees, which have excited so much admiration and attracted the attention of so many cameras, were planted at the same time. This avenue received its baptismal name from the Marengo ranch—later Bacon ranch, and later still (in part) Raymond Hill. It was at one time owned by a soldier of Napoleon's army who had fought in the battle of Marengo, and who had, in memory of that great battle applied its name to his ranch.

Good old Fra Crespi knew better than his Gringo successors when it came to euphony and poetic fitness in names; no dissonant vocabulary was his. Blessings, too, upon those who gave us such street names as El Molino, Los Robles, Los

Flores and San Pascuale! In a land where romance throbs and sentiment grips the mind, the beautiful and melodious should ever attend, when it comes to the dispensations of the baptismal font. Who could imagine an Amazon Lucille, or a fairy with the cognomen Belinda or Bedelia? Spain has us beaten in such sweet names as Carmencita, Ramona, Dolores or Juanita.

But not to dally in elusive pathways, let us proceed with the trend of affairs. The settlement of the new Colony continued, and many homeseekers came in 1876 and 1877. In the former year came S. D. Bryant with his family, including Herbert; the latter first settling on the Orange Grove side; Mrs. Ruth Martin with her sons, Clarence and William; J. Blattenburg and family; also Al V. Dunsmoor. F. H. Heydenreich came with his wife in 1877. "Steve" and Will Townsend and Butler Clapp came in 1876; the former settling in the Lake Vineyard Tract and the latter on the west side.

It would be a pleasant pastime to recount the names and expatiate upon the virtues, the energy and industry of the early comers who laid the foundations, planted the first trees and flowers, and hung their latch strings outside as a friendly invitation to all comers. As the trees and vines grew and became fruitful they looked with pride and good cheer at the surroundings, and said, "It is good!" For, said they, under such a benignant heaven, amidst such loveliness, why should the spirit of mortal feel aught but concord with the world and its inhabitants?

The Lake Vineyard Colony throve and "came on" even faster than did its older sister. There was more land available under the water system, for one thing, even if it was in the beginning discouraging in its prospects. The outside lands, the so called "dry" lands, were being settled upon by bolder ones who "took a chance" with a will, and did, in fact, find water at 100 to 150 feet, which was good and pure, and in sufficient quantity for household purposes. It was discovered, also, that this land would grow some crops without irrigation and that trees and vines would thrive; and though "dry" land could be bought for as low as \$25 per acre, it came to be worth \$150 long before the boom sent prices skyward. Berries of all kinds grew lustily, as did vegetables, with little extra cultivation, and very little irrigation, even

during the long, dry summers. I believe such men as Henry Wood and Samuel Bundy were pioneers in this direction, cultivating large tracts on East Villa Street. Henry Wood planted twenty acres in eucalyptus trees on his ranch on Villa Street in 1883; the trees grew eighteen feet in the first year and forty-five feet in three years. In three years he cut out every alternate row and sold the wood. No irrigation was used on these trees and their rapid growth drew attention to the excellence of "dry" lands.

The Olivewood Tract was established by C. T. Hopkins in 1880 under the management of C. C. Brown, who set out olive trees and vines, also orange trees, and brought them into a high condition of culture. The tract was one of the first offered at auction in 1886.



CHAPTER XVI

SETTLEMENTS ABOUT PASADENA—THE PAINTER AND BALL TRACT

HOW A BODY OF LAND THAT WAS ONCE REGARDED AS ALMOST VALUELESS ACQUIRED IMMENSE WORTH AND MADE THE FORTUNES OF TWO SPECULATORS IN A SHORT TIME.



EAGLE ROCK
Note the Eagle's Beak

LYING immediately north of the lands of the two settlements aforesaid was a tract of land comprising about two thousand acres.

It was so called "dry" land, covered in the main with sage-brush and chaparral, and in its rough state not apparently very attractive for home building. It was the property of one H. G. Monk, who lived in New York, and probably scorned his own purchase, for he did not return to Pasadena after purchasing it upon his first visit, for many years. In fact, when an Eastern friend who had seen it went to him to pay his price—then \$18 per acre—for it, Monk dissuaded the intended purchaser from doing so, declaring that he couldn't take advantage of a friend, as the

land wasn't worth anything! This is the story that Monk told upon himself when he visited Pasadena twenty-five years afterward.

Some water rights were appurtenant to the land, but they were not developed and of uncertain value. Monk had sunk a well, but it was of little value. J. H. Painter and B. F. Ball, old-time friends and neighboring farmers in Iowa, and even prior to that in Ohio, had come to Pasadena to look for opportunities, joining here the Iowa contingent. They were attracted to this land as a possible speculation and as good for settlement, and in 1881 they bought it for \$15 per acre—

water rights and all! Energetically they set to work laying out streets, developing the water supply and bringing it down to a reservoir which was built at a convenient distributing point. They expended \$20,000 in this manner and made their tract a desirable addition to Pasadena. The Messrs. Painter and Ball each reaped a fortune from it, selling land that cost them all told, \$25 per acre, for from \$50 to \$100 per acre or more, when first offered. Some of the lands in this tract brought the original owners far more than these prices when the "boom" came. The Painter and Ball tract now comprises what is denominated North Pasadena, and is now covered with bungalows, cottages and even mansions, forming an important and sightly section of the city. Both Painter (and sons) and Ball became prominent figures in the growth and progress of Pasadena and its business enterprises, their names being synonymous with all progressive movements. B. F. Ball became president and large stockholder in the Pasadena Manufacturing Company, and vice-president of the First National Bank, one of its original stockholders. J. H. Painter was a man of high reputation and of many friends during his life.

ALTADENA—"HIGH LAND"

HOW THE TREAD OF THE GRINGO MADE LAND ONCE SUPPOSED WORTHLESS,
A PLACE TO BE DESIRED; AND THE ABIDING PLACE OF THE RICH—AND
SOME OTHERS.

When the San Gabriel Orange Grove Association purchased four thousand acres from Dr. Griffin there was included, as a bonus, or actually a gift, in the transaction, a tract containing fourteen hundred acres lying northeast of the Colony lands. It was covered with chaparral and gashed into gullies here and there, by mountain torrents that came rushing unimpeded from their contributing canyons during winter storms. It was about as beautiful to look upon as the average seven days beard upon a man's physiognomy. The Orange Grove Association was glad to be relieved from paying taxes upon it, and when the association received \$5 per acre for something that had come to it gratis the members felt glad. This was the price paid for the 900 acres of it that was purchased by the Woodbury Brothers of Marshalltown, Iowa, on December 1st, 1880. No water rights went with the land,

but the Woodburys—Fred F. and John P.—had prepared for the purchase by buying the water rights in the Rubio Canyon and half of the waters of Millard's Canyon. The owners developed these springs, built a reservoir and piped the waters to the lands below. Then they borrowed the pretty and appropriate name *Altadena* from Byron O. Clark, who had invented it, and had applied it to his own forty-acre tract adjoining. Colonel Banbury, a friend of the Woodbury Brothers, purchased fifty acres of the new tract and built him a fine home on it. He was appointed manager for the Woodburys and had charge of the proposed improvements. Banbury at once began cleaning off and breaking the land, dividing it with streets and planting it to oranges, lemons, grapes and other fruits. In time it became a fine example of intelligently applied horticulture. F. J. Woodbury also built himself a home there, and occupied it with his family for many years.

Altadena, the once apparently valueless tract, is now covered with homes and is regarded as one of the desirable residential sections about Pasadena. Its many villas and mansions attest to its attractiveness.

Above Altadena P. J. Gano and S. P. Jewett had purchased from the Orange Grove Association the balance of these cheap lands and which they improved. P. Gano and Henry Elms had, prior to this time, located on lands near by and a son of Elms now resides upon the home ranch and the Gano place is still in the same ownership—some of the unusual instances of long-continued possession, hereabouts, where progress seems too often to mean a desire for a change of habitation, though perhaps to a finer one. The "old homestead" idea will grow in appreciation as years multiply.

Eastward of Altadena lies the "Sphinx," farm lands of the Allen family since 1879, but recently sold to a syndicate for subdivision. These lands were once a part of the Fair Oaks ranch. The balance of the Fair Oaks ranch—five hundred acres—was sold to J. F. Crank in 1877. Crank became a member of the State Legislature, built the second street car system in Los Angeles (a cable road) and was the principal promoter of the Los Angeles and San Gabriel Valley Railroad (now Santa Fé). He now lives on a corner of the old ranch which he recovered in a singular manner, as follows: When his ranch was sold, it was described and conveyed by metes

and bounds, as was the custom. In making the survey, by careless oversight, a small corner (about an acre) of the land was omitted in the description. Years afterwards Crank accidentally discovered this oversight, and took possession, making it his home.

I have alluded to Byron O. Clark as the originator of the name *Altadena*. Clark deserves more than passing mention, for by his enthusiasm and optimism, and his love of things beautiful in Nature, he stimulated the embellishment of many homes in Pasadena with new and heretofore untried varieties of trees and plants. Many fine old trees now growing in Pasadena streets and grounds were planted there by him or by his advice. At one time he had a nursery yard at what is now 35 East Colorado Street. He built the first home at Linda Vista (this name was applied by N. G. Yocum, a resident there), also founded the Park Nursery Company. To him I personally owe unending gratitude for an expanded mental vista of the beautiful in this Cosmos, which he did much to inculcate, and wherever he now may be, my "good word" extends in appreciative obligation.

LA CANADA—THE CANYON VALLEY

AT OUR DOORWAY LIES A VALLEY BEAUTIFUL AND PICTURESQUE, AN ARCADY WHERE ONE MIGHT DWELL IN DELIGHT FAR AWAY FROM THE JAR OF THE WORLD.

We drive our car across the bridge that spans Devil's Gate with a pang, a pang conjured by the feeling that this elysium of La Canada should have its severity disturbed by raucous honk of gasoline car or the noise of joy riders. As we enter its portals—just where the ascent to Flintridge begins—we realize the profound charm of serene vales, mountain slopes and leafy glades combined. Looking up the arroyo we see Oak Grove Park, the city's latest park acquisition, with its fine grove of live oaks, and we are told that all this loveliness may soon be endangered by the water restraining dam that is proposed for the Devil's Gate. Valuable as this system of flood control may be, its need should be carefully weighed against the destruction it may occasion.

To the left of us lies "Flintridge," the enchanting domain of ex-Senator Flint, who, in a sylvan hollow of these picturesque hills, has set his mansion, and like Cincinnatus of old,

has laid aside the toga for the plough. (We may consider the plough in its Pickwickian sense!) Here, in rustic retirement, he is assembling a colony of home builders which will soon make it a second Oak Knoll in beauty and exclusiveness. We may ascend the precipitous road that Flintridge offers as a means of access, and if so, we should climb "on the low." The steep sides of these buttressing hills dip into umbrageous glades, and up again to vast panoramic expanses, where are glimpses of exquisite distances and enchanting visions.

There is an Inspiration Point (or so it should be) from whence the eye is filled with the magic of a perfect vista of mountain and valley; a glimpse of villa and bungalowland—without end. Then onward, through a pleasant shaded highway, by fruitful farm, and past floor-bedecked homes. Through La Canada, La Crescenta, Monte Vista, we gaily go; thence onward still, to the wide San Fernando Valley, miles and miles away; or, if preferred, deflecting south via Verdugo road to join the throngs that go eastward, or to turn again to our own Pasadena.

OAK KNOLL—THE BEAUTIFUL

In 1883 Bayard T. Smith and Harrison Smith, brothers, of San Francisco, bought from the Wilson estate about one hundred acres of rolling, oak tree covered lands, and "improved" them by setting out orange trees and other kinds. Bayard Smith lived upon this tract the life of a "gentleman farmer"—for such was Bayard's predilection. I believe that \$35,000 was paid for this land by the Smith brothers, and some thousands were spent in improving it. In 1887 they sold this ranch for \$75,000 to S. Rosenbaum of New York, who had spent several winters in Pasadena and saw speculative possibilities for this tract in the future. These expectations were verified, for later it was sold to Henry E. Huntington, and became a part of his purchase of many more thousands of acres—in advance of the building of the interurban Pacific Electric Trolley system, whereby the lands aforesaid acquired largely increased value. Oak Knoll* was, in the hands of W. R. Staats Company, laid out with fine driveways and street improvements that enhanced the great natural beauty of the tract. Several hundred acres of adjoining lands, equally

* On the land were many fine oak trees, which gave it a park like effect and was the incentive to the name.

beautiful, have since been added to the original purchase, and today it is said by world travelers to be the most superb residence tract to be found anywhere. With exacting building restrictions, and other expensive conditions, only the man of means can afford to reside there; hence it is the seat of a hundred villas and mansions, the crown of Pasadena's home-making achievements. In its paved highways and through its oak-shaded canyons is found picturesque diversity and the groundwork of garden craft extraordinary such as the millionaire, backed by a good architect and an aspiring gardener, only, can invent.

The Hotel Huntington crowns one of the magnificent sites of Oak Knoll, and stands like a feudal castle overlooking the loveliness spread about it.

SIERRA MADRE

The enterprise and resourcefulness of a Yankee from Massachusetts originated Sierra Madre, one of the prettiest suburban places in the valley. N. C. Carter it was who, in 1881, as a purveyor of excursions to California, became enamored of this charming vale and negotiated with E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin for one thousand of its acres which were a part of the great Santa Anita ranch. Water was brought down from the little Santa Anita canyon and piped throughout this tract. Settlement then began. Other acreage was subsequently added to this tract, and it has become a charming home place, with a village center and with business enough of its own to sustain a bank, schools, library, Woman's Club, etc.—all of which add to its homelike and desirable features. Its climate is exceptionally fine and its people the sort who make a community worth while. Adjoining, on the west, is the thousand-acre ranch of Charles C. Hastings, and near by the splendid home, "Anoakia," of Mrs. Anita Baldwin (the daughter of E. J. Baldwin), who is now the owner of the Santa Anita ranch of some thousands of acres. Splendid improvements are in view on this old ranch and already several hundred acres have been laid out in villa sites. Some day, among the splendid oaks of Anoakia, will arise one of the exclusive villa communities, where a dog must wear a brass-studded collar to find entrance, and, if penetrating successfully, must also show a record of blue-blooded lineage to remain unchloroformed.

E. T. Pierce, who has the distinction of being the first purchaser in the Sierra Madre tract, is yet a resident there.

SAN RAFAEL HEIGHTS

One of the picturesque residential sections, rivaling Oak Knoll and Flintridge in the charm of its surroundings, is the recently annexed territory of San Rafael Heights. From the palisades of San Rafael on its eastern side—rising from one to two hundred feet in sheer ascent from the Arroyo bottom—no more magnificent view is afforded from any point about Pasadena, even though it has many rivals. For years it had no other residents than the family of its owner, the Campbell Johnson family, but now splendid villas dot its lands and give it an atmosphere of prosperous luxuriance.

These lands—the Rancho San Rafael, or Verdugo Ranch, as it was once called from its owner's name—was originally part of the famous Verdugo ranch of fifty thousand acres owned by one Mariano de la Luz Verdugo, who served under Governor Portolá when that soldier made his famous pilgrimage in quest of Monterey Bay in 1770. Verdugo received the lands as a grant from Governor Fages in the year 1784, probably for services rendered in that expedition. The eastern boundaries were the banks of the Arroyo Seco. In the



A GLIMPSE FROM OAK KNOLL

usual careless way of the times, Verdugo was a continual borrower of money, until, finally, the whole ranch was submerged in debts to numerous creditors and, in the end, was partitioned among them according to their claims. The two thousand acres later known as the San Rafael Ranch, or the Campbell-Johnson Ranch, went to Philip Beaudry, while the lands of Linda Vista went to Captain Dreyfuss, both of Los Angeles.

The two thousand acres above referred to were purchased by S. C. Campbell-Johnson, in the year 1882. Johnson was a Scotchman of distinguished family, being related to the Duke of Argyle. He settled on his purchase with his family. One son, S. C. Campbell-Johnson II, with his wife, was lost in the sinking of the steamer "Lusitania" by a German torpedo May 7th, 1915. "The Church of the Angels," located on the ranch near Garvanza, was built as a memorial to the head of this family by his widow, and is a fitting tribute to him. Its quiet seclusion and simple Sabbath services held there attract many from Pasadena and surrounding places.



CHAPTER XVII

MORE PROGRESS — A POST OFFICE



COL. J. BANBURY
An Honored Pioneer



It is all very well to settle down to hoeing corn and potatoes, to planting orchards and vineyards, and to fighting gophers and such bucolic affairs. These things keep a people engaged, it is true, but they cannot make them entirely forget the past and the friends of the past. Naturally, the pioneer longed for inter-communication with the world outside, and therefore, one of the first things that became a real and pressing need, was a Post Office. Los Angeles was their nearest source of mail up to 1876, and it was mostly through the friendly politeness of

Morton Banbury, little son of J. Banbury, who rode to and from Los Angeles daily to attend school, that mail service was reasonably possible. Morton played postman as a neighborly courtesy, and thus became Pasadena's first, though unofficial, "post boy" or mail carrier, and thus, also, became a popular visitor at each home. This courtesy continued until Morton fell ill and ceased attending school.* The death of Banbury was a loss in many ways, and especially to those depending upon his friendly services as mail boy. But a regular mail service was demanded by this time, or so thought the settlers; and in consequence, a movement resulted in the Department at Washington being petitioned by the colonists for the establishment of a postoffice. This project also necessitated a proper name for the Colony which resulted in the adoption of PASADENA. (See Chapter XIII.) Henry T.

* Morton Banbury died September 4th, 1877, and was buried in his father's ranch on Orange Grove Avenue, there being no cemetery then in Pasadena. His was the third death in the Colony, the first being the eight year old son of A. O. Porter, and the second the four year old son of James Blattenburg.

Hollingsworth was the first postmaster, who perfected his title to that honorable office; his commission being dated September 2nd, 1876, and he thus added to his other duties that of Uncle Sam's "man of letters."

Henry Hollingsworth, at the present writing, is a resident of Los Angeles and a member of the Pasadena Society of Pioneers. It may be added that Henry served Uncle Sam for nearly three years, and was succeeded by his brother, Arthur S. Arthur S. is still a lively resident of the Crown of the Valley, and he, too, is an ardent member of the honorable Pioneers.

THE FIRST OFFICIAL MAIL CARRIER

When the new born *Pasadena* was officially placed upon the map of the United States, the inhabitants thereof were naturally pleased, not to say proud. One good thing always leads to another, or so 'tis said; hence, by securing a postoffice Pasadena also, and by necessity, secured a carrier of mails, who was just the correct "class" for such an ideal community as was the new "town." It was quite fitting that D. M. Graham, who, on account of flagging health, had come to the land of sunshine hoping to recover it, was the first officially authorized mail messenger between Pasadena and Los Angeles. Graham was a college man with some means, and did not accept the official post for its remuneration, for that need have tempted no man, being something like three hundred dollars per annum—nothing extra for horse feed! Graham had two pinto horses and an old carriage, and believed he needed open air exercise and a chance to absorb some of California's best climate. This was his chance and he took it. In furtherance of his new pursuit he tacked upon the inside of his vehicle a sign, printed upon yellow cardboard, bearing the proper legend of his calling. Now it happened that there was an epidemic of smallpox in Los Angeles at that time, and when the carriage bearing the ominous yellow sign first appeared, the untutored Mexicans thought it was the *pest wagon* and quickly vamoosed at its approach! On one occasion a newspaper representative of the Philadelphia "Press" happening to ride with the owner of the carriage, entered into a discussion with him regarding the meaning of a certain Spanish name. Graham, out of his desire to assist the man, referred to the connection of the word with Latin and Greek, then the Hebrew! The correspondent turned to

him saying, "Say, I've ridden with many stage drivers, from Hank Monk down, but you are the first that could discuss Greek roots!" But Greek roots did not interfere with Graham's enjoyment of the daily trip; he recovered his health, and lived for some years afterwards in active life. His wife, Margaret Collier Graham, made some fame as a writer of Western stories. She, too, has passed into the beyond.

It is hereby seen that the Lake Vineyard Colony has captured the school, the church, and finally the postoffice, from the Orange Grove Colony, thus forever destroying its business ambitions. The parent Colony gave its attention to progress in another way, it planted and it cared for the groves—its first ambitions—and within three or four years, signs of prosperity were in evidence; literally, a golden harvest was in prospective—or it at least seemed to be. And no lover of things beautiful in nature may look upon an orange grove as it blooms and expands, under the assiduously affectionate hand of its owner, without conceding it the king of all fruit trees beautiful. From its evolution from a spindling shrub, to the day it blossoms, then unto the time it reveals the golden apples clustering upon it, it is a beautiful fruition of the horticulturists' dream. Much of the entire fifteen hundred acres of the Orange Grove Colony were planted to orange trees; and these, when in their first fruitage, were a gladsome sight indeed, to the pioneers who looked upon them as their first premonitions of success.



CHAPTER XVIII

SOCIAL AND FRATERNAL AMENITIES

ALL WORK MAKES JACK A DULL BOY, THEREFORE THERE MUST BE RELAXATION FROM THE STERNER DUTIES OF LIVING. THE COLONISTS BELIEVING IN THE ADAGE, OBEYED IT IN MODEST WAYS.

OME interruption to the progress of the Indiana Colony was caused by the severe drouth experienced in the season of 1876-77, when the normal rainfall fell from the average of about twenty inches to about five. Under such extraordinary shortage of moisture, crops could not be raised without irrigation, and there was little water to spare for that, then. Sheep, horses and cattle died throughout Southern California by thousands, and many stock raisers were financially ruined. Henry Bennett kept a record of the rainfall in the first Colony years. His apparatus was crude but fairly accurate. Bennett says that in the extraordinary dry year mentioned the Colonists had much difficulty in growing anything at all; and many of the young trees suffered for want of sufficient irrigation.

It is said that some owners of great herds drove thousands of head of stock, sheep, horses and cattle, over the bluffs into the sea; preferring to have them quickly drown, than see them slowly die of starvation. The Colonists felt this shortage of rainfall, because it prevented them from obtaining hay, corn or pumpkins, or other forage or feed crops, that went to make up their maintenance; yet they did not suffer extremely, because not entirely dependent upon these products, but they then realized the vast importance of a good water system.

There being, that season, a marked diminishing of mountain streams, and the necessity of exercising care against the wasteful use of the supply at hand, taught them caution that was of value in the future.

Time, however, effaces such disasters, and Southern California ere long, ceased to recall this episode. From the establishment of the Lake Vineyard Colony the purposes and growth of the twin colonies became synonymous and their ambitions mutual; henceforth, therefore, I will write into

these chronicles, in so far as possible, the advance and development of both, regardless of their separate origin and titular distinction on the map. If there were rivalries or jealousies between the twin colonies, they were nominal and impersonal. Each was endeavoring to go its way, with one purpose—to successfully establish homes. Work, however, must have surcease, relaxation, from its cares and trials. Association between neighbors is essential to their progress, intellectually and otherwise. So we find the Colonists enjoying a communal intercourse and fellowship begotten of this natural craving. Sorrows as well, bring friendly contact and fraternity. Neighbors instinctively look to neighbors for sympathy and assistance in their hours of distress and need. So, also, in the house of ease come need of cheer and desire for the lighter pleasures of existence. Paraphrasing the Hoosier poet, these Hoosier people could often feel that—

*When a fellow's kind o' troubled and a feelin' sort o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy and won't let sunshine through
It's a great thing O my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!*

In consequence of the singleness of their aims and their interdependence, there was a reciprocal spirit born in Colony days which formed ties of regard that are vividly rekindled whenever these old timers get together. Social relaxations and pleasures were not then many, nor were they formal. There was the frequent dance at some neighbor's house, or barn, with the "Nine Nobby Nigger Minstrels" to perform the musical numbers, perhaps. Or was it to interpolate between dances, some of their mimic feats? This talented aggregation consisted of Clarence Martin, Will Martin, Will Moody, Arthur Day, W. Breand, Fred Meuhler, Fred Lippincott and Seymour Locke—all familiar names enough to the pioneer. Those who came to the front and contributed to the merry making were Frank Heydenreich, J. H. Baker, Charley Bell, Jerry Beebe, Al Carr and even the sedate J. Banbury, who was charged with playing the "fiddle." Of course there was the usual village "Literary" in the first years, that met betimes in the little schoolhouse on Orange Grove Avenue, and there gave outlet to the budding genius of the day. "Billy" Clapp, Perrie Kewen, Seymour Locke, Henry Ben-

nett—these were among the “intellectuals” who made the forum resound and the village acclaim at the talent displayed.

The girls, too, performed their part in the symposium. Annie Swan, Helen Elliott, Ella Gilmore, Jennie Clapp, Millie Locke—these were some that added lustre and performed their classic parts. There was the “Bachelors’ Club”—Al Carr, Jerry Beebe, Charley Bell, “Tom” Croft, the Martin boys, and some others, who proclaimed their life long allegiance to the single (and simple) life, but who, one and all (except Carr), succumbed to maidens’ wiles, as soon as the proper siren put in her appearance. Clarence Martin, who had come to California via the Horn on a sailing vessel, was fond of singing “The Larboard Watch,” “The Bay of Biscay,” and other nautical melodies; also such sentimental ballads as “Maid of Athens,” “Mary of Argyle,” and others of the kind then in vogue. There were some others who merely formed the chorus—for fear of consequences—but these melodious ones oft gave vocal evidence of their tuneful existence on fair starlit evenings, to the delight of listening fair maids. But young folk were scarce. Mrs. J. R. Giddings says that on one occasion a social event occurred when the Colony was raked for available young ladies and beaux. Just *six* ladies were present and twelve *young* gentlemen! The distress of the overplus was heartrending when the hour came for the guests’ departure and the six necessarily disappointed beaux wandered off alone!

Charley Watts was always to be counted on when anything with fun in it was afoot, for “Charley” was a rollicking person, who, though loving a practical joke, never held malice towards anyone and towards whom no one had an ill thought.

THE FIRST WEDDING

And it was this rollicking Charley Watts who first fell before Cupid’s darts, and plighted his troth to Miss Millie Locke, daughter of Major Erie Locke, thus making a break in the Bachelors’ Club aforementioned. Their wedding occurred March 12th, 1875, and being the first wedding in the Colony was a great event, for both bride and groom were popular members thereof. Mrs. Calvin Hartwell possesses one of the invitations to this wedding—a much treasured memento.

They began housekeeping in Watts' little "cabin" where the first religious services in the Colony had been held, and where they lived for many years afterwards.

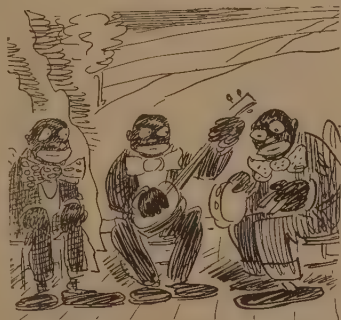
Two men prominent in organizing the Indiana Colony were Josiah Locke and Calvin Fletcher, neither of whom remained long after its beginning. Locke, who was a newspaper man, bought land and planted it to orange trees, but his affairs called him back to Indianapolis, where he died in 1885. He was also the first appointed postmaster, but did not qualify for the office.

Fletcher remained in the Colony for a year or two. So did D. M. Berry, who for a while was city editor of the Los Angeles "Herald."

I have referred briefly to the social relations of the earliest Colonists, those of '74 to '78. In the five years subsequent to the latter date, new accessions, especially to the Lake Vineyard side, enlarged the social sphere considerably and added numerous charming young women and some agreeable young men. With these came enlarged gatherings and multiplied "functions," though that word, I think, was never applied in those days of simple, unostentatious living. Remember, there were no twin sixes, no palatial eights, to befoul the Arcadian contentment with their noxious gases or disturb the peace and quiet with their raucous noises!

The "hoss" and buggy were inviting and enticing, and of sufficient luxury to tempt the most captious young lady to a moonlight ride down Orange Grove Avenue, or out Colorado Street into yet more quiet country. To the young man with his "best girl," the clug clug of Dobbin's hoofs upon the dirt pike was music enough to captivated heart! There were no "circles," or "cliques," whose exclusiveness froze out the more humble. Fashion delayed long in establishing its edicts, and those better off in worldly goods than their neighbors, refrained from making this fact an ostentatious or excluding social barrier. Indeed, there were no rigid social barriers to create jealousies or bitterness; respectability only was the hall mark required. This, perhaps, is one of the reasons why the old settler who yet survives, remembers with affectionate pride the pleasures of those times. But the "village" became a real fact by 1883. By that time several additions had been made to the business enterprises, not many however. Will Wakely opened a tin and hardware store and W. F. Hayes

(father of Orrin Hayes) started a grocery on South Fair Oaks Avenue in 1881 or '82. Several real estate dealers opened offices, among them Ben E. Ward (1883), who was the first real estate dealer having an actual office. It was a nook under the stairs leading to Williams Hall, Fair Oaks side. Theodore P. Lukens had, prior to that date, been selling land in conjunction with his occupation as Zanjero and dealer in water pipe, and he doubtless was the pioneer real estate dealer in Pasadena. Harry Price opened a harness shop, and the first drug store was started in February, 1883, by the writer hereof. It was known as the Pasadena Pharmacy. Up to 1882 there was one medico, Dr. Radebaugh, who came in 1881 and built a little frame office just where the Exchange block stands, having a lot of fifty foot frontage, with a laurestinus hedge enclosing it. The Williams Block was built in 1883 by R. Williams, for his growing business in general storekeeping. The postoffice was in this building. Romaine (Barney) Williams was then postmaster, Sherman Washburn having succeeded Hollingsworth in business, and had sold to "Barney" Williams, who finding his business thriving with the growth of the settlement, moved from the little frame store built by Hollingsworth, into his new and spacious one on the corner where the Slavin building now stands. The Williams building is of more than passing interest to this history because of its relation to the many social, political, dramatic, and other events that occurred within its walls during its existence. The upper floor was arranged as a public hall--theatre—if you please, Sir! with stage, real footlights and actual movable "scenery." Also, there was a little gallery for the "gods" and others. The whole hall seated about five hundred persons. It was in this hall that all public gatherings were held during the formative days, and until it gave place to the more modern building. Here met the men, and here were evolved the plans for all matters of public import. All entertainments of a public nature took place here; and here, too, met political factions in portentous conference—to shape the political universe—or so they



Some of the "Nobby Minstrels"

thought! It was the "forum" of its day; and interesting indeed, would be the reading now of the speeches therein uttered, or the discussions there engaged in by the village oracle or political solon. Even religious services consecrated its walls with the eloquence of divine pabulum. For until certain congregations acquired their own houses of worship they met in this hall.

A foot race was once pulled off wherein a "rank outsider" dropped in and captured the prize. Foot races were frequent at that time and popular diversions for the Colony boys. The school lot on Colorado Street was large enough to allow a track one-third of a mile long to be laid out, the school in the center.

On the occasion referred to there were numerous entries, among whom were C. W. Bell, Al Carr, and Fred Keith. It was believed that Bell, who had achieved some reputation in athletic sports, would be the winner, but just prior to the race one Frank H. Heald—to be latter better known as a boomer—dropped into the village store and wanted to know what the "excitement" was about. When informed, he said, "Well, I believe I'll take a try at that myself." His hearers jeered him, but that didn't matter, he knew his own staying qualities. The race was an endurance race of nine hours, go as you please. When Heald appeared to comply with the regulations, he was in his mountain shoes and overalls, whereas the other sports wore the usual track negligée. The race began, and became, in part, a trial between Carr and Keith for the leather medal; but Bell and Heald became contestants for first honors, striving with much spirit and obstinancy. It was a long and trying contest, and to the surprise of all was won by Heald and made him the hero of the day!

Upon one occasion the girls organized a leap year party and called upon the young men at their homes or places of abode (some of them abode in caves). These young ladies were the Banbury girls, Georgie Elliott, and perhaps the Ball sisters. They procured a conveyance—I believe it was a farm wagon—and secured the services of Whit Elliott as driver. Whit blacked his face and posed as a "Sambo" jehu, which he knew how to do. They made many calls, ending up at Carmelita, and enjoyed themselves immensely, of course.

The "Broom Brigade" was a composite of young ladies

who, in costume and with brooms, performed a very attractive drill, etc., at Williams Hall. Allie Freeman, Velma Brown, Bertha McCoy and others whose names cannot now be remembered, were conspicuous figures in this "pageant." It made a hit.

Another sport was instituted by Arturo Bandini, and consisted in burying a chicken in a sandy spot up to its head, then riding full tilt a-horseback, leaning from the saddle and trying to snatch the chicken! That was an old Spanish sport.

Following the baying hounds was exhilarating pastime and much indulged in by the good riders of early days (and nearly all were—men and women). After these outside recreations, they gathered under some friendly tree, where, spreading covers upon the ground, they ate their lunches there and enjoyed themselves, *al fresco*. There was a charm about these affairs that everyone will remember who participated in them.

Speaking of ladies as equestrians, Mrs. Bandini and her sister, Agnes Elliott, at once are recalled. Also Mrs. Giddings—then Miss Hollingsworth—and others equally expert. In fact, everybody rode and some kept hounds, for there were plenty of jackrabbits and wildcats.

At the first Tournament of Roses, one of the contests was a "ring tourney," which consisted in the rider, with poised sharp pointed wooden lance, riding at top speed (the time was limited) and deftly unhooking rings that were suspended overhead. The one who secured most rings within the shortest limit of time was the victor. It required expert riding, a sure poise and sharp eye. Whit Elliott was one of the best at this sport and rode a beautiful black horse, the envy of all.

CHAPTER XIX

HISTRIONIC—CHARACTERS AND PROPERTIES

PASADENA'S FIRST PROFESSIONAL "THEATRICAL" PERFORMANCE.
AMATEUR PRODUCTIONS AND AMATEURS. THE FRIVOLS OF THE
FRIVOLOUS, AND SO FORTH.



WILLIAMS HALL (left), MASONIC HALL (center)
WASHBURN & WATTS' REAL ESTATE OFFICE
(to right) 1886

AND in Williams Hall was produced a real professional performance, or so it was claimed by the producers, and even by some observers as well!

From the columns of "The Valley Union," we learn that Jay Rials' "unparalleled production of Uncle Tom's Cabin and East Lynne" were announced, for "two evenings only," in Williams Hall; the first production January 20th, 1885. Real bloodhounds were promised for the great Uncle Tom scene; but in Pasadena, no real ice was expected to appear. These were the thrills promised for the bucolic mind. Of course almost everyone went, and of course also, everyone enjoyed it. Why not? Perhaps the dogs were not very fierce, doubtless they were old, toothless and lazy. Perhaps "little Eva" was twenty-five, or more; what then! We had a real "company" with us at last. The historical wet season of '83-'84 was on in its fury at that time, and the Thespians were storm bound for a week; no stage communication with the outer world being possible. So, Pasadena had a whole week of theatricals; to its heart's content, and "meller drammer" soaked in with the rainfall.

Concerts were frequent in Williams Hall; Carl Frese's Orchestra, composed of inspiring home talent, supplied the

music for these occasions. The accomplished associates in melody of Carl Frese, himself, with his celebrated Cremona, were John Ripley, John O. Lowe, Ed Ryan, "Billy" Clapp and Frank Newland. Carl was no inexpert juggler with the "fiddle." Thus the musical entertainments and concerts were adequately supplied with the necessary accompaniments.

Jennie Winston, Velma Brown and Mrs. Beeson supplied vocal harmonies with great eclat, and with tremendous approval. Allie Freeman, Elma and Hannah Ball, Helen Elliott, Agnes Elliott, the Banbury twins, and other equally accomplished young ladies, gave play to their really clever dramatic talents. Of course the young men did their part and did it well, too. Those prominent: Seymour Locke, who was a fine baritone singer, came to the fore with great effect; Clarence Martin and Arthur Day slipped into the chorus grandly; and when it came to hitting off real "dutch," Frank Heydenreich was to the front with the true stuff! On one occasion the "Pasadena Dramatic Club" (locally celebrated) went over to Los Angeles, and rendered a performance in the Grand Opera House, in behalf of some Masonic benefit fund. Our own Oscar Freeman was "manager" of this troupe. Olive Eaton, Elma and Hannah Ball, Bruce Wetherby, C. B. Ripley and James Clarke, were accused of displaying "rare histrionic genius" by the press of the day. It was a matter of public news that "Jim" Clarke made a hit—as a policeman! Whether with his club, or by his impersonation, deponent telleth not. There was one event "pulled off" in Williams Hall, that was kept sub rosa for some time; but it will bear telling now. A certain young man who did contracting about the village, imagined he was some boxer. Big and muscular, a heavy weight, in ring parlance, nothing would do but he must get "his chance" to show the stuff that was in him. It was quietly arranged among his friends and backers, that he should meet in the fistic arena one Cluff, a somewhat noted middle weight amateur. Time, one evening; place, Williams Hall, and conditions, "on the quiet." The evening came, our local champion, who was of Celtic origin, proudly appeared wearing green trunks in honor of the land of his ancestors. He looked "fit" and smiled like a conqueror. That was before the fracas began. Jim Doty was "best man" to "M. J. G.," and with the usual preliminaries gone through with, the two men entered the arena, i. e., appeared

upon the stage. After some preliminary sparring and a feint or two to size up each other, the local let go for the other fellow with an energetic punch, expecting that one blow would end the fray.

It did not; on the contrary, Cluff shot out his good right, and hit his opponent on the jaw such a whack, that he doubled him up against the scenery—groggy and dazed. Time: one minute.

It was an unexpected surprise to M. J. G., but he was still game enough to put up his “props” once more. Cluff, by this time had sized up his man, and begged his second to stop the fight, knowing full well that the other fellow did not understand the game. No persuasion prevailed with the “Celtic phenomenon,” for his dander was up and, with a bellow of rage and both hands up, he charged like a ferocious bull upon Cluff. But before he had fairly reached position Cluff led a hearty blow upon his nose, which tumbled his bulky opponent sprawling over Jim Doty, nearly knocking Jim out too. It settled that fight, and M. J. G. nevermore declared an ambition for the fistic arena.

Well, Williams Hall, the theatre of many affairs, social, dramatic, political and constructive, has passed, and is one of the memories pleasant to recall; a happy memory, filled with aspirations, and with much realization also, and, as such, has earned a sacred place in these chronicles.

“The Pasadena Grand Opera House,” the outcome of a real estate scheme, succeeded Williams Hall as a theatre for the sock and buskin and its glories were dimmed in the year 1889.

THE “B. L. B.”

There are many ways that might be sought to amuse. Even the sick can find opportunities. Mrs. Jennie Banbury Ford furnishes the following as an illustration. At the time of this happening many people sought Pasadena for its climate alone, believing it well suited to tubercular diseases. This story is about the “lung brigade” with whom we must all feel the sympathy that must go out to those who may not be cured. But today the great white plague is not the formidable foe it once was—thanks to medical science.

“When Mrs. Bangs’ boarding house was most flourishing, there were many consumptives coming and going. It became

so depressing it was suggested that they band themselves together under the head of "the busted lung brigade," and create more hopeful and cheerful feeling. The suggestion was carried out and proved very successful. They elected officers, had a beautiful silk banner with "B. L. B." embroidered on it and met all "busted lungers" with open arms. Those whose stay was ended were started on their several ways with smiles and cheers. Each member was compelled to sign the by-laws, which were amusing at least. They must "not sit in a draft, must consume just so much milk and so many eggs each day and look after each other's comfort, etc." To help the fun along, Mrs. Bangs bought a parrot in Los Angeles who knew how to cough exactly like a "lunger" and contributed much to the amusement. I don't believe a more grotesque club ever existed, do you? It lasted for several years.

The Grand Opera House was opened February 13th, 1889, and for a time was a successful caterer to theatrical amusements under the management of Harry Wyatt, but the bursting of the boom stranded that venture, and the once really fine dramatic structure is now but a dismantled reminder of its former uses, being devoted to humble business enterprises; and of its histrionic splendors not a hint remains except the name decorating its front.

In 1883 a brass band was organized under the tutelage of Professor Scovill of Los Angeles. (There had been an attempt prior to this but no regular organization.) Members were John D. Ripley, John Stamm, John O. Lowe, W. B. Clapp, George Woodbury, Hancock Banning, Carl Frese, George Eaton, Lou Winder, Al Howe, and Frank Newlan, leader. They met in an upper story of a building just in the rear of John McDonald's office (in Mercantile Place). Hancock Banning enthusiastically put up this building for the boys. The lower floor was used for the first power printing press that came to Pasadena. Its first public appearance was on the evening of July 4th of that year, when a little celebration—some fireworks, etc., was held in the schoolhouse square. Nearly "everybody" was present and were highly entertained—or at least so declared themselves to be.

A baseball team was organized in 1882 and contained as its "talent" Billy Clapp, the Swan boys,—Bill and Charley; the Martin brothers,—C. S. and Will; Frank Townsend, Wes.

Banbury and some whose names are lost to fame. (Frank Decker won fame in later years.)

This team was once challenged by a Los Angeles team, and E. F. Hurlbut offered to give the boys uniforms if they won. Alas! They not only were beaten, but actually "white-washed" and "sneaked home after dark!" Different from their departure with bells ringing and drum beating!

DOWN AT BARNEY WILLIAMS' STORE

*Wish't I could jest grow backwards an' be as young again
As when this town was littler, an' fer a while remain—
Way back into the eighties—say about old eighty-three,
Why them was simpler times, them days—but good enough fer me!
I'd like to meet the same old friends I knew in them old days,
The fellers that I us't to know—in them old hearty ways;
To hear their cheery words again, to see their kindly smiles—
Why jest to shake them by the hand, I'd travel many miles!
The fashions didn't trouble much, we lived a simple life;
The moral tone was pretty good, we kind o' hated strife;
An' we always felt quite happy when the future was discus't,
Fer we never borrowed trouble and there wan't no banks to bust!
Each day the blessed sunshine shone on mountain and on plain,
An' glorified the landscape that we claimed as our domain;—
Gave promise to the pioneers who traveled here in quest
Of some such happy omen in this land that God had bles't.
When we watched these golden glories and listened to the song
Of the silver throated mocker as it warbled all day long,
We seemed to be in heaven where they say that angels dwell—
A listnin' to them singin' and a singin' mighty well!
We planted and we labored with the vines and with the trees,
An' we prayed (near every Sunday) that we mighn't have a freeze!
An' the profits were amazin' (when we figgered up the crops,)
Made us feel dadgasted scrumtyus just a countin' of the "rocks"!
There wasn't many lodges, then, an' when a married man,
Tried to get out o' evenins', 'twas sort a' hard to plan—
An' to find excuses easy an' avoid a family roar
Why he'd jest pertend some business down at Barney Williams' store!*

*Now down at Barney Williams' could be found the village sports,
As well as punkin rollers and fellers of all sorts;
For there they loved to gather an' listen to the news—
Talk politiks an' religion an' air their pers'nal views;
Oh the yarns and funny stories that these fellers used to tell
Were very entertainin' an' they told them very well.
There was Johnny Mills and Washburn an' also Charley Watts,*

*And Lukens with his offerins of residential lots;
(Tho this was long before the days when Pasadena's boom—
Gave us a call—and left us—a shiverin' in our gloom).
There was Porter; also Picher and also P. M. Green,
A trio which no smarter have hereabouts been seen!
Magee, who was a Counsellor at law—as well as Ward,
Proclaimed the Constitution, also lived in sweet accord.
An' when it came to argyments, no one else dast argify—
With them two luminaries, they was too mity spry!
Then Heydenreich and Markham; and also of renown
Was the 'postle of good water, our good friend C. C. Brown.
There was Croft of Indiany and big Cal of Ioway—
C. S. Martin and John Allin—who gen'lly had their say;
Oh I wish't that I could see them now and call them all by name;
Them pioneers of way back that set in the early game!
But most—alas! have left us an' crossed the great divide,
Tho a few yet linger hereabouts and in happiness abide.
An' whether poor or plutocrat I jest want to make it plain,
That 'twould make me mity happy jest to shake their hands again—
And to have a little con'frence like we had in days of yore,
When we used to have them sessions down at Barney Williams' Store.*



CHAPTER XX

THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED

WHEREIN ARE RELATED CERTAIN FEATS OF MIGHTY NIMRODS AND SPORT
OF THE EARLY DAYS. CHASING WILD CATS AS A PASTIME.



It has been said, slanderously of course, that the game most hunted in Pasadena has been the "blind pig."

Certainly the porcine quest has had its place in the interesting events relating to our fair city, but as that chase was chiefly confined to the officers of the law, together with some self constituted censors, the application is notably inappropriate. There were other objects of the true sportsman, and there were some men—and women too—devotees of the hunt, who made the pastime a real sport.

Many kinds of wild game abounded in the mountains and canyon fastnesses back of Pasadena; some of them finding their way down the Arroyo, even into the colony's sparsely settled precincts, in very early days. The terrible California grizzly was never seen very far from his mountain home, but the mountain lion, the wild cat, deer, the coyote, the fox, and other species of minor game were to be found in plenty, finding safe retreat in the chaparral on the mesas, or in the arroyo's secluded nooks.

As late as 1888, M. Rosenbaum shot a "coon" which he discovered in a tree in his yard on Grand Avenue, upon a moonlit night, but this was a rare avis, coons not being a common animal in California. But hunting the wild cat or "bob" cat—a species of lynx, cunning, plucky, and a hard fighter; was an exhilarating sport in the early Colony days. Arturo Bandini, the usual organizer of these hunts, his wife Helen Elliott Bandini,* her sister Agnes and brother "Whit"

* Mrs. Bandini, always foremost in social and progressive movements in the Colony's early days, in more recent ones, before her untimely death, acquired note as a writer, especially upon topics relating to early California life. She also became much interested in the relicts of the Indian tribes of California and did much good work among them. In her honor the Indian Association of Southern California became the Helen Elliott Bandini Association after her demise.

Elliott, being able aids in this sport. All of them were expert riders and good shots, and all were most excellent companions in a day's hunt. Don Arturo Bandini was the son of Juan Bandini, one of the old Spanish Dons, whose part in the making of Southern California is noted in its recorded history. Don Arturo had the characteristics of the old Californian, being a good sportsman and a vivid raconteur. He was at home when astride of a horse, with dogs baying at his heels, the eternal cigarette in strict evidence.

The California horse—or mustang—erroneously called, is the best saddle animal created, where mountain trails or rugged slopes must be negotiated. Swift of action, sure of foot, and keen of eye, he is both safe and untiring; all of which accomplishments come from generations of habits and training. Let us go with Don Arturo and his party of ladies, as well as gentlemen, on a real wild cat hunt, as experienced in the early days of the colony. The party will be, of course, mounted on the usual California horse, the dogs will be eager and anticipating the sport, with which their training has made them familiar. The call of the horn, blown perhaps by Don Arturo or perhaps by "Whit" Elliott, sounds the forward, clear and musical, echoing through the distant canyons and the arroyo. The party according to orders, moved toward the Arroyo Seco, where the wild cat was expected to be hidden in his secluded retreat. It is an early morning of a December day—crisp and invigorating. The sunshine bathes the valley in golden haze, and the opal mists that have filled the canyons and clothed the mountains, are rolling upwards as the sun dissolves them and dissipates the dew that drips in crystal beads from pendulous grass blades. Everyone is eager, alert, and expectant. They are approaching the lair of their expected beast! The baying hounds grow more and more excited, for the scent is in their nostrils. The party separates, each aiming to be the first to discover the game. Presently the cat is seen, slipping rapidly from its hidden cover, his beautiful glossy sides shining in the morning sunshine as he appears for a moment, and is again lost to the gaze of the excited hunters. Pressed by the yelping dogs now in hue and cry, with the riders close following, the cat at last takes refuge in a sycamore tree, quickly mounting to its topmost bough. There he crouches teeth gleaming and eyes defiantly surveying the circling, snarling dogs, that have formed them-

selves about the tree below. Efforts are made to knock him off by shaking the branches. "Whit" Elliott ascends the tree, the cat jumps from limb to limb evading him. It is not sporting ethics to shoot the cat, it is the dogs share of the sport to finish it. So he must be shaken off. Sometimes the cat escapes, for the time at least by leaping to an adjacent tree, perhaps twenty feet or more distant, and thence again to another, so rapidly that ere the dogs discover the trick the cat has disappeared. If he fails in this, he at last is shaken off and drops to the ground doomed to death by the now frenzied hounds who dispatch their prey in quick order. The pelt is the trophy for the fair lady who may be favored thus for her bright eyes or her Diana's skill.

Sometimes the cat makes an ugly fight for life, and may kill a dog, or cripple several, in its last struggle for life and liberty. The wild cat has long since been forced back into remote mountain retreats, by the presence of mankind. Doubtless the mountains above Pasadena possess many of them yet, but they are never now found in the Arroyo bottoms or in the vicinity of Pasadena.

Judge Eaton was wont to relate that on his Fair Oaks ranch, in 1858, he planted out several thousand grape cuttings, this being the first experiment of the kind on dry land. The grape vines grew and bore fine grapes. Wild animals—bears, deer, and many other kinds, discovered this fact, and made nightly forays upon the vineyard. The Judge was often compelled to arise and sally forth with gun and dogs to the rescue of his beloved grapes.

These reminiscences would be incomplete without reference to Professor Charles F. Holder, the author of many hunting stories and books on outdoor sports. Mr. Holder was very fond of the hounds and his great delight was to be well mounted and in full hue and cry behind a pack. He led many a chase and brought down many trophies of his success—wild cats and jackrabbits were especially his choice for a thrilling ride.

EL CONEJO. QUAIL—THE CALIFORNIA PAR- TRIDGE

Hunting the jackrabbit was also great sport; but less exciting and without the slight element of danger attending the cat hunt. This sport belongs to a wide plain where the

long legged *conejo* may run instead of hide, and where too, he has a chance of showing his astonishing speed; for a jack-rabbit fully unlimbered, can outdistance any dog, excepting a greyhound, and sometimes it, also.

Professor Holder was very fond of this kind of hunt, and being an expert horseman was a successful sportsman in this, as in other objects of the chase. Quail hunting was another common recreation. The California quail is a game bird, hard to bag, and exacting the full abilities of the hunter. As late as the middle eighties, this bird was extremely plentiful on the mesas and chaparral about Pasadena, and it was no great trick to get a good bag at any time, in season.

There are two varieties, the Valley, and the Mountain species. The Valley quail herds in enormous covies; sometimes in many thousands; the Mountain species is a much handsomer bird with its striking black plumes and vivid black and gray striped neck, and olive body. This latter variety is difficult to hunt, as it is only found in deep canyons or canyon sides, high in the mountains, where when frightened it hides until all danger is passed. It may cunningly lay low for hours after being disturbed by man's intruding footsteps, and one may tread upon it, almost, before it flushes and scurries off to another hiding place.

The quail hunter may hear a flutter of wings, a slight clp, clp, and, though sure of their presence, he may be unable to discover a single quail until presently, when he about concludes there is no quail near, the air is filled with them, as they rise with a sudden whirr from almost beneath his feet. Or he may see them scurrying away from bush to bush, running with great speed, cunning and wise, in their efforts to escape danger.

Civilization has driven the quail to distant fields, although they yet linger hereabout, and even find their way now and then when unmolested into city gardens. A neighbor of mine harbored a large family of quail from their hatching until fully grown, and it was a fine sight to see them frequently go hurrying over the lawn, the mother leading. On the approach of anyone they quickly disappeared.

This is no rare occurrence in the gardens even on busy thoroughfares of Pasadena, especially in the gardens near the Arroyo.

BRUIN, THE CALIFORNIA GRIZZLY; AND OTHER
BEARS MORE FRIENDLY

Many bear yarns have been circulated about Pasadena, and it is but a few years since that a Bruin could occasionally be met with in the canyons, or in the mountain trails near by. Perhaps the tenderfoot might exaggerate a common black bear into a monster grizzly, yet it is a fact, that grizzly bears have been seen and killed, not far from Pasadena. J. R. Giddings killed a good sized one on his ranch at Millard Canyon, some years ago; and recently a silvertipped grizzly was killed in the Tejuunga Canyon, but it is supposed to have been a young one that escaped a few years ago from captivity at Mt. Lowe, and therefore not very wild. No one who knows anything about the California grizzly, wants to make his close acquaintance, for he is the one wild animal that is unafraid of man, and an animal whose activity and ferocity and tremendous strength makes him a formidable foe to meet. Mountaineers and hunters who have met the grizzly unexpectedly on the mountain trails, sometimes have not lived to tell of his lightning quickness, and his almost immunity from ordinary rifle bullets. I once knew a man, who, upon meeting a grizzly on a narrow mountain trail, was knocked down by a cuff of the bear's paw, which broke his arm. Knowing that a grizzly will not—usually—destroy or further attack a man supposed to be dead, this man shammed death, while the bear pawed him over, even gnawing his hand, to which he quietly submitted although suffering horribly. The bear finally departed, and the man escaped, but carried a distorted jaw and the results of a gnawed hand the balance of his days.

I remember also, the big scare a party of us got, a few years ago, when camping on the summit of Mt. Wilson. We slept in our blankets in the open, under the great trees. Upon arising in the morning we discovered the fresh footprints of a grizzly about twenty-five feet from our camping place. To be sure we had a fire burning close by, which was a good protection, also it is certain we had *two* fires the next night! The black bear and the cinnamon (brown) are not much to be feared, if at all, and were formerly quite common in the canyons, from whence they made forays upon vineyards and apiaries near by. Honey is the finest delicacy to the bear's

palate and he will travel far to find a bee hive; which he will attack despite the bees, and devour the honey with great gusto.

Deer and mountain lions are still to be found beyond the first range of mountains, sometimes being driven down to the outside world when unusually heavy snowfalls occur. Deer frequently follow the canyons down to the bottom and wander outside. Walter Richardson, who has won some renown as a big game hunter in South Africa, has killed several black and brown bears in these mountains, but so far as I know no grizzlies hereabouts.

FRANK LOWE'S BEAR STORY

Frank Lowe, who was one of the earliest settlers, relates the following bear story, and in proof of—if proof were necessary, he shows the results on his jaw. Frank was a member of a surveying party in Utah, and, while out one day with others, came upon grizzly tracks. Several of the party started to hunt the bear, Lowe among them, carrying a double-barreled shot gun loaded with buckshot and bullets. They tracked the animal to a clump of brush and decided to separate and surround his "bearship." Frank prepared for a sudden encounter, by cocking both hammers, and proceeded towards a suspected clump of brush. The bear was there all right, and, seeing Frank first, struck at him, hit him on the leg and knocked him down, broke his jaw in four places, tore out a fingernail, also nearly tearing his tongue out and otherwise damaging poor Frank. Just as the bear proceeded to sample Frank's face, his gun was accidentally discharged, probably in falling, and both charges hit the bear, who bounded off with a roar of pain. No surgical help was at hand and Lowe had to be assisted to a point five miles away—walking mostly, then being driven in a lumber wagon sixty miles farther; then by train to Ogden, then to Salt Lake City. All of which required four days time, during which no surgical aid was rendered, nor any sustenance given, not even water, on account of his broken jaw. It took a long time for Frank to recover and the result of the attack is yet shown very plainly when Frank is disposed to talk of it. And yet, some fellows think they would like grizzly bear hunting! B. W. Hahn shows a fine Alaska bear skin which he captured in that country, one of the Kodiak Island species.

It is told of Seymour Locke, that once when hunting mountain lions, a wild cat suddenly jumped out of the bushes near him. Seymour was so flustered that his gun was discharged somehow, and shot off the tail of a horse that was standing near by! The other horses were stampeded and ran away—as did the wild cat. But Seymour was worse scared than the cat.

A story is also related of Clarence Martin, who now and then, pursued the role of nimrod. Upon an occasion when hunting cotton-tail rabbits he suddenly came upon a great number of them, and becoming excited by his unexpected luck, forgot to shoot, but used his gun as a club until he broke the stock off! Clarence used to tell this story on himself.

This is a good place to tell a little "game" story about Johnny Mills. John was fishing for big fish at Catalina and finally succeeded in hooking something full of "ginger." In the struggle, the fish, a stingray as it proved to be, large and formidable, punctured his hand with its "stinger." John struck for camp, and had his hand given first aid by Mrs. Mills; there being no doctor on the island. John thought of all the serious things that he had ever heard of resulting from the sting of a "stingaree," and bemoaned his certain doom. He talked over his affairs with his better half, and prepared to meet his inevitable fate. It is pleasant to relate that only the fish died—not Johnny—who yet lives to enjoy a good story even if its subject.

During a hunt for wild cats near Pasadena a large one was raised, and after being chased over the country for miles by the dogs, turned towards the town and dashed through Colorado Street, the hounds in swift pursuit yelping loudly. The cat was finally captured by the dogs at the corner of Lake Avenue and dispatched.

Perhaps bees, common honey bees, cannot be called "game," yet bees are hunted for their honey; that is, wild bees are, and some men prefer to hunt honey bees, rather than more ferocious game. It may be safer, but not always, as I will relate. A rather prominent person in the early days,



How Seymour Locke Shot a Rabbit

was affected with this kind of a desire, and bragged a good deal about his fine scent for honey in its native wilds. Inducing a friend to accompany him, he upon one occasion set out for a honey hunt, telling his friend of a splendid mellifluous cache he knew of. After traveling many miles the bee sharp suddenly halted, and with tense expression signified that he had "scented" his game. "It's there" he exclaimed, "in that log"—pointing to a huge log in the distance. They approached the log and sure enough a few honey bees were seen swarming about. The bee sharp, upon examining the log which was hollow, pronounced his conviction that "it was full of honey," and he was going to get it. Pulling off his coat, he proceeded to insinuate himself into that log, until nothing but his feet were seen. For a time it seemed that the honey hunter was lost forever from his friend outside until a gurgling yell was heard, accompanied with violent movements of protruding feet. The log vibrated and wobbled, and at length began to roll down the slope, to the horror of the onlooker and despite his efforts to prevent it. The bees happened to be at home that day and resented the intrusion of the honey hunter. The log loosened from its bearings continued to roll down the hill, the prisoner yelling for help, and it did not stop until it had reached the bottom of the slope; where it brought up with a thump against a tree, the man inside improving every minute with vocal variations, and adjectives unfit for Sunday School literature. When at last, and with difficulty, his friend had pulled him out of the log, he was a sorry looking picture, his face showing the intimate attentions of the business end of the bees, his hair a conglomeration of honey and rotten wood dust, and his clothing pretty badly mussed. It was some time before he made a presentable appearance in society.

L. J. Rose, owner of Sunny Slope ranch, adjoining Pasadena, was a lover of nature, a good sportsman and a successful breeder of fast horses. One of these horses won no less than fifty thousand dollars in one season. But Rose was more than a horseman, he was a useful and enterprising man of parts. Interested in stock, he also became interested in game birds, and imported a dozen pairs of English Skylarks and set them free on his Rosemead ranch, hoping they would breed, and thus become a valuable addition to our ornithology; but it was not a successful experiment for some

reason, as no one, so far as is known, has seen any of these birds or their possible progeny since they were turned loose.

There was another little animal that frequented the outskirts of Pasadena and sometimes invaded its home precincts. It was not sought much, but—sometimes found, unsought! A friend of this writer was upon a hunting trip and had camped on a pleasant stretch of woodland, near an arroyo. He had hung a fine young buck that he had shot, on a tree for safety from night marauders; and wrapping himself in his blanket was soon dreaming. Sometime in the night something awoke him; something was moving down there in the shadows cast by a big sycamore. It was full moon, and every shadow was intense and every movement, in the silver light, noticeable. He watched, with eyes intent, and saw in every object a strange animal. Another slight noise, another movement yonder! My friend cautiously raised himself, seized the ready rifle, and lay rigid and alert with ears attuned. It might be a mountain lion drawn hither by the odor of the fresh venison; it might be the mighty monarch of the California woods—a grizzly! Presently a slight crash in the chaparral, over there, a body was moving across the open—in that shadow. Hesitation might be dangerous, so he quickly fired, once, twice! Something rolled over into the moonlight—dead, no doubt. But it was no lion, no bear, nor any other ferocious beast, as his olfactories soon discovered. It was just a common all day skunk! My friend was sorry, oh so sorry! But he had to move his camp and move at once, as anyone would know who ever tackled the celebrated *Mephitis Occidentales*, or its smelly little brother *Spilogale Putorius*. They smell just as badly by one name as another. The skunk is not “game” except to be avoided. Somehow for unknown reasons they have some fascinating quality for dogs. You usually bury the dog afterwards; or at least move him into another neighborhood.

Deer hunting was common sport, fine specimens being obtained on the ranges beyond Mt. Wilson, on Barley Flats and in the many canyon confluents of the higher peaks. Not infrequently after a heavy snowfall, these animals would venture from the mountains down to the mesas, or farther; driven by hunger. There is still deer hunting in the canyons

but there are more hunters than deer usually. The black tail variety is the kind usually found in this vicinity.

SOME BIRDS—THE MOCKER

In connection with the subject of game, I may consistently mention some birds that are best known in the vicinity of Pasadena. In thinking of birds, the mocking bird will at once come to mind, because it is of all the California feathered tribe, the monarch of songsters; and the sauciest and most arrogant of all domestically inclined birds. Yet it is often made a pet of—tamed into agreeable association. California has few warblers of note, or worthy of fame because of their melodious voices. The lark, of course, has high place; the oriole is worthy of remembrance, and others too have a limited vocabulary, scarcely within the dignity of being classed as songsters. But the mocker at once challenges admiration, for within its throat lies the power that has made it famed wherever it may reside. More than that, the mocker is an almost intimate part of California family life, preferring as it does, to abide close to human habitations and within sight of people.

It has many characteristics of its own and with close study the bird lover will find it an interesting subject. Most interest centers on the male of the species, for he it is who builds the home, does the "chores" and stands, an orchestral guardian, while his mate reposes in maternal duty upon the nearby nest and brings forth the little family. But it is of its melodious ability that I must speak. It is a pity that language contains no words that will symbolize the melody of bird notes, their marvelous range of vocalization and wondrous essence of song! And in these the mocker is epitomized to the highest degree. Choosing its eyrie upon the tallest bough of the tallest tree in its chosen neighborhood; or, for friendly choice, the chimney of the domicile, the mocker proceeds to pour forth its liquid music with a prodigality and earnestness astonishing and incredible—incredible that a throat so small, and a body so inadequate could produce it and survive. And for hours and hours—with little or no cessation—the concert proceeds. Oratorios, splendid and overwhelming; minstrelsy surprising and inspiring. From the highest ecstasy to a low, dulcet, tender, ap-

peal, and again soaring into wildest flights of bewildering cadenzas it sounds its clarion acclaim. And so the concert may continue all day and even also, all night with little or no interval. Some have said the mocker's voice is not always musical, that it is too loud, too strident. True, it may sometimes incur from its unruly performances this criticism, for it is a real "mocker," imitating the harshest and shrillest sounds it may hear, and repeating them with a thousand variations.

If, at midnight, when somnolent hearer seeks in vain for quiet repose, this saucy and militant warbler may have found an eyrie near by—on the chimney top, perhaps; there to pour forth his chansons and his crescendos in dynamic orchestration, one may justly murmur, if not object. Watching this warbler in action is a lesson to the lazy one. He sings with both soul and body. He sings with eyes keen and alert; with beak distended and legs sturdily braced; and with his whole energy compressed into the notes that rush impetuously from his little throat. It is a marvel of bird songsters and is well entitled to its uncontested place—easily first—in the vocal orchestra; and no matter how humble the home, the dwellers thereof may enjoy the music of the mocker. The only price—even that not a condition—a few crumbs from the dining table now and then and an unmolested tree in the garden corner.

Some other birds are conspicuous about Pasadena. The Quail already referred to, was once the sportsman's delight in the Arroyo bed and on the chaparral covered mesas, but has moved before the tide of civilization and settlement.

The Scarlet Tanager is conspicuous as he flies—a streak of scarlet across the vision.

The Grosbeak, a bird of some beauty; the Woodpecker; and the Jay—arrogant and "bossy," among the feathered tribe. The mourning Dove, beautiful in its soft gray coat, and the Blackbird, saucy and noisy, as always has been his reputation. California is credited with 543 kinds of birds, though Professor Joseph Grinnell does not give so many. I cannot pass from this subject without mention of the roadrunner, whose astonishing gait, and habit of speeding for long distances in front of a fast moving auto, and then suddenly disappearing, has made him noticeable on California roads. Then the owl,—eight or nine varieties of him—gives him conspicuous

place in the feathered world. The eagle is now a rarely seen bird in this vicinity, but now and then may be seen in the mountains. The hummingbird is seen in at least five varieties about Pasadena, some of them strikingly beautiful. The vulture, too, is often noted, soaring in sweeping circles, away up in the blue canopy. Professor Grinnell has claimed about 160 birds that may be found in this vicinity, a list too long for these pages. The public library will supply Professor Grinnell's catalogue of birds, as it will also that of reptiles; which is of special interest to us from the fact that Professor Grinnell—now in the curator's department at the University, is a Pasadena boy, born and bred.

I may fittingly close this chapter with a story of a dog and an eagle which is authentic. The dog cannot be cited to prove it, for he died by the poison route—the agency of inhuman cowards, a short time ago at Ontario, California, where he was the hero and the pet of that community. His name was Baldy Bruno, acquired from having lived with his master at a wayside inn on the summit of Mt. Baldy. Bruno one day saw two immense eagles swoop down upon a little child 18 months of age, who was playing near by. One of the birds had seized the child in its talons—the other hovering near—and was raising him into the air, when Bruno, with a mighty leap jumped upon the eagle's back and brought both bird and child to earth. The child was unhurt but the eagle fought fiercely for his prey until help arrived and it was dispatched. The dog was thereafter famous and his death, years after the incident, much mourned. The little child—now a grown boy—has perhaps the unique distinction of passing through such an adventure.

CHAPTER XXI

SOME BUSINESS—A CITRUS FAIR



LITTLE attention was paid to commercial affairs by the colonists; at least in the first decade; for no one anticipated that business would ever play an important part in the settlement. The general store—there came a second one when Hayes' Grocery was opened on Fair Oaks Avenue in 1881; the village smithy; the shoe shop; and the post office. Deciduous fruit trees—apricots, peaches, plums, etc.—were coming into fruitage at the end of three or four years, and the disposition of this fruit was a matter of importance. Los Angeles was the only market—a limited one. Joseph Wallace measurably solved the problem when, in 1881, he built a cannery and began a packing business which he called the Pasadena Packing Company, located on his ranch on Mountain Street and Fair Oaks Avenue. The first year's output was but ten thousand cans of choicest quality, for Wallace chose only the best, and during his ownership of the company established a reputation for the high quality of its product. The problem of markets was becoming a serious one at the end of the Colony's first ten years. There were buyers of oranges and lemons, and there were dealers, on a commission basis; but the buyers fixed their own prices and the commission men seldom cared what the fruit brought. Sometimes the grower not only received no returns for his crop, but also was compelled to pay the freight, or a part of it, to make up a deficit. These conditions did not bode well, and the famous "golden apples of Hesperides" promised to be a disappointing dream. Happily, this drawback has long since ceased through the co-operative efforts of the Fruit Growers Association, which now handles the orange crop of Southern California at a minimum cost, distributes it to the best markets and has thus brought that enterprise to the most perfect cooperative system in the world.

A CITRUS FAIR

The gradual maturing of the orange groves and the prospects of fine fruitage, determined the colonists to make known to the world their excellence and the further promise of their groves. The schoolhouse was fitted up for an exhibition of them and on March 24th, 1880, the first Citrus Fair was held. It was a source of surprise and gratification, this display of fruit, on account of its superior quality and the successful culmination of the endeavor of the colonists, in at least so far as successful orange growing was concerned. In fact, at a subsequent exhibit at a Los Angeles fair in 1881, the Pasadena display took first prize for quality against the whole county competition.



THE VILLAGE CENTER, 1884
Hotel, Post Office, School

Again in 1885, a second Citrus Fair was held in Pasadena, one of its objects being to raise funds to assist the public library enterprise, then struggling along. Its opening was designated "Iowa Day" as a tribute to the earnest struggles of the many residents of that state living here. Such leading Iowans as Sherman Washburn, J. H. Painter, B. F. Ball, L. D. Hollingsworth, S. Townsend, John Allin, and others of their ilk, had labored assiduously in behalf of the Colony since their coming. Of course everyone, men and women, regardless of the state from which they hailed, added their efforts to make their fair a success, as of course it was. I remember that one agreeable incident in connection with this fair was a talk given by George W. Peck, of "Peck's Bad

Boy" fame, proprietor of the Milwaukee *Sun* and one time Governor of Wisconsin. He was spending the winter in Pasadena and published some fine letters in his paper eulogistic of Pasadena. Peck gave a characteristically humorous address which was much enjoyed by his audience. Mrs. Jeanne Carr also contributed much toward the success of this fair. She had been doing active work in her way to promote the welfare and happiness of the colonists. Mrs. Carr was a scholarly woman and had made a special study of horticulture, also of the possibilities of silk-worm culture, which had been attracting some public attention at that time. She had planted a number of mulberry trees on her Carmelita ranch in order to grow the silk-worm and to carry on some experiments. Some of the trees can yet be seen at Carmelita. Mrs. J. R. Giddings became similarly interested and also planted some mulberry trees at her home place on East Colorado Street. One of these is yet growing, a reminder of that unsuccessful experiment in silk culture. The size of this tree commands attention as well as on another account; for under its great spread of boughs one hundred pioneers have enjoyed the hospitality of its owners, and there listened to stories told by fellow pioneers of their early struggles and successes. Another tree of note is an immense eucalyptus that grows upon the grounds of the late Moritz Rosenbaum on Grand Avenue. This was planted on the one hundredth anniversary of America's declaration of liberty, July 4th, 1876, and was one of the first eucalyptus trees planted in Pasadena.

Before the lands were utilized for farming and for orchards they were adorned with live oak trees singly or in groups scattered here and there. These produced a very picturesque parklike effect, and it seemed like vandalism to sacrifice them. Probably no more beautiful grove of oaks exists than can be seen at Anoakia, the ranch of Mrs. Anita Baldwin, and it is to "Lucky" Baldwin's credit that he, during his long life, protected these trees with jealous care and, it is said, provided for their protection in his last testament.

The county supervisors have performed a labor of love which will insure them the gratitude of coming generations by planting the county boulevards with alternating pine and oak trees. They also placed wire trellises and planted roses which in many cases thrive and make gratifying beauty

spots, adding much to the happiness of a journey along these highways.

It has been claimed that the first eucalyptus trees planted in California were set out on the Santa Anita Ranch by Judge Eaton about 1858. On the slopes about Altadena, and particularly in the heart of what is now our city—notably along Fair Oaks Avenue—there were acres upon acres of brilliant California poppies, the *Eschscholtzia*, the California State flower. When in bloom these appeared literally as a cloth of gold unrolled upon a field of emerald. Even today wild flowers a plenty are found upon the mesas and hills, everywhere indeed in the vicinity of Pasadena where the plough has not destroyed the seed of past seasons.

A friend claimed he counted almost one hundred varieties of wild flowers one spring day within the radius of half a mile.

In the Arroyo bottom and banks, or on the untilled lands toward Devil's Gate, may yet be found thousands of bright blossoms when the rains of winter and the following sunshine coax them forth. Even during the colder months of winter—January and February—the Rambler may see rich floral treasures. They are at their best after seasonable soaking rains admonish them of their destiny. A botanist will view with joy the specimens of the baby blue eyes, penstemons, the solanums and the canterbury bells.

The alfalfa, with its purple head, bowing before the soft winds, the pink shooting stars coyly snuggling away from too ardent gaze, and the lupin and marigold scattering blue and gold—a marvelous mantle that spreads itself everywhere on these glowing slopes and meadows—like an exquisite flowering sea at flood tide! No one may say, with all the iconoclasm of city strife, that he may not find such treasures for the seeking, for there are hundreds of acres to be found where the ruthless plow has not yet destroyed these perennial glories. And in the reserved lands of the Arroyo bottoms the city fathers will see to it that this will be ever so.



"THE BANBURY TWINS"

It is worthy of mention here that the city commissioners have already considered the extinction of the California poppy, and have set aside a tract of fifteen acres where this flower will be protected and maintained, and where the flower lover may cull at pleasure the beautiful golden cups. It is well now and then to have public officials in whose breasts linger a germ of fine sentiment!

Prior to the advent of the San Gabriel Valley Railroad, communication with Los Angeles was by stage, if one did not use his own equine. The first public conveyance was driven by D. M. Graham, as heretofore related; but as Graham was only "playing" Jehu, he did not continue in this pastime after travel became such as to impose troublesome obligations. W. T. Vore bought out Graham and a regular stage line was soon established, with a large stage or tally-ho, carrying twelve passengers, and making a trip each way—at first every other day, then daily. The stage carried the mail and its arrival was the event of the day, for the settlers, separated thousands of miles from their loved ones, were eager to receive messages from the distant ones. The little postoffice was the busiest place and centered more heart interest than any other spot in the colony for a time each day. Vore continued the stage line until the railroad arrived in 1886, and relegated the stage into the limbo of the has-beens.

An old advertisement in a Los Angeles paper reads:

"The Pasadena Stage will leave the Cosmopolitan Hotel, North Main Street, Los Angeles, daily at 9 A. M., remaining in Pasadena for four hours, to give visitors an opportunity to see the country before returning." So it will be seen that at this early day (late '70s) some were alive to the desirableness of this land and its potentialities as a place of residence; and it is presumed that no wandering stranger was overlooked when he was found ambling about the Colony, for even in almost the earliest years some one might—just might—sell him something!

TWO HOTELS IN ONE YEAR

In the summer of 1883 T. E. Martin of San Jose visited the Colony and made his headquarters at the writer's pharmacy, being an old friend. He found Pasadena desirable and fixed his attention upon the southwest corner of Fair Oaks Avenue and Colorado Street as a suitable spot to build a

hotel. This was a corner of Alexander F. Mills' ranch, being part of his peach orchard.

There was about one acre in this corner, and Mills wanted \$1,000 for it. Martin was willing, but inasmuch as there was no agent's commission to pay, wanted the amount of the commission deducted. There was a week's interchange of diplomatic dickerings, ending with Martin obtaining the deduction. The purchase made, Martin at once began operations, and in a few months the "Martin Block" was finished and rented to E. C. Webster for hotel purposes. A dining room was located on the ground floor, other rooms being arranged for stores.

In the meantime, Isaac Banta, who had purchased the "Lake Vineyard House," the original hotel, decided to build "downtown." "The Los Angeles House" was the outcome of this desire and was built on the northwest corner of Fair Oaks Avenue and Colorado Street—just opposite Martin's building—and these two hotels gave a businesslike air to the Colony.

The year 1883 ended the Colony's first decade, its pioneer experiment, and it was found at this stage to be prospering and moving onward.

At least 1,000 persons were residents in the community and its experimental stage had passed.

The count of population at the time, taken by Rev. R. W. C. Farnsworth, in his book, "A Southern California Paradise," Pasadena's first history, states that 271 adult males lived in Pasadena in July, 1883. Using this for a basis, and counting from some personal knowledge, I believe that about 1,000 persons, in 200 families, is a fairly accurate census for that year. These were made up principally from the following states and countries, giving number of adult males only: Iowa, 62; Illinois, 29; Massachusetts, 26; Indiana, 18; New York, 17; Missouri, 11; Canada, 11; Ohio, 9; England, 9; California, 8; Connecticut, 7; balance scattering.

Additions were being made to the business life, new shops and stores being opened, and conditions were favoring further extension in this direction.

Cruickshank's Dry Goods Store, a pretentious one for the time, had been opened in Mullin's Block on South Fair Oaks Avenue in 1884.

Williams & Hotaling opened a meat store, and H. C. Hotal-

ing, now a prosperous and popular citizen, business man, banker, etc., is proud of the fact that he participated to this extent, in pioneering. In 1883 *The Pasadena Chronicle* made its debut and filled the hearts of all with pleasure, for surely now the destiny of the erstwhile "Colony" was fixed. Charles M. Daly was the originator of the newspaper scheme, with Ben E. Ward financial sponsor (see newspaper history).

T. P. Lukens made his debut in 1880 as the first real estate dealer, but had no office other than "under his hat" in the beginning. Ward Brothers claim to have established the first real estate "office," and doubtless did so, it being a little nook under the stairway leading upstairs to Williams Hall. Ward Brothers were good hustlers, and when opportunity later came did a large and profitable business. Ben Ward became county assessor, filling the office with credit.

It was in 1884 that the first bank was organized. It was called the "Pasadena Bank," the proprietors possibly believing it would be the only bank ever needed here. P. M. Green was the moving spirit and became its first president, serving as such until his decease. The First National bank is the evolution of that beginning (see Banks). In this, as in many other progressive movements, P. M. Green showed his pluck and his wisdom, and no man was more esteemed or had more friends in Pasadena. It is a pleasure to have opportunity of saying this much for one who was long Pasadena's "first citizen" and a leader in good citizenship.

Thus we find, after ten years had rolled by, that the old Indiana Colony had outgrown the original conception of it. Instead of a mere fruit-growing community, carried on with altruistic inclinations and mutual co-operation of purpose, it was a village, with "town" or "city" written into its perspective. This was not the pioneer's plan or expectation, but it was not, of course, an unacceptable outlook to contemplate when it seemed approaching.

The money-making or land-speculating virus had not yet inoculated them and they were reasonably content. While the first decade had been full of struggles, no one who had fought the fight and stayed with it regretted the effort or was discouraged. For these struggles had their compensations not only in their success of material accomplishment,

but in the consolations that are found in the mingling and co-operation of earnest people.

I have not attempted to recite a roster of conspicuous names of those who were most active factors, nor will I, preferring to mention them when possible in connection with the activities that engaged them.



CHAPTER XXII

THE BOOM—MILLIONAIRES OF A DAY

AND IT CAME TO PASS THAT A MIRACULOUS THING OCCURRED AND EVERYBODY BECAME TEMPORARY MILLIONAIRES—OR THOUGHT THEY WERE—ALSO WERE BEREFT OF SAFE AND SANE UNDERSTANDING ABOUT CERTAIN MATTERS.



THE end of the first decade and the beginning of the next, saw Pasadena safely past its most serious struggle for existence and pushing forward to a greater prosperity through the utilization of its natural resources. There had been a steady influx of new settlers, business houses had increased, real money was becoming more in evidence. The attention of the outside world was being attracted by the reputation of the climatic conditions and the natural beauties of the place itself. Then there came, suddenly and unexpectedly, a phenomenal happening which threw all forecasts into the discard and wrote a new and extraordinary page in the history of the budding town of Pasadena.

In chronicling some of the events of the two or three years which constituted these marvelous occurrences and which transformed a placid and bucolic settlement into a city of frenzied speculators, I find conflicting memories of quickening events thronging and surging in their efforts to adjust themselves in a correct attitude about that amazing period. The recapitulation of the astonishing affairs that filled the so called "boom" period would require a greater volume than this; space permits only a glimpse at the "high spots." They were indeed frenzied days and mere words can give no adequate conception of them. The survivors, no matter what disasters fell to their lot, now smile reminiscently, mayhap sadly, when reminded of those two stirring years. Some of them gnash their teeth!

It was a strange overturning that began in 1886 and drove hitherto placid-minded, contented citizens to acts of frenzy and drew to the village of Pasadena thousands of boomers and speculators, turning the ordinary conditions topsy-turvy

and firing the imagination of the most phlegmatic. It was a rabid procession of men—and women, too, for women participated—that crossed the horizon and for a brief period filled it to the exclusion of all normal affairs and transactions. The professional left his office, the mechanic his shop, the merchant his counter and the farmer abandoned his plough, all to engage in that mad quest for quick wealth which obsessed them and was for a time their ruling passion. It made remarkable reading for Southern California history.

There had been but occasional movements in real estate prior to the end of 1885. Now and then some one would drop into the village of Pasadena and buy ten or twenty



LOOKING EAST FROM FAIR OAKS AVE. ON COLORADO ST., 1882
Hollingsworth House Top of Hill to right

acres of land and pay from \$100 to \$300 per acre, according as to whether improved and how. In 1886 there was a sudden stimulus; why, no one can exactly say. In 1887 Southern California, especially Los Angeles and Pasadena, was on the high plane of boom prices, and in 1888—the beginning of that year—it had reached the climax: the blue, blue sky! Then it was *facilis decensus*, indeed! leaving numerous putative “millionaires” stranded, financial wrecks—dazed and amazed at the sudden and tragic conclusion of their dreams. This quick finish to their rose-hued visions was sickening and remorseless. It was incomprehensible, but it was certain

and definite, for the notice from the bank and the exhausted account there proved it!

During that brief period of two years or so, the population of Pasadena grew from less than 2,000 to more than 12,000—probably 15,000—all of whom lived in a whirlwind of excitement, speculation and mental aberration. The song of the robin in the Arroyo was forgotten, and the orchestration of the mocking-birds was unheeded, because the siren cry of the dealer in lots and the flubdub of speculators on the street corners drowned those sweet carols in more unusual and now more attractive strains.

It was a strange spectacle to see normally sober-minded man go into paroxysms over some little subdivision of acres he had invested in "for a flyer," and instantly turn him into a wild-eyed booster for that particular piece of property. That late conservative mind was overturned by the prospect of a golden future. He who heretofore looked upon a few hundred dollars with respect, now conversed in five or six figures; and he whose wildest dreams of fortune had been a few thousands "at interest," "in his old age," and a comfortable cottage with the mortgage paid off, now refused to contemplate less than *real* wealth. Luckless the man who did not own a lot—several lots. It was easy to buy and it was just as easy to sell; or it was for a time. When the head of the family departed in the morning for his usual occupation his farewell kiss to his spouse was given fleetingly and with a promise to "buy something" that day. His spouse, none the less interested, advised John to "be sure and get that fine corner" on Euclid, on Colorado, or on some other attractive spot, so that it could be resold, right off, for a hundred or so advance! And it would be a cool reception for John if he returned lotless that evening.

Then there were the brass bands parading the most populous thoroughfares announcing an auction in the "Paradise Subdivision," the "Arroyo Tract," or in—in the "Fall and Fainters' Addition"—"Free lunch served, music in plenty, and terms easy." Who wouldn't fall for it?

Strangers, drawn hither by this glittering opportunity, became dealers, and surged through the streets tempting owners with attractive propositions; and the owner, though loving his little five or ten acre home, separated himself from it—reluctantly perhaps—but tempted to fall by the wonderful golden bait.

What crop could produce more luxuriantly, no matter if it were the golden apples of Hesperides, than that which came when this same ten acres became the "Arcadian Sub-division" with Paradise attachments—so much cash down, balance in two or three equal payments? So this great demesne of orchards, orange groves, vineyards and happy homes resolved itself into Brown's, Jones' or Robinson's subdivisions, with the purse of Fortunatus dangling to each lot.

HOW IT CAME TO PASS

As heretofore described, the Colony had moved onward, and in a way "got along" during its first decade, growing to



Looking North on Fair Oaks from Colorado, 1886

a substantial community. There were stores, shops and places of business sufficient to supply most of the needs of the people. A bank and a newspaper had come. Home-made gas had been introduced into two stores and a brass band! Several other enterprises had shown the trend of events, all of which foreshadowed prosperity.

"Barney" Williams' store had acquired the first telephone in December, 1882, and a sweet girl had said, "Hello!" over it to Wesley Bunnell. There was a drug store and two physicians, and there were two hotels and a Masonic lodge also. More important than all, a railroad had come in 1885, and

had wakened strange echoes in the valley and canyons beyond, where not long ago it was so peaceful and quiet.

The Raymond Hotel was finished in 1886, and some more substantial structures were begun, or were finished, by this time, and especially the Exchange Block, costing \$75,000, had been opened with ponderous ceremony. So the year 1885-86 stirred things from their village torpor and started some long-visioned ones to garrulous prophecies. The local paper of September 25th, 1885, said, "A boom has struck West Colorado Street." D. Evey had paid as much as \$1,500 for one acre in that neighborhood, giving twenty-five feet on the west side thereof to open a new street (De Lacy). Mrs. Carr gave the same amount on the other side for the same purpose.

Then a few more sales were announced in that locality, notably the Los Angeles House, belonging to Isaac Banta, was sold for \$25,000 to the Pasadena Bank Corporation early in 1886, with the announced intention of building a fine bank building on the Fair Oaks corner. Out of this tract, and just west of the bank corner, Henry G. Bennett, James Smith and B. F. Ball had each purchased lots at a price of \$50 per front foot on Colorado Street. About this time there entered a new personage whose numerous purchases attracted attention and contributed much to stir up interest in real estate, therefore becoming the means of adding new values. This was General Edwin Ward (father of Victor Ward), who one fine day dropped into the office of Ward Brothers, real estate dealers, and set things buzzing. Ben Ward, ever affable, received the visitor with his usual facile pleasantry and desired to know the gentleman's business. "Well," said the General, "I want to buy some real estate." That was all. "Did they have anything to sell?" Did they? Indeed they had, and plenty of it! *Muy pronto*, they got busy and affable, as became real estate dealers with a prospective customer. The first purchase by the General was the Martin Block (Webster Hotel), on the corner, for \$17,500. Then came a few lots on Colorado Street and numerous potential purchases elsewhere. Ward Brothers were in clover, the General delighted and the town agog over the large and sudden demand for real estate, and there was a sympathetic rise over night. But Ed Webster, who had come into the real estate arena "on a shoestring," on the lookout and ready to meet all comers,

got a "hunch" that General Ward was meant for himself alone, and "laid for him"—in the parlance of the street. It was not long ere Webster had pried the General away from Ward Brothers and was loading him up with miscellaneous pieces of realty; also many schemes and pipe-dreams such as Aladdin might have incubated in his hours of hardest labor. Webster was good with palaver and Ward "warmed up" to him.

Dr. Radebaugh, the original Esculapius of the Colony and its Chesterfield as well, then occupied as an office and abode a little cottage just where the Exchange Block now stands. The good medico believed this to be his lifetime abode, but when General Ward offered him about \$5,000 for



South on Fair Oaks from Colorado, 1886

it he decided he had been living in error and accepted the offer with alacrity. I think he had paid \$250 for it five years before. Ward then purchased some adjoining lots for about the same figure, and prepared to build, with some others, the Exchange Block. As a boom example, let us further pursue the fortunes of Dr. Radebaugh. Selling the afore-said lot, he purchased fifty feet on the northwest corner of Colorado Street and Euclid Avenue for \$1,750. The developing boom pursued him and he sold this property in the following year for \$6,000.

Desiring to get out of the way of such annoying things as

booms, the doctor then bought on Euclid Avenue, north of the one just sold, and moved thereon his cottage and other effects which he had steadfastly retained, treating them as family heirlooms. In due course this last property went the usual way, and the doctor has been afraid to buy since lest some one might try to move him out!

The Exchange Bank Company was organized by Webster, with General Ward, A. Cruickshank, G. A. Swartwout and the Harper & Reynolds Company of Los Angeles, each of the last three members agreeing to occupy a part of the ground floor for various business and banking purposes. Swartwout was the organizer of the Pasadena National Bank. This agreement was carried out and the Exchange Block became the center of business and so remained for many years. The first brick business block was built in August, 1885, by Craig & Hubbard on the north side of Colorado Street, where the Brunswick billiard rooms are, and the second—a two-story building—near it, by E. S. Frost the same year. It can be seen there with the date upon it yet. In 1886 the writer began building the first brick building on the south side of the same block. When the foundation of this building was begun Dr. J. C. Michener, who owned the adjoining lot, also began building and joined me in a “party wall” agreement. This is No. 12 East Colorado Street, and is mentioned merely as a historical record. We set these buildings back six feet beyond the street line to widen. These were some of the movements leading up to the “excitement.”

PASADENA'S FIRST SUBDIVISION AND LOT AUCTION

AUCTION OF THE DOCTOR CONGER TRACT. SCHOOL LOT AUCTION.

Although numerous sales of property had been made during the year 1885 which caused considerable stiffening in prices, few actual lot *subdivisions* had been offered to the public and no “auction sale” of lots had yet been heard of. Dr. O. H. Conger, who owned twenty acres cornering on Colorado Street and Orange Grove Avenue, decided to plat a part of this land into residence lots for quick sale. He sold part of his tract to a syndicate, who put it into the hands of Ward Brothers and who organized an auction sale to occur September 25th, 1885. It was a new departure in Pasadena, and with its accompaniments, created both interest and amuse-

ment. Much advertising was done and a special train was run from Los Angeles, a band paraded the street, and a free lunch served to all that desired it as one of the attractions. The tract consisted of eighty-four lots lying south of Colorado Street, and was bisected by Vernon Avenue, which street was opened for the purpose of making this subdivision.

An advertisement at that time reads as follows:

EIGHTY BEAUTIFUL VILLA AND HOMESTEAD LOTS

PURE MOUNTAIN WATER PIPED TO EACH AND EVERY LOT.

“This charming property, now world renowned, having been visited by leading tourists. * * * The orange and lemon trees are heavy with abundance of golden fruit. * * * The vineyard prolific in its bearing of delightful and palatable Muscat grapes. Free lunch for 500 people. A fine band of music will discourse popular airs on the grounds. Etc., etc.,

“Sale September 25th, 1885. For further information apply to Ward Brothers. J. C. Bell, Auctioneer, Pasadena.”

The lots were 50x150 feet each, and the crowd attracted was fairly large, most of them coming out of curiosity. Nearly all of the lots were sold, prices varying from \$180 to \$550 each, the highest price being paid by C. S. Martin for a lot cornering on Colorado Street. Within two years this lot changed hands for \$8,000, but later, with the collapsed boom, fell to its original value. It is valued at \$12,000 or more now.

This syndicate was composed of Henry G. Bennett, P. M. Green, A. O. Porter and Ward Brothers. This was Pasadena's first land syndicate and lot auction. Its sale netted the owners about \$7,000 profit, a satisfactory return, as then considered.

A few others had anticipated a boom and had subdivided some acreage into residence property in 1885. George E. McHarry was one of the first. He owned ten acres where stands the Maryland Hotel and offered this in lots in November, 1885.

I believe the Olivewood tract was offered in 1885. In 1886—in August—the Bertram tract of fifty-six lots (on North Orange Grove Avenue) was offered, and as an inducement

two houses were given, by lot, to the lucky purchasers. This was about the only lottery of the kind tried in Pasadena.

It was difficult to attract attention to property farther east than the Santa Fé track. Wesley Bunnell offered the newly organized Pasadena Bank a lot free if they would build just east of the track—that was just opposite the Southern Pacific Depot. H. J. Woollacott, who owned the site where the Chamber of Commerce stands, also offered it as an addition to Bunnell's proposition. Neither propositions were seriously considered!

SALE OF SCHOOL LOTS—1886

Then occurred the school lot sale, which gave the final impetus towards a real boom in prices and a boost for speculations which culminated in the great boom. Of course, no one was contemplating such a thing as a boom then; indeed, few knew the meaning of the word in Pasadena, but it was nevertheless smoldering and needed only some spectacular event to introduce it. The combination of a railroad—the Los Angeles & San Gabriel Valley—the numerous sales around the “center,” the Conger auction, and, finally, the school lot auction, was leading to it—the beginning of the great speculative era which followed.

The school trustees had decided that better school facilities were required, that a new school building was imperative, and that a lot must be procured farther away from the “business” center. So it was decided to sell the Central School property, consisting of five acres, on the southeast corner of Colorado Street and Fair Oaks Avenue. Trustees H. W. Magee, S. Washburn and A. O. Bristol decided to subdivide this property into business lots and auction it off. They had it mapped into thirty-five lots of twenty-five feet frontage, facing Colorado Street, Raymond and Fair Oaks avenues, and advertised the sale.

On March 12th, 1886, the sale occurred, occasioning considerable attention from local buyers. M. H. Weight bought the first lot, cornering on Colorado Street and Fair Oaks Avenue, paying \$148 per front foot, or \$3,700, for it. The prices gradually declined towards Raymond Avenue, the southeast corner of that street, two lots, selling to “Tom” Hoag for \$61.50 per front foot. (Vore and Hoag built a livery barn there.) Just east of the Hoag purchase the vil-

lage library occupied 100 feet frontage upon which that association had a lease for twenty years. By previous understanding this lot was bid in for the library for the nominal price of \$170 and later deeded to that association. (Two years later it sold for \$10,000.) The above prices are noted for the attention of the curious today. Compare them with the present values of from \$1,000 to \$2,000 per foot at which this property is now held. Only one of the original purchasers of the Colorado Street frontage kept that property. This is Mrs. W. W. Mills, who paid \$1,250 for a lot—\$50 per foot, lot No. 12—No. 46 East Colorado Street.

Of course, no one then anticipated that a city would spring up upon these lands and a thriving business center be estab-



Auction of School Lots, March 12, 1886

lished upon the one-time school lot, and perhaps it would not had the school trustees retained it for school uses.

Let me relate an amusing incident in connection with this sale. An old man, an evident stranger, had been attentively watching the auctioneer as lot after lot was bid for and knocked down. Several times he seemed about to bid, but apparently changed his mind and thought better of it. But presently a lot on the Fair Oaks front was offered, the auctioneer with his usual flourish exclaiming, "I am offered thirty dol-

lars, I am offered thirty dollars; I hear thirty-five—forty! I am offered for-t-y! Do I hear any more?" Then the old fellow finally woke up, and eagerly said, "I bits fordy-dree dollars." "Forty-three, forty-three dollars per foot! Gentlemen, I am bid forty-three dollars—*per front foot!*" exclaimed the auctioneer. The old man stood transfixed, his mouth agape, then finally gasped, "Vat, for de foot? I bits fordy-dree dollars for de lot!" "Oho, my friend," said the auctioneer, "the price is forty-three dollars *per front foot.*" The stranger, sadly disconcerted at his mistake, with a gasping cry, disappeared in the crowd and was seen no more! The total amount received for the sale was \$44,772—for five acres in the heart of Pasadena! What is it worth now? The price was thought good at the time, and from the proceeds was built the Wilson High School—now grammar school—which was the result desired. But it stirred things a little!

These, then, were some of the potent factors that led up to the celebrated boom in Pasadena. But the boom was not a local manifestation, though, strange and incomprehensible, it was practically confined to Southern California. No one can say why this was so any more than it can be explained why it came at all. There were no gold discoveries to allure the crowd, there were no important industrial developments to attract attention, and no oil gushers had gushed! Climate and attractiveness of environment there were, but they had always been, and they alone need not drive men speculation mad or disturb their reasoning faculties. Some tourist hotels had been opened; a railroad had come in to give the Eastern traveler an opportunity to see this new, admirable and hitherto comparatively unknown land. It was to this Eastern visitor, to some extent, that we owe the discovery of the rare value of the things that lay at our doors and were taken largely as a matter of course; and it was the Eastern speculator with cash and with fervid optimism who inaugurated the boom itself. It is asserted that it really had its origin at Coronado. Speculators divided most of that island into town lots, and sold them at a widely advertised auction in 1885, setting that section afire with a speculative fever which, like a contagion, spread northward to Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and all intervening places. Hampton L. Story of

Altadena, and a few associates, were responsible for the Coronado enterprise which netted them fortunes apiece. One of the results of that sale was the Hotel del Coronado, which afterwards sunk fortunes for its builders. San Diego was driven mad over this speculation and began its new development after a hypnotic sleep of many years. Next arrived the contagion of speculation in Los Angeles, with its population of but 15,000 to 20,000, and in Pasadena, one-tenth that size. In two years the population of these towns grew *six hundred per cent!* And each whistle of the locomotive announced large accessions to these numbers—a surging, good-natured crowd of boomers. For the newcomer, as soon as he stepped from his Pullman and found his bearings, quickly joined the grand chorus.

And the welcome extended the stranger, was at once generous and hearty. The real estate man was at the depot when the trains arrived—alert for his prey. Spied he the man toting the grip, with the look of a stranger on his countenance, and at once the welcoming hand was extended, the invitation given for a free ride about town with no refusal permitted, and willy-nilly, away the bewildered visitor was whisked to view “The finest place in the universe, sir!” After that ride and its incidental hospitalities it would be a dour one indeed who could escape. Cigars—perhaps drinks—on the sly! even bed and board were proffered, and that, too, in honorable good faith; for, so far as I ever knew, no intended deception or fraud was ever practiced by any regular real estate dealer of Pasadena during the entire boom period, which is something to be proud of, considering the times and the opportunities. It can be said also of the boomer—he believed in his own little stories. He believed what he told others, and what was told him about the present and prespective values in Pasadena real estate, its climate and its future. No prophecy was too exaggerated to astonish him. His imagination dwelt and grew upon the provender his fellows furnished, and which he in turn passed around. He oozed optimism and he preached the golden dreams of Alnas-



A Prospective Buyer

char—with more happy ending. He invested in limitless expectations with the confidence of a lucky gambler who plays only on lucky days. If he found he had "overplayed his hand," he accepted the result with the same spirit as he did his better luck, and tried again. It was this confidence, this optimism, that made the real estate boomer the success he was, and caused himself to believe that a million was a small thing to get and an easy thing to keep; and to him I must give credit for the evolution that two years produced, be it for good or be it for ill, in its final results.

By the end of 1886 the boom was on in its full vigor. Newspapers the country over were printing stories about it that filtered out from the local press and otherwise. Correspondents were coming into the country to write about the wonderful thing. They wrote back to their journals astonishing tales of how lots bought in the morning were doubled in price and sold before evening! At least so 'twas said, for these correspondents were wined and dined, and often fell into the hands of Philistines, otherwise glib-tongued agents, who filled them up with tales of marvelous transactions which they had put through, of the wonderful climate, and of untold things yet in store. No paper city this, where over night might flee these boomers and with them disappear the rainbow with its pot of gold.

But it was not all mere buying and selling. A town was being built where vacant land had been. The tap, tap of the hammer, the merry zip of the saw, went on unceasingly and evolved homes, cottages (no bungalows then) and dwellings yet more imposing and costly. Streets were laid out as if for permanency. During these throes a city government was organized, and the "Colony" became legally qualified to perform the functions of a "city." But men—some of them at least—attended to their ordinary business, for business also prospered even if they engaged in booming "on the side." So there was method as well as madness prevailing. Pasadena was not alone in this passionate drama of speculation. Towns were laid out where had been blooming orchards and grain fields all over Southern California. Subdividers set their stakes in once prolific vineyards, and even the sandy courses of a dry arroyo (to be flood-ridden in winter perhaps) were pre-empted for the illusory schemes of busy schemers, and yielded their quota of "villa" lots. Los Angeles, too,

was in the throes. San Diego in delirium, and each hamlet and crossroads whose denizens had in the beginning looked on in stupefied amazement, presently woke up and displayed the sign manual of the boomer—the map of a subdivision! In some of these hamlets—Azusa, for example—buyers stood, or sat, in line all one night, awaiting the auspicious hour next day when the sale would begin of a certain plat of lots so that they could have first choice! No one could explain why a recent piece of rocky land could, over night, assume such desirability, but few asked why.

Subdivisions would be platted amidst boulders and sand, once regarded as worthless (and some were) and through the hypnotic call of the boomer these lots would find buyers frantic to get in on the “ground floor.” At Glendora, twenty miles from Pasadena, a subdivision on one side of the railroad station was labeled, “*Glendora*,” and on the other, adjoining, “*Alosta!*” And on each side of the station the sign read accordingly. They were, in fact, rival “towns” with only a street (long since grass grown) dividing them. But there was at least one person in Pasadena who lived through it, unappreciative and unhappy because of all this financial turmoil. That was Isaac Banta. Banta had built the Los Angeles House, the first real hotel in Pasadena (after the Lake Vineyard Hotel). He was peculiar in many ways, uncouth in his appearance, but withal a man of good “horse sense” and had made a fair fortune. One day Banta was making a purchase in Williams’ store—this was in the very beginning of the boom days. From afar came the melody of a brass band performing the syncopated philanderings that announced a lot auction. The unwonted noise alarmed a “nag” attached to a vehicle that stood in front of the store. At an unusual blare of horns the horse started down the street on a run. Two dogs, awakened from mongrel dreams, started after the horse and buggy, and became engaged in a noisy fight. The racket attracted Banta’s attention, and he started on a trot to ascertain the occasion of such commotion. He fell over a barrel of pickles, landing prone on the store porch. Rising to



Papa's Dream

his feet and gathering up his scattered purchases, he exclaimed, "This d——d town is getting too crowded for me. I'm going to move out." He did not move out, but he sold his property and soon afterward was called to his "home in the hills."

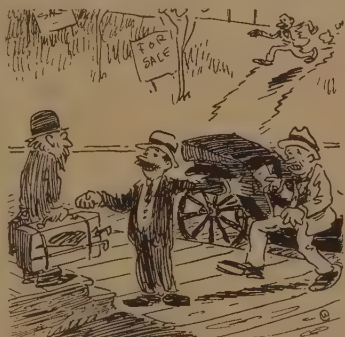
Let me cite another story of "Old Man" Banta's peculiarities. While he was owner of the Lake Vineyard Hotel a drummer happened into the village, and deciding to remain over night, was directed to that hotel. He secured a room and his supper, then spent the evening with his friend, the druggist, and in due season returned to his hotel to retire. Reaching his room, what was his astonishment to find friend Banta cosily lying in his bed, smoking a pipe, the windows closed and the smoke filling the room with dense clouds! Of course, the drummer objected to this proceeding, vigorously. Did the invader avaunt? He did not, but complacently continuing his contemplation of Lady Nicotine, announced as his ultimatum that "the house was full" and that "he proposed to remain all night, just there." Furthermore, if Mr. Drummer did not like it, he could go elsewhere and to sundry places also named. It was a bad situation and there was no easy remedy. Being a drummer and seasoned, our friend finally made the best of it, went to bed with the invader, and passed a night full of discomfort and smoke. That was the drummer's last visit to Pasadena.

Many a man came to Pasadena, hearing about the real estate excitement going on, "just to see what sort of fools we were," as he expressed it. He at first gazed upon the whole situation with scorn and amazement. Nothing could tempt him, said the wise one, to indulge in such crazy speculation; no, indeed! At first he was amazed, then interested, wondering what was below it all; then he became fascinated by watching the game. "Why not take a flyer myself, and get out quickly," was his reflection. When he arrived at that stage there was no hope; he fell, just like the rest. It was a great game indeed—while it lasted.

I knew of many cases like that. Unfortunately, they did not all "get out" in a hurry, and with a fine profit, to attest their sagacity. No, indeed, the doubtful ones were just like others when once in the maelstrom of speculation. For example, I recall one man who came from an Eastern city where he had acquired a comfortable competency. He scorned the

deluded mortals who were speculating with fate and risking fortune. He had enough, anyhow, and his criticisms were severe and continuous—for a year; then he, too, got the virus into his blood, entered the game—and lost all he had! The last I heard of him he was eking out a subsistence on a chicken ranch. But I knew another, smarter he was; or perhaps only scared. He was a carpenter and had saved \$1,000. In the boom's first throes he bought, made his money "spread," and by judicious and quick action finally had \$30,000 "to the good." He awoke one day to the realization of his good fortune, and, also, to an apprehension that the miracle that had occurred to him was uncanny, and, in fact, so unreal that his quickly accrued winnings might disappear over night. He got badly scared, and going down to the bank obtained a draft for his entire balance, took a train for Boston, declaring he was going as far away from temptation as possible. He never came back. That was a wise man—for a speculator.

Another: An erstwhile sober-sided, professional gentleman had "gone in" to the limit. He struggled hard in the golden stream, and at last won out with \$60,000 in the bank. "Enough," said his family, who were not avaricious. "No," so said he, "just one more turn and I will retire with an even hundred thousand." He went into a bigger scheme and it finished him, for he lost all he had in short order and died a poor man. This was nothing unusual, though. It was the fascination of making money rapidly that captured the imagination and held it. What simpler than buying a lot one day, raising the price twenty-five or fifty per cent, and selling it next day, or next week? Nothing, indeed. There was always a "sucker" ready to buy, and he was Johnny on the spot, waiting to be tempted. It was a dull day when a boomer could not make a sale and clean up a nice profit. Of course, he immediately bought again; then the other fellow made the profit and *he* was the "sucker." Of course, this opprobrious term was never used aloud. Sometimes a piece of property was sold and re-sold several times before the title had been "brought down" in the



The Glad Hand

first instance. Usually, then, the last seller was merely paid his equity and assigned the contract to the next in succession. All sales were made on "contract," that is, agreement, the seller accepting a trifle, say, ten per cent down, balance of first payment within thirty days. This gave the purchaser time to resell ere his first full payment became due. Sales were usually made for one-third cash, balance to be paid in six and twelve months from date of sale. Thus the speculator could do considerable buying with comparatively little money, and he usually went the limit.

To E. C. Webster, "Ed" as he was familiarly known, must be given credit for many forward movements in the boom days. He was a speculator at all times, and would buy a subdivision in the planet Mars if the prospect scanned good. He did not confine his attention to merely buying and selling, but he often improved the property he bought. Besides building numerous houses he began the Webster Building, which eventually became the Green Hotel. He was responsible for the Exchange Block, and he was also largely responsible for the opening of Raymond Avenue in 1886; and later, for the building of the Grand Opera House; also other large enterprises. More than any other one man, I think, Webster did things that kept alive the boom spirit, and kept active the courage and the "nerve" of the boomers when the structure of it seemed to totter. "Ed" could approach a man who had no thought of participating in the proceedings going on about him; in ten minutes have him absorbed in a scheme, and in thirty drawing his check! He could buy more, for less cash, than any other man in town, because he made the seller believe in him, and trust his capacity to pull through any proposition he handled. It did not matter as to the amount of the purchase he wanted to make; the only point was, how little cash down would the seller take? This was the kind of "shoestring" business that was very popular in those lurid days.

And Webster was always loyal to his town, no matter where or when; and he was instrumental in bringing such men as Colonel G. G. Green, William Morgan and Andrew McNally into the procession of investors—men whose money did so much for the community.

Even yet I hear in imagination, the golden cadences of his persuasive tones as he pictured the dreams which possessed

him. But alas! his castles in the air tumbled and crushed him in the wreck. Too much "shoestring," the verdict. Today he is marking time, perhaps, and by the same token pursuing the placid existence of an humble Missouri farmer. I wonder if he ever dreams of those glorious days of frenzied finance out here where the Pacific murmurs?

I have said that T. P. Lukens and Ward Brothers were the first realty dealers in Pasadena. So they were, but Edward McLean, who was interested in the Mutual Orchard Company's tract (Olivewood), was actually the first dealer in Pasadena "dirt," so far as I can ascertain.



E. C. WEBSTER
A Noted Boomer

However, his office was in its beginning in Los Angeles, and he advertised in the newspapers there, later moving to Pasadena to live. Washburn & Watts were close followers of Ward Brothers, and opened the first really pretentious real estate office, on the southwest corner of Colorado Street and Fair Oaks Avenue. Old files of the *Pasadena Chronicle* show interesting evidences of business in the early '80s. These files can be seen at the public library and form invaluable records of their day. The advertisers therein were factors in the growth of the Colony and in its early days. Some of them still are counted on in progressive movements towards the city's welfare. For instance, I note the names of W. R. Staats, T. P. Lukens, C. C. Brown, S. Washburn, H. W. Magee and Mel E. Wood as once advertisers in Pasadena's first paper, and the busy men in pioneer days.

These men could be counted on at any time when the best interests of our community claimed their assistance. It is true of them yet.

The interesting question has been many times asked, why, with such teeming opportunities, did not every one living here at the time get rich? In answer let me ask, can anyone now say just what Pasadena property will be worth thirty years hence? Of course not, yet it is a question more easily answered now than it was when the town was immature,

inchoate and its future only guessed at. Some, indeed, did hold on to their rapidly acquired wealth, others held on to their property too long, or not long enough. That depended on the psychological moment. There was no basis of value then; it was, what could a buyer be induced to pay?

Many amusing sidelights gave zest and picturesqueness to the times. An owner of a ten-acre place, which had cost him less than \$2,000, sold it to a syndicate. It was platted into thirty lots and sold for \$20,000 within three months. The original seller, who had hung about, afraid to reinvest, was so heartbroken that he would wander about his former place day and night, forlorn and in a daze.

Another realized \$5,000 from his ten-acre tract—that was early in the boom. He put it in a bank. Every day he would go down to the bank and look around, apparently afraid the bank might disappear in the night. Then he began to ask advice of the bank people as to what he would do with his money; but of course did not follow it. Finally he drew it all out, in gold, which he carried to his home and kept locked up. Becoming alarmed, he again took it back to the bank, and getting a "C. D." for it, carried that about until he lost it! Of course, he did not lose the money, but finally, after weeks of anguished consideration, was prevailed upon to invest it in solid mortgages.

Few kept their investments in property very long. A lucky "turn" upset their normal minds and they were bitten with the fever. How could they help it? It was like the wheat pit of the exchange on a busy day.

Jones would buy from Brown and sell to Smith; Smith in turn would sell to Robinson—who sold to Jones! An endless chain of buying and selling to each other. When a leading boomer bought in a certain direction, the "pikers" would follow helter-skelter. A speculator, noticing a prominent dealer looking at a certain piece of property, might slip away to the owner and anticipate the dealer by buying it; then try to sell it to him. That was "smart" work, he thought. But it was not all speculation. Homes grew up in orange groves, orchards and vineyards. It was certain that the boomer believed in himself and in his town, for he "stayed with it" and swore by it and its future. The *nouveaux riche* were in evidence. What a harvest an automobile dealer would have had had there been such a thing then known! As it was,

they must be content with mere horses. But they bought fine ones, fast ones, and fine buggies and carriages, too. Diamonds gleamed upon hitherto inviolate chests of manly owners, and spike-tailed coats appeared upon surprised and unaccustomed forms. Fond misses sported solitaires purchased by the now financially able Bill or Henry to seal his betrothal. Matrons—once honestly plain and shrinking—bloomed with necklaces of pearls; and glittering dewdrops hung pendulous from shy, pink ears! Well-fitting “kids” of fashionable color covered hands calloused by contact with plough handle or jack plane. For now these humble tools of labor were sidetracked, and instead the owner disported check books with fountain pen accompaniment. Large, fat cigars with gold bands, displaced the nickel “perfecto,” much to the gratification of the corner dealer and the chance beneficiary thereof.

Hotels flourished and their crowding guests enjoyed the excitement, and partook of it. Young men gave “stag” dinners, imbibed champagne and played poker, believing this the happy life! Some of the sudden rich gave grotesque imitations of heavy financiers—to the manner born. But there were others, more sober, more sedate, more self-contained, who kept their wits and gave their attention to more serious affairs; and the village grew into a town.

Looking backward upon the absurdities of the boom period one can easily censure and criticise, but the facile critic has had no knowledge of the hypnotism of a rapidly rising market with his money on the bull side of it, else criticism would falter. Perhaps some are smarter than their fellows in such circumstances, but they are not always in evidence. Prospective gold mines, prospective oil gushers and roaring wheat pits bring about this fascinating speculative manifestation over and over, and every day has the same chronicle to record. Why such fevers occur with immovable real estate no man can fairly tell. It is a problem in psychology.

Mad, mad, all, or nearly all, were mad! Men, too busy to give attention to legitimate affairs, or too indifferent to them, listened feverishly while bands played the grand march to the glittering parade. Fine equipages coursed through highways that were not so long ago bare fields or orange groves, the occupants radiant and self-satisfied in their fine new sartorial perfections.

Men were building buildings. In 1885 \$273,000 was thus

employed, while \$750,000 worth of real estate changed hands—quite phenomenal for a little town of 2,000, and the boom was but yet incubating. Colorado Street property then led in values—as it does today. Rentals hardly kept pace with prices. A storeroom eligibly located would bring but \$50 to \$75 per month. Even at the climax of the boom rentals did not become excessive, for an ordinary storeroom that rented for \$50 per month when property was worth \$200 per front foot did not pass the \$100 mark when it reached \$750 per foot—probably the high-water mark for rentals in boom times. (I refer to the standard sized store, 25x75 feet.) The business center did not begin to shift until about 1895. In 1886 *five acres* on the southeast corner of Marengo and Colorado Street (where the First Methodist Church stands) sold for \$5,000 for residence subdivision. A lot opposite the present Federal building, 71x300 feet, sold for \$850 only, in June, 1886. In October it was resold to Dr. Macomber for \$2,000, who sold it, twenty years later, for \$20,000. It is now worth \$70,000.

In 1885 200 feet on the northeast corner of Los Robles Avenue and Colorado Street was bought for \$6 a foot!

Wesley Bunnell paid \$2,000 for five acres—northwest corner of Colorado Street and Marengo—in 1881, through the agency of T. P. Lukens, and afterwards concluded he had paid too much. Lukens offered to take it off his hands at cost, but Bunnell refused. When the boom happened along Bunnell was visiting in the East. He was wired \$10,000 for his land and he refused it. The offer was raised to \$15,000; he was excited, but declined again and took the next train home to interview the crazy man who offered it! Then he found the boom had begun, and found himself bombarded with offers. Finally, he divided his property into lots and got \$120,000 for it, in 1887. Parenthetically, it may be added, that a lot sold from this tract by Bunnell for \$200 per foot in 1887 was bought back by him in 1890 for *sixty-seven* dollars per foot! Cause: "Busted boom." It is worth \$1,200 per foot now.

A ten-acre tract on Lake Avenue was sold for \$5,000, in 1887, and the price was thought to be good. But the purchaser divided it into twenty lots and sold them at a clean profit of just \$20,000 in a few months.

H. W. Magee paid \$6,000 for a five-acre corner—Marengo

and Colorado—in 1882. There was *seven hundred feet* frontage on Colorado Street. Magee sold it for \$14,000 in 1886—\$20 per front foot! It is worth a million now, and when the judge passes it nowadays he wonders what he would do with the money if he had got the top of the market! But there seemed to be little advance in values east of Marengo Avenue for a long time; no one dreaming that business would ever reach out so far as it has done—in a lifetime. Some of the prophets thought west on Colorado Street was the proper course for business to take, and when A. K. McQuilling sold his ranch out there to a syndicate for about \$4,000 per acre (it had cost him about \$50 per acre in 1875), a boomlet started in that direction. The tract was cut into *business* lots, although there was no business within two or three blocks, and it went like the proverbial “hot cakes” on a winter morning—much to the financial advantage of the new owners. Incidentally, a lot therein (on Green Street) was sold for \$500 when first subdivided, again for \$2,200 in 1887, again for \$6,600 a few months later, and finally, in 1891, for \$250! A good example of “Before and after.”

But the boomlet on the west side—so far as business was concerned—soon petered out. Orange Grove Avenue was almost the last to feel the extreme upward tendency in the boom days, though some property had been subdivided on that side at the inception of them.

Possibly this was because the residents there were satisfied with their homes and did not wish to part with them, thus delaying the ruthless hand of the boomer and keeping intact their fine groves. Yet it inevitably came along and these places, too, succumbed to the speculator; not all, of course, as some resisted with pride and dignity—the E. F. Hurlbut place being one of these. One of the first to go the way was M. Rosenbaum’s fifteen acres. It was purchased by Frank S. Wallace and C. S. Martin, and transformed into the “Prospect Square Tract.” Grand Avenue was opened, and the Bennett, Hill, Nelmes, Holmes and other places were on the market. South Orange Grove Avenue was widened and improved, and began then to attract attention for its exclusiveness; and thus began the second period of progress on that avenue, which today, with its splendid mansions, its parkways, and other fine improvements, is said to be the finest avenue in the world—for a street of its length (one mile).

Outside acreage must not be overlooked. "Outside" meant anything outside of the watered lands, i. e., the Orange Grove Association or the Lake Vineyard Tract. All of that wide area, from Wilson Avenue to Lamanda Park (not then named, was dependent upon wells for water, and sold for \$50 to \$200 per acre, up to 1887, or even later. Around the Altadena section the same price prevailed even as late as 1888, for the probabilities of obtaining water on much of the land on the mesas was not then encouraging.

Campbell-Johnson offered 300 acres of the San Rafael Ranch and sold portions of it in 1886 for an average of \$95 per acre. Farther away—east of Lamanda—chaparral, cactus and sage-brush predominated in 1888, and little value was attached to dry lands thereabouts. The same forbidding conditions prevailed about Altadena.

One of the earliest subdivisions was made by T. P. Lukens and H. F. Goodwin, the Raymond Tract on Euclid Avenue. It contained fifty lots, which were sold, by auction, May 14th, 1886, and fetched over \$11,000, an average of only \$220 per lot.

In the first five months of 1886 the total *recorded* sales amounted to \$920,000. But in many cases the price named was only nominal.

Henry G. Bennett sold his home place on South Orange Grove Avenue, containing twenty-seven acres, in 1886 for \$17,000. This was subdivided and resold at once. C. T. Hopkins, in 1885, subdivided part of his Olivewood Tract, fifty-four acres, into sixty-four lots, and held an auction which was only partially successful. He opened Locust and Maple streets and Elm Avenue through the tract. These lots brought only \$200 to \$300 each.

By the end of 1887 the boom had reached its climax. Colorado Street was a busy thoroughfare crowded with good natured, smiling speculators. Real estate signs were in profuse evidence, and well equipped real estate offices many in number; such as the firm of Copelin, Wilson & Co., which included John McDonald and Charles Copelin. Afterwards it was McDonald & Brooks, of which firm John McDonald and Clarence Bunnell are survivors, still in the game. W. T. Clapp, T. P. Lukens, Arnold & Mills Company, Bayard T. Smith and George Herrmann were also prominent. R. M. Furlong and A. B. Manahan, with E. C. Webster, constituted the Pasadena Improvement Company. W. L. Carter, J. S.

Cox and many more as well known flourished in the years of 1887-88.

There were many dealers who had no office other than in their shoes and the space in the sidewalk covered by them. Buyers would become sellers almost, if not immediately, for their capital might be limited. And many such dealers prospered, their small capital swelling with each transaction. I cannot pass up some of these prominent ones without some personal attention. There was Bayard T. Smith for instance, the Chesterfield of the street, debonair, well-tailored always. Smith had sold his Oak Knoll ranch and built him a mansion at Altadena in 1888. He owned a fine team of bays and had a coachman, too. Bayard posed as a politician, and being a democrat and rather lonesome, set out to organize a democratic party in Pasadena, wherein he was ably abetted by the Wotkyns brothers, R. M. Furlong, George Herrmann, A. O. Bristol and a few others of the faith. Herrmann was induced to take the perfectly hopeless nomination for county recorder in 1888. George was goodly to look at, a "dresser" after the fashion plate, and conducted himself like a modern Beau Brummel, almost surpassing Smith in that respect. It was good fun to George and it was fine for his friends, for George was not mean when it came to cigars, etc.

Oh, no, George did not get elected, not by several thousand—but he ran well! Bayard Smith was a dapper little fellow, and had many agreeable qualities. On one occasion a party of six went on a fishing trip to Lake Tahoe, taking their tents, blankets, etc. Smith was not fond of the hardship of sleeping on a mere blanket, so purchased, for \$30, a rubber mattress. As his fellow campers scorned Bayard's dainty ways, they would not help him inflate the mattress, but sat around and watched his endeavors while thus engaged. Finally, with the job done and his form ensconced upon its billowy surface, in time sleep came to Bayard. Then did one of his fellow campers quietly unscrew the stopper of the mattress! Gradually the air escaped and the sleeper awoke to find himself reposing on the hard, hard ground—acquiring "bed sores." Of course, he had to arise in the stilly night and "pump up" the collapsed mattress once more, much to the delight of his fellow campers and rage of B. S. That was a jolly party, the remembrance of which brings many pleasant images to the writer, but none more grotesque or amusing

than the appearance of Bayard Smith when thus rudely awakened at 3 A. M.

During that feverish period quick action was necessary if a man wanted to buy anything. The "ground floor" or "first story" was in quick demand, and there were always buyers. A certain druggist was one evening interrupted when busily engaged in preparing a prescription by "Johnny" Mills, who rushed into the pharmacy and thrust a map under the druggist's nose, exclaiming, "Say, I'm going to put this tract on the market at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning and I want to sell you the first lot now!" The druggist, being in some hurry, said "No," and declined to look at the map; but John would not be put off, and began to expatiate upon the fine location, etc. His persistence finally got the attention of the druggist. "Say," said John, "I've got to get that car." (The car stood on the corner, the conductor jingling the bell.) "Well, show me the best," said the victim, "and tell me the price." "This," said Mills, "is the best, the price is \$750. Hurry up!" "I'll take it," said the druggist, "and here's ten dollars to clinch it"—reaching in his pocket with one hand while busily engaged pounding the mortar with the other. "Come in tomorrow and get the balance of first payment." Mills just marked "Sold" on the chosen lot on the map, and rushed for his car. The transaction did not take over five minutes, but the lot was resold in three days at an advance of \$250—and Mills was the agent who sold it!

John McDonald handled much property. On one occasion he placed a tract upon the market, previously advertising the sale to begin upon a certain day. The demand was so overwhelming that many customers could not be shown the property and sales concluded within the ordinary business hours. What did John do? Just organized a moonlight sale, taking two loads of expectant customers to the tract one bright moonlight night! It took several hours for him and his two assistants to take in the deposits and make out the receipts for the same by the lantern's aid, while the lady in the moon smiled! Thus these mad speculators indulged the reigning passion.

Many "boomers" pass before the mind's eye, as I recall those stirring days. I have spoken of Smith, of Herrmann, of Webster. There was Clarence Martin, whose judgment was considered of the soundest, yet who died practically

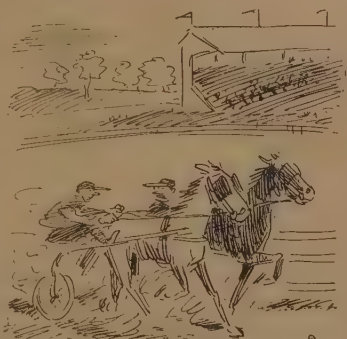
"broke." Clarence had a pleasant smile and a heart full of sentiment and kindness, which placed him among the popular ones. He had a weakness for a speedy horse and indulged it moderately. That is, he bought Post Boy, an equine of some fame as a trotter, and took great pride in inviting a friend out to the "pike" to show his paces. "Joe" Outhwaite was a friend of Clarence's who also indulged in swift steeds, and who had stables at his Rosemeade Ranch. Upon occasion, over a hot bird, etc., banters were made as to the best horse, a bet resulted and a day set for the contest, many friends of both parties being present, with money to place. George Greeley was the driver of Post Boy. The horses were off, Martin confident, Outhwaite smiling self-approval.

It was a farce, a sell. Poor Post Boy had not a chance and was absurdly distanced. Outhwaite had put up a job on his friend and "rung in" a rank professional, which he borrowed from a sporting friend and had "put it across" his friend. But it was considered a practical joke.

This race took place on a track built on lands of M. D. Painter at North Pasadena by the Pickwick Club which was used for several years for outdoor sports of all kinds, but it was never a success financially and in time was abandoned.

Jack Defriez must not be overlooked, as he was one of the high wire performers in boom days. He, too, fancied the equine gratification and possessed a little gray mare—bought of Jerry Beebe. When Jack put on his best clothes and got behind the little pacer nothing looked more splendid, nothing else was seen on that block.

Here are a couple of stories he tells on himself—just to show the festal antics of the fickle jade, fortune. He once had a deal for a large sale practically closed, all preliminaries were agreed upon, and it was to be signed up on a certain day. On that day, bright and punctual, came Jack to the man's house, and with much confidence besought admittance. Presently the door opened, a weeping woman appeared, and upon inquiry, Jack was informed that Mr. A. had fallen dead the night before! As this was at the fag end of



Post Boy and Firefly

the boom, it was tough luck for Jack, as he failed to get another offer on that property. Here is another. He bought ten acres of land at Lordsburg, thinking to get the benefit of a little boomlet there. Well, he failed to unload in time, and kept the land for many, many years. One day he decided to view his property and went out for the purpose. He did not view it very closely because a bull that had been tethered on it by a too friendly neighbor, just naturally objected, and drove him off his own land! A friend of mine who owned a home on Colorado Street was routed out of his sleep about 12 o'clock one night by a man who wanted to buy his home. My friend had not considered selling, and but half awake, at first refused, but as the price being finally raised, first \$1,000, then \$2,000, he let it go, and signed up, half awake and half dressed. A stranger came to town and took a room at the Carlton Hotel. He was prosperous looking, seemed to have money, and might be a buyer; so thought a certain agent. The stranger retired, but was awakened very early by a noise outside his door, which noise was now and then repeated. Finally, getting up, he opened his door and found Mr. Agent patiently waiting for him with an invitation to "drive around town" in the morning! He was bound to be first on the job.

Monrovia, Claremont and other "cities" sprang from the crucible of the boom and survived it. Some places were less fortunate. Who remembers Huntington? Yet that was a new "town," near Sierra Madre, started by Pasadena boomers who looked about for more booms to conquer. It reverted to the vineyard it had been. Lordsburg, also, was a Pasadena dream, its hotel built by Pasadena capital and its hundreds of lots fitting reminders of a mental aberration. Lordsburg, later, did put on a second ambition and delivered itself to the Dunkards, becoming a quiet, somnolent village, now part of La Verne. Some of these boom places are the graveyards of hopes and tragedies of dreamers, and across their deserted streets the summer breezes play requiems of sweet forgetfulness. But some dreamers fain would forget—and can't.

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES

The magnitude of the boom dealings, at its climax in 1887, were tremendous when everything is considered. Records show that actual sales of property in that year exceeded \$12,000,000. But as a fact they were more than twice that

amount, as in many transactions only a nominal consideration was named in the deed or recorded contract; also, property changed hands and contracts were assigned from one to another several times before having been placed on the county records. A \$10,000 transaction might figure at the nominal consideration of \$1 or \$10—a customary practice. It is therefore difficult to closely estimate the total value of real estate sales in that period, but it is safe to say that it could not have been less than \$25,000,000 in the climax year of the boom—1887, within the city limits of Pasadena and immediate vicinity. A most astounding sum indeed, when it is known that in 1885 the *total assessed value* of all land within the then city precincts, was only \$1,000,000! In three years, from 1885 to 1888, the increase in *assessed* value was from \$1,000,000 to \$8,668,000.

During this same year of 1887 the bank deposits had increased from \$583,000 to \$1,445,000, with a reported total business of \$50,000,000.

AND BUILDING WENT ON APACE

Speculators might come and speculators might go—and they did—but the pioneer, at least, never lost his original affection for his adopted home. He might sell his place of abode, he might part with his acres, but that did not cause him to move elsewhere; instead, he bought again—perhaps farther out—and established new attachments. For the alluring sunshine and the ties he had formed held him with increasing hold.

It might have been a happy circumstance could the builders of new homes have had their minds directed into more esthetic channels when selecting their house plans in those days. Then, happily, would fewer architectural atrocities have been inflicted upon us and less in evidence would have been the “gingerbread” excrescences that prevailed in the “hurry” days.

The untrained one—reaching suddenly an altitudinous position in fortune’s miracles—could not be expected to carry with him in his sudden flight the rules and principles of artistic culture. The bungalows and the so-called “Spanish Californian” house, the ghostly white plastered “Italian villa,” or the “Colonial Renaissance” were alike unknown to that early period. But nevertheless there were many mansions

in goodly taste and beyond censure. Fortunately for the non-descript, the clambering vine soon smothered some of their incongruities, and the discordant indignities to good taste were hidden in the luxurious splendors of the flowering garlands that festooned doorways and concealed homely gables.

The humblest cabin or "shack" had its setting of roses, honeysuckles, morning glory or other friendly vine to make it inviting. Nature labored while men pursued the road of financial adventures; and when the chase ended, disastrously or not, man could at least find surcease in the perfumed bowers and dream of the faded golden quest and its enticements.

With the spread of the subdivision fever new streets and avenues were laid out in the new "additions" or tracts—not always according to Hoyle—until the city fathers began to regulate these things and make them conform to reasonable requirements. When the Lake Vineyard Tract was laid out Wilson Avenue was the eastern boundary of the Colony.

Los Robles, El Molino and Lake avenues were not opened up until about 1886. Euclid Avenue was opened in 1886—as was Raymond Avenue. In this year also Kansas Street (later Green Street) was opened from Fair Oaks to Marengo, it having prior to that stopped at Fair Oaks. Vineyard, Grant and Center were opened in 1886, or extensions made to them.

It was in the latter year that Fair Oaks Avenue was extended from its junction with Chestnut Street northward and the old part widened. Thereafter that portion of the old street from the junction northward became known as Lincoln Avenue. North of Colorado Street only Villa, Mountain and Washington streets existed up to that year; also Mountain Avenue was laid out in the original Orange Grove Association Tract and its extension eastward, from its junction with Orange Grove Avenue to Fair Oaks Avenue, was called North Orange Grove Avenue. From Fair Oaks eastward it was known as Illinois Street and thus it remained until changed to East Orange Grove Avenue.

Even as early as 1889 a movement was afoot to build a boulevard between Pasadena and Los Angeles. It was to be 100 feet wide. Dr. Orville H. Conger was one of the enthusiastic workers for this project. But although the proposition was revived from time to time, nothing came of it. No streets were paved until 1888, when Colorado Street was paved

between Fair Oaks and Raymond with a fine example of rock base and asphaltum surface road, which has "stood up" better than any other thoroughfare in the city, despite the traffic. Prior to that—in winter—it was an offensive "mucky way." In 1886-87-88 much building was indulged in. Aside of the many homes, business blocks of all kinds were put up, frame structures not then being prohibited.

During the three years of the boom almost the entire block on Colorado Street between Fair Oaks and Raymond avenues was solidly built up, a few vacant lots only remaining by the end of 1888. Beyond Fair Oaks—on the west—there were also some buildings, the "Arcade" Block of James Smith and the building of Henry G. Bennett were of brick, while on the opposite side in this block were some frame store buildings. East of Raymond no substantial buildings were built prior to 1887, when A. Brockway built on the corner of Marengo, and a little later another building just next to the Southern Pacific Depot. Edward S. Frost also built another block opposite this in 1887. It was in 1888 that the original electric lighting plant was established. This was called the Pasadena Electric Light and Power Company. A house and street lighting system was introduced. The first contract for street lighting was made in 1894, when sixty-eight arc lights were placed.

The Pasadena Gas and Electric Light Company was one of the business organizations of 1886. No system of street lighting had been instituted and there was a pressing demand for it. (Street sprinkling, too, had been begun in that year—for the business streets only.) The gas and light company referred to never actually furnished either light or gas, but was the predecessor of the Lowe Gas Company, it having been sold to Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, the inventor of many things in connection with gas manufacturing, and the inventor of the first process for making gas from kerosene.

It was becoming apparent, by the spring of 1888, to the more sober minded, that the speculative fever had reached a dangerous stage, that there must be a reaction. Others would not concede this and continued in their optimistic way. But insidiously and mysteriously there had come a feeling that caused the more cautious to hold back and to beware of further tempting fate.

CHAPTER XXIII

“BUSTED!”

THIS CHAPTER RECITES HOW SOME MEN WHO BELIEVED THEMSELVES TO BE ALMOST MILLIONAIRES, WERE SUDDENLY DISILLUSIONED, AND FOUND THE CASTLE IN THE AIR THEY HAD BEEN BUILDING CRUMBLING ABOUT THEIR EARS. IT'S A WISE MAN WHO KNOWS WHEN HE HAS ENOUGH.



TWO tumultuous years had passed, years of strange and rapid transformation. A city—almost—had grown from a “sheep pasture”; many people, lately following simple methods of life, had gone money mad, and were imitating those who were always used to the silver spoon. They lived in fine houses, they adorned themselves with fine raiment, and they talked in figures portentous. With the obscuration of a saving prophetic vision, they planned for today and counted their gains of tomorrow. The Spring of '88 came like a soft flutter of wings; the copious rainfall had brought forth lush alfalaria and wild grasses and covered the shelving mesas and rounding hills with a sweet green mantle. On the slopes of Altadena the burnished copper and gold of the poppy splashed the land with gorgeous color. Mountain streams filled the canyons and flowed merrily down to the orange groves and peach orchards in the Valley below, singing melodious chansons as they wended their ways to the welcoming sea.

But to all this loveliness the boomer turned an unheeding ear; for his soul had been coarsened by attrition with mere money gathering, and he cared not for poetic inspirations such as these!

Wait, said he, let me first acquire the needed gold; let me lay by sufficient wherewith I may enjoy the beautiful things; then I will buy me fine pictures, fine tapestries, works of art, and a proper receptacle to enshrine them in. And some of them really meant this; really, at heart, yearned for the

lovely, the refined, the esthetic things, but could not—yet—they thought, spare the time for them.

There were still gudgeons to buy, and there was yet something to sell them. They came, perhaps less plentifully. The fame of the boom had gone abroad in the land. It had reached into the remote corners of old Iowa, of Indiana, of Michigan. The Iowa granger, the Illinois banker, alike came to see—and be conquered! The hotels were filled with tourists the winter of '87-'88, and many of these joined the seductive game of speculation—"just for a flyer." The big hotels with their culinary and social attractions offering gustatory invitations and genuine comforts, drew across the continent many men, astute in the field of speculation who were taking a "day off." They might here find surcease from Wall Street or State Street deliriums, while the frigid months raged in their Eastern stamping grounds. But they grew restless away from old haunts and habits, and panted for some little game to while away the resting hours. They found it in the Southern California boom, and thus "took a hand" to keep in practice.

So, once in a while, a real heavy weight was landed by the erstwhile bucolic citizen,—and was roped and tied, ere he was aware of what the game meant. Occasionally, a cautious man would stop to think. Then he would say,—“When will this reach the top?” Some of them were wise enough to take their own advice and quietly withdraw from the hazardous game. Others thought they would watch carefully for the limit to be reached—then “get from under.”

There were really some wise people, some very cautious ones, remaining, in 1888, and these whispered caution, and began to practice it. They discovered there were others, too, who had become convinced that things like these could not last. Then, it somehow, seemed as if many of them decided to sell—and found it a hard thing to realize! They then went about trying to brace up the weakening brothers.

“Why,” said they, “this thing is just beginning; this is going to be a great city; look at its beauties, notice the sunshine, the incomparable salubrity of the climate; it cannot be stopped.” And they pursued their cheery ways spreading optimism as they went—but also trying, slyly, to unload their holdings. If one of them had been a “heavy weight”

in his operations, he chirked up the little fellows; for he was still an oracle whose word was worth something. It is always thus. And so the summer of that year of 1888 was approaching, and buying and selling was yet the order of the day. The fields of golden barley and wheat, the seas of alfalfa, were dappled by the south winds and bathed in the glories of the sunshine. The west winds sang their melodies in the canyons. The quail called in liquid music to his mate in the arroyo; but no hunter pressed foot upon his refuge, or disturbed his family affairs; for the hunter was still busy with facile tongue and subdivision maps, endeavoring to garner a higher game.

"Just today," sang he, "the price is ten thousand, tomorrow it will be more, next month it will be more still, buy now!" "But," says the prospective buyer, "McDonald offered me a better lot for ten thousand." "Now, that shows how little you know about it," responded the dealer, in hurt accents. "This is a much better lot than any Mac has for the price; why, I'd buy it myself if I wasn't loaded to the neck." "Well, why doesn't the owner keep it if it's going up so fast?" says the doubting one. "Shucks, why he's loaded too, and just wants to sell something to go into a big deal"—confidentially.

If a cautious man would say, "Your town is growing too fast, this must have a let up," the response would be,— "Naw, it's just a natural growth. With our climate, our soil, our—." By this time the other fellow might be headed down the street, much to the disgust of the dealer, though his merry optimism was not gone by any means, and off he went in quest of some other "prospect." Yes, everybody seemed to agree that it was "just a natural growth," that is, they said so to each other; but sometimes, in the quiet, and away from the crowd, uneasiness might assert itself. Why, there were enough towns and enough lots staked out in the San Gabriel Valley to make homes for a million people!

One fine morning a prominent speculator and aggressive boomer, arose from his downy couch—for he had acquired uxorious habits with his quickly accumulated resources. He had lain awake the preceding night, pondering upon affairs. He had taken mental stock of his finances, his many interests. The result of his overnight contemplation was, that it was

about time to cash in, to let go of, at least some, of his holdings, and retire from the frenzied field. Anyhow, he was no hog! Why not let the other fellow get a chance? There was a nice little place in the foothills he had had his eye on for some time. This he would buy, build him a villa, and put in the rest of his days just spending money! This sounded like pretty good sense to him now, and he ate a hearty breakfast, made a business of kissing his wife adios, and with a jaunty air, started "down town." First, with his new purpose in his mind, he went to Lukens' office, and to Lukens himself disclosed the idea. "Lukens," he said, "I want you to sell about a dozen lots in that 'Dry Wash' tract of mine, and also some of the 'Cobble Stone addition' lots." He said this as if it were already settled, and his airy way did not mean a thing except that no anxiety crossed his soul. "By the way," he added, "if you will sell these this week, I'll take off five per cent, just for cash buyers, though. Good day, Lukens, I'll call around in a day or two," and he departed, humming a gay tune. Lukens looked after him as he went his way and muttered, "the third this morning, what's the matter with them?" Out upon the street went the speculator, noting the busy throng and saluting friends as he proceeded. Clarence Martin drove by with Post Boy, his beloved trotter; Jack Defriez came along with his gray mare, glittering and gay in its gold mounted harness and side bar buggy. He said "good day" to Judge Magee, who looked like a clergyman in his long tailed coat, and he gave a cigar to Ben O'Neill, with a hearty salutation conjoined.

Then he went to B. O. Kendall's office and said to B. O.—"B. O., I think I will consider \$10,000 cash—cash, mind—for that lot on Colorado Street near Raymond; you know it? I want to go into a big deal and I think I will sell it." "Very good, Mr. A., but would you shave the price a little if I can't get *your* price?" "Not a dollar, not a dollar, Kendall, why that lot will be worth twice as much in a year or so, but I've something big—big—I say, and need a little more cash." Out he went. Kendall turned to his partner and said,—"Say, do you think A. is really going into another deal, or is that a bluff?" "Dunno," said the other, "but I heard he was offering 'Dry Wash' lots at five off, wonder why?"

In a couple of days thereafter, our friend went back to

Lukens' office, "Well, Lukens, how about those lots, sell them yet?" "Why no," said Lukens, "I tried, but couldn't get a bid. Did show them to a party but he said they were too high." "Huh," was the rejoinder, "guess not; that price goes."

Again, next day, he dropped into Kendall's office. "Well, B. O., how about that Colorado Street lot, find a customer?" "No," said Kendall, "showed it to two or three, but all said they were loaded." "Why," was the response, "funny you couldn't sell that choice lot, finest in the block, too." For a week it was the same story. In fact, he met several boomers who tried to sell *him* something. He met Ed Webster, who was ready to buy anything that looked good, if he could "make the raise." He took Ed by the lapel and led him into a doorway: "Say, Ed," looking him in the eye, "you're just the man I'm looking for, you know that lot of mine on Colorado Street?"—"Hold on," said friend Webster, "*you're* just the man *I'm* looking for, got the finest little proposition you ever saw, this is called the 'Arroyo Breeze Villa' tract, and knocks 'em all; see this map"—unrolling map—"see this, here's the stuff, let you in on ground floor, half interest, in at cost, not much cash wanted—" Thus discoursed Webster, eagerly, persuasively, and talking so fast that friend A. could not find an opening for some time. Each tried to sell to the other but finally gave it up and parted with mutual disappointment.

It was the same at Wotkins Bros'. office, at Carter's, and at numerous other leading dealers, during the course of the week. "Say," said Walter Wotkins, "what's the matter with you fellows, all seem to be trying to sell out." In fact, A. had already discovered that he was doing what almost everyone else was now trying to do, for as he proceeded along his way he was met on nearly every corner by someone, who, knowing of his past activities, endeavored to sell him something. It was disappointing, it was more, it was getting to be alarming! Some mysterious thing had suddenly happened. Everybody wanted to sell, and nobody wanted to buy! There were some who still retained confidence—or assumed it, at least. They said,—“Oh, this is nothing, only a temporary let up.” But it was noticed that these very men haunted the real estate offices and made many anxious

inquiries as to the market. A spectacular dealer went to a bank. To the president he said, "I want five thousand dollars for thirty days." He had been a regular borrower, a punctual interest payer, and, usually, met his obligations promptly; in fact, a "good customer." The banker looked a little anxious this time, a little hesitancy seized him as he noted the request. "Well, ah, now what do you intend to use it for?" said he. The borrower looked in surprise at the banker who had heretofore accommodated him promptly, "why, I just want to—er—to make a payment on the Arcadian tract which comes due tomorrow; anyhow, Mr. Banker, isn't my credit good?" "Of course it's good," was the answer, "but, you see, we're not loaning any more for speculation—in fact, we think things are getting a leetle too high." "But," replied the borrower, "this is no speculation, it's a bargain, and there's good money in it." But he failed to get the money, and he left the bank wrothy, but reflective, went to another bank with the same result, although he offered to open "a little account" there. And it was but five thousand dollars he wanted! To the third bank he went—there were just three—and after preliminary pleasantries said, "Say, Mr. Banker, I want to borrow five thousand for thirty days, at ten per cent, how about it?"

The banker smiled ingratiatingly, but shook his head dubiously: "Well now, that's too bad," said he, "we're sort of going a little conservatively just now. What, now, did you intend using it for?" "Say," said the borrower, getting irascible, what's the matter with you fellows anyhow? Gee whiz, isn't my note good anymore?"

Gently the banker soothed him, and explained, but would not make the loan. Dazed and worried, the speculator went out into the street. He met a friend. "Say, wha'd you know, I tried to get a little accommodation at the banks this morning and couldn't." "Now wouldn't that sting you?" was the response, "I tried the same thing yesterday, and was turned down, cold, told me we were speculatin' too much; huh, isn't it our money?"

Then Mr. Speedyman came along. "Say, Speed, I'll let you in on a darned good thing this A. M. Just decided to sell a block of lots in Sub A of Paradise Addition, need a little cash, so thought I'd sell rather than borrow from bank,

what say?" "Nothing doing," responded Speedyman, "I'm just hunting a customer for a few lots myself, say, what'll you give me for them ten lots in Block C—Painter and Ball Tract? You see the wife's not feelin' very fine, and I thought a trip to Europe about the right thing for her." Each looked into the other's eyes, and read therein the bluff that both were making.

But on these days the streets were no less animated. There were as many pedestrians, and they seemed jolly enough—or tried to be—but in the real estate offices sober faces were to be met, and men pondered. A lot on Colorado Street was offered at auction. It had been held firmly at four hundred dollars per foot. The best bid at the auction was three hundred dollars, and no competition! There was no sale, but those present left the spot wondering. Someone said that Ed Webster was trying to find a friend who would endorse a note for him. There was no *rush* for shelter, but some men disappeared, temporarily!

AND THE WORST WAS YET TO COME!

It began, at last, to dawn upon some minds that the boom was over; that the end had come! And it had come with startling unexpectedness. No warning had been given in advance to save the shoestring speculator, and he found his house of cards tumbling. The boom jag was over, and all over Southern California, within a brief time, some malvolent influence had been quietly upsetting the structure of two years' building. The paper fortunes, and some more substantial, had collapsed with amazing celerity, and the dazed and sickened boomers' dream was over!

After a time—during which the boomer took stock, and tried ineffectually to persuade himself that this was but a temporary set back—he finally realized that he held a long line of liabilities and a short crop of *real* assets. **LIABILITIES!** That was the crushing word that faced him and brought terror to his heart. He might, per contra, figure, so many lots, worth so much apiece, and find a perfectly attractive balance. But the worry was that he could not sell the lots!

It was some consolation to find everyone in the same boat—so selfish we are. Some, more courageous than the rest,

tried to instill their courage into the affrighted. "Wait," said these, "wait until the tourist comes again, wait until next winter, then we'll be able to unload. Haven't we got the same land; the same mountains are there, the same sunshine, the same climate? Then think of our resources, think of the marvelous grain fields, the orange trees. Why this, sir, is the garden spot of the world, and the people *must* come, *must*, I say."

But it was no use. Eulogies did not bring cash, and the banks held certain notes which must be met. I must say, however, that the banks behaved handsomely and saved many bankruptcies and heartbreaks, by their forbearance and time extensions. Then there was a generous mutual regard that prevented the pressing of obligations between the buyers and creditors themselves.

True, most everyone owed someone else, hence self-protection demanded forbearance. Strange to say, there was even good humor prevailing—after the first shock was over. "It was better to have loved and lost, rather than not to have loved at all," said one. So it was better to have been rich and lost, than never to have been rich at all. Perhaps; that depends upon the philosopher who went through the boom and experienced its finishing embarrassments.

There was no panic. Few published bankruptcies—just readjustments! Often contracts were destroyed or returned to the makers, property redeemed to the seller—and that was all. It was the finish for somebody.

The Board of Trade called a meeting and endeavored to assist in adjusting things. The common terms of purchase had been a payment of one third cash, one third in 6 months, and one third in one year. This meeting proposed that where the first payment only of one third, had been made, the lot should be surrendered and accepted by the seller, and all papers cancelled. Where two thirds had been paid, the seller should release the buyer from further obligation. Of course no Board of Trade could require such an agreement to be carried out, but out of a desire to see general readjustments and resumption of business, many did accept this plan and conformed to it.

Very often the balance due was more than the property was worth, so great was the shrinkage, and the person who

had contracted to buy, was glad to lose his payments to be relieved of further obligation. Of course many were not thus released, for there were some who had resources enough to make them responsible and who preferred to keep their obligations at whatever loss. There were pathetic cases, and there were, almost, tragic ones. One young man who had rated himself at six figures and more, later peddled peanuts and cigars on the local train. It seemed as if he jested with unkind fate, or defied it, but he was game. Another who deemed himself secure from the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," later drove a mule that drew the bob-tailed street car through the streets. "I wanted," said he, "to keep in mind what sort of a darned fool I had been."

Still another—who had once prided himself on his good appearance and his lavish habiliments, fine horses, and stag entertainments—a few years later was in the habit of "holding up" old time acquaintances for two bits or so, when he came across them in a neighboring city. Many instances of the melancholy results of the "busted bubble" could be mentioned. It would avail nothing. Many there were who met their disasters cheerfully and courageously.

A month or so made a difference in the old town. A deadly quiet filled the once noisy real estate offices, and the once smiling countenances took to cover—for a time. There was a scramble for adjustment, and an emigration of boomers. The city of twelve thousand or more, became—within a year—a town of five thousand less, and in two years, less than five thousand, all told. Colorado Street—that famed highway to fortune—was *almost* a country road; and grass literally grew in streets where pedestrians once meandered in busy pursuits. Outside subdivisions were neglected and overrun with weeds. Neglected groves became infested with predacious pests and some died of them—melancholy reminders of fortune's freaks. The blooming roses struggled over vacant cottage yards and lifted pathetic tendrils in unheeded appeal, for there were many deserted homes.

This is no exaggeration, but a fact of vivid memory. Of course, the business men suffered. Stores with once gay fronts became vacant, and "to let" was a sign noticeable for its frequency. It was a lucky one who could pay his rent—now reduced, perforce, and maintain his business. Some could not. Some did—somehow.

And destiny chained some; they could not get away. Some would not be driven away by a little thing like a "busted boom" and hung on, still singing, if lugubriously, pæans to the town, to the climate, and to the beautiful sunshine. They said,—“We have these, we'll struggle along and wait until fortune once again knocks at the door, as it must.” So the optimist, the believer in the future, stood staunchly by the wreck and got what salvage he could. Thus fortune came to some who pledged their faith and waited for the “come back.” Lucky ones, indeed!

The banks also were hard pressed to meet demands, and maintain a cheerful aspect without pressing their borrowers, but the banker had lost his smile! The deposits shrunk three-fourths by the year 1889. If a man were “in a corner” his credit was, perhaps, extended and he was cheered thereby; sometimes, too, he was even “staked” to a new venture in business. But all in all, the banks charged off a good many thousands in the following years that was considered “good paper” once. There were possibly as many as fourteen thousand lots within the city limits, that had been sold and resold in the space of two years. To the “dry lands” on the east, water had been piped to supply a pressing demand, although the right to do it had been questioned. Much of this land had also been subdivided into residence lots.

During the boom, the two or three blocks on Colorado Street constituting the chief business center, had been well built up. Also had Fair Oaks, north and south, from Union Street to Green or lower. J. H. Baker had built the Acme Hotel on South Fair Oaks Avenue. Alex. F. Mills had put up a substantial block down there in 1886. C. M. Skillen who had bought fifteen acres on the corner of Colorado and Los Robles in 1880 was one of the believers who could not be scared off, and today, reaps the reward from his dozen fine stores on that corner. Frost, Brockway, Lockwood, Kendall, McDonald, Ball—these also stayed “by the works” and reaped their reward in ducats. It is pleasant to note the wise ones. In the country places where the boom had had its grip, there was the same devastation of ranches. Ranches that had been subdivided into town lots, showed tragic signs of abandonment and neglect. Orange groves were dying for

need of irrigation and alfalfa fields were sere and brown. Erstwhile financial stand-bys sought other channels for their talents; some wandered to the country and sought to wrest wealth from neglected soils and bring fresh harvests from new furrows. The old plow was retrieved from the back of the barn and its share resharpened. So there was some balm in Gilead.

Corner stakes were pulled and in their places trees were set out; and a new dispensation began where neglected groves were cleared of predacious insects and again brought back to life. Thus in time, the country fields became green and the orchards once again responded to caring hands.

So also in town and village, new channels of labor developed and ex-capitalists sought modest means of subsistence. A well known speculator who was also a preacher of the gospel betimes, was found engaged in carpenter work, another of the cloth donned overalls and was soon employed with paint pot and brush—house painting—and did the job very well at that. They had to do it for they were "broke."

"Tell us," quoth one, "what became of the pioneer, whom you seem to have overlooked in the struggle?" Hah, 'tis well to remind us. The pioneer had sat in his bower, considering his orange trees as they grew. He listened, in the afternoons, as the sun dropped behind the foothills on the west, to the piping quail seeking its harborage for the night, down in the arroyo; and, for a time, heeded not the turmoil of the speculator and the machinations of the boomer in the land. Perhaps he resented the invasions of these disturbers of his peace and the tranquil dreams that embraced his future. For, was it not for this very peace and security he had come? But from the contagion of speculation there was no immunity and in time, this pioneer found his premises invaded, offers higher and higher came to him until, forsooth, he must listen, and sell at last!

Some, after realizing handsomely, wisely felt they had sufficient to insure in comfort their declining days. Some were awake to the prospects before them and plunged with the rest. Altogether, the pioneer mostly did very well, and watched the play in safety until it was over, then again sought the repose of his veranda and pondered on the conditions that prevailed and wondered at the lust that money had wrought!

The Board of Trade was a body whose Directors were expected to lead everyone from the wilderness of disappointment and despair.

It did try to persuade people that they must be sensible now, and that they must turn their attention to potential things. The Real Estate Exchange gave up the ghost, for there was little for it to do. Founded in 1887, "to stimulate greater activity in real estate, and maintain the principles of honesty in dealings"; also "to protect inexperienced purchasers." That is what its by-laws expressed! It had two hundred members at one time, and when a sale was made it must be reported at once to the office, so that duplicate sales would not collide, for, sometimes, a piece of property was sold by two different agents on the same day, or hour, and it was he who got to the telephone first that captured the commission. So, the Directors of the Real Estate Board set about trying to instill confidence into the community just as did the Board of Trade. These things heartened up the citizens, somewhat. Interest rates had been twelve per cent. Capital was drawn in from Eastern sources on this account, and it was not long before the rate fell to seven or eight, finally to six. Those who found themselves hopelessly insolvent, finally liquidated their affairs, or surrendered to their creditors quietly, and sought new occupations; some departed to other fields of usefulness.

The streets ceased to buzz with speculators and their willing victims, and those who were compelled to remain faced the formidable problem of looking cheerful while reading the red ink entry in bank accounts. After that the calendar was revised and events dated "before, or after, the boom," in the common vernacular, for years afterwards.



BACK TO THE SOIL.
Wearing Out His Old Clothes

CHAPTER XXIV

RENAISSANCE

DEMONSTRATING THAT THINGS WERE NEVER AS BAD AS THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN AND THAT GOOD MEN CANNOT BE PERMANENTLY DOWNED.



THE corpse of the boom having been decently interred, the funeral largely attended, and the funeral meats duly eaten, it came to pass that the mourners turned their faces towards the mountains and valleys; saying to each other—"Lo these gifts were given to us for our use and for our protection, and we have shamelessly ignored them in our madness. Now therefore, let us forget the past, and turn our eyes forward with newer and better resolves."

Thus was good cheer encouraged and new hopes engendered. There is inspiration in the smile of a man who has met misfortunes and can smile back. The town began to come out of the doldrums of 1888 and after. This was evidenced by a flickering demand for dormant property, which encouraged the patient real estate men and owners. Sales were reported, now and then, new people were coming in with cash, and the banks showed better balances.

These new comers seemed to realize that opportunities were waiting for them, better than did the fellow living here. Perhaps the latter was timid and had not recovered his confidence yet, for the shock had been rather dazing. Bargains were going to strangers. New homes of a better character were being built. The tide of tourist travel continued to grow. Of course it was gradual, but it was uninterrupted. No excitement, no noise over a sale, only satisfaction all around with happy auguries for the future. The City Trustees began to plan new street work, new improvements of every kind that had been halted. A new schoolhouse was projected and built—now and then—to keep pace with slowly increasing demands, for in this particular, the sudden increase in school children between '86 and '88, could not be

kept pace with. Man, being less busy seeking the Pactolean stream, found time to trim the neglected orchards and do a little cleaning up and the face of the country was better worth observing.

For one thing, the hedgerows were still green; the pepper trees waved their drooping plumes across the new concrete sidewalks, having thrived, regardless of simple man who had forgotten them for the while; and under their trailing arcades passed men and women whose eyes began to see things differently. By agreement among real estate agents, lots were cleared of their conspicuous "For Sale" signs, for they were unkind reminders, and provoked criticism. One mark of the new dawn was the widening of Colorado Street, to one hundred feet, east of the Santa Fe track. Clark and Heydenreich had started a packing plant to take care of the neglected oranges and lemons, and made some success of it. Other small industries were begun.

Railroads were being planned to connect Los Angeles with Pasadena, and Captain John Cross did actually accomplish such a road in 1890. The sewage system was planned and a contract made with a so-called Pacific Sewage Company of Colorado.

A toll road to Mt. Wilson was projected. Judge Eaton, C. S. Martin, George Greeley, and J. A. Buchanan made a trip up the mountain side to lay out a route, and this was the actual inception of the Mt. Wilson trail. The "City Planning" Association, of today, has reason for pride in its accomplishments, but it was not the original article. An Association called "The Pasadena Gardening Company" was perfected in 1891 with C. T. Hopkins, J. G. Rossiter, C. H. Richardson, Lyman Allen, J. W. Polley, first promoters; and later, incorporated with P. M. Green, A. G. Throop, W. T. Clapp, M. E. Wood, W. U. Masters, J. A. Buchanan, C. H. Richardson and J. B. Corson, as Directors. Its stated object was "the care and cultivation of lots, orchards, and tracts of land, planting and care of street trees, weeds, vines, etc." Its purpose was also to "*beautify the City of Pasadena and vicinity*"—a pretty large contract.

So, even in that far distant time, the civic life appealed, and the "City Beautiful" idea was incubated. I am afraid, however, that not very much actual progress was made, the

plan outlined not being practical because not backed by laws to enforce its purpose, as is the case now.

The reader will at least give credit to those promoters of the "City Beautiful" idea and their designs against the weedy lot and empty bean can.

Showing that some efforts were attempted to move forward, let us quote from the *Pasadena Star* of July 24th, 1889, which, urging further efforts, said,—“Many movements are afoot in the way of public improvements, let us note some accomplishments for the past year.

I. Building the initial sewer system which cost \$150,000.

II. Purchase of Fire Apparatus costing \$15,000.

III. Completion of track laying for San Gabriel Valley Rapid Transit road to Los Angeles.

IV. Extension of Altadena R. R. to Los Angeles. (Salt Lake System.)

V. Extension of water system upon hitherto 'dry' lands and doubling the supply by development, new well, etc.

VI. Erection of many new residences and store buildings.

VII. New street work, better sprinkling arrangements, and general cleaning up of neglected property.”

So it would seem that despite the "late disturbance" the town was altogether in desperate straits. The Board of Trade Directors, then as now, met now and decided that "something should be done" to promote progress, etc. Due attention must be given to the fact that the "Colony" had outgrown its swaddling clothes, and had become a regularly incorporated "City" of the sixth class, which, under California laws, meant that it was managed by a Board of Trustees, with a Chairman whose duties corresponded with those of Mayor and City Council under a more expanded system.

One of the things that counted after the boom wreck had been cleared away, was the efforts made to improve the street by cleaning up, sprinkling them and in cases, paving them. Scarcity of water, at times, scarcity of money, always, retarded street sprinkling and the dust was frequently intolerable. The wide awake real estate agent realized the drawbacks in these conditions and urged their correction.

I remember particularly the endeavors in the direction made by such agents as C. V. Sturdevant in the Los Robles, Galena and other streets in the northeast section. Sturdevant labored for two or three years to bring about better street conditions and saw them completed at last.

Clifton Platt was another just as heartily interested, and also labored to this end, so it is a pleasure to here recognize their efforts.



CHAPTER XXV.

INCORPORATION

AMBITION GREW APACE AND MANY MEN BELIEVED THAT THERE SHOULD BE A LOCAL GOVERNMENT FORMED TO DEAL WITH NEW PROBLEMS AND WISHED TO PROCURE THE HABILIMENTS OF A CITY. THE CAUSES AND IDEAS THAT PROMOTED THIS AMBITION.



WE HAVE traveled ahead of many of the important factors in the development of the community, in order to complete an important chronicle, and will now retrace our steps a bit.

Men and women may live for a long time in amicable social partnership and not feel the need of laws or miss the absence of edicts. But a time comes when a civic ambition stirs them, and necessity forces them to organize into a formal and legal partnership.

It was thus with Pasadena. Although there were some who declared against any necessity of it, events arose that compelled it. Pasadena was within the township of San Gabriel and the jurisdiction of its police court. I believe Otheman Stevens, known as the popular and able dramatic critic and special writer on a Los Angeles newspaper, for a time, administered Justice in the little court of San Gabriel. Little was there for him to do in a Judicial capacity which gave him the more time to practice with his pen.

He also was "regular correspondent" for the *Pasadena Union* and was thus exalted in the ranks of literary endeavor! But, as I said, San Gabriel administered our court of Justice. Pasadena wanted its own. Pasadena had no official existence yet, and no officials, excepting its School Trustees and a Deputy Constable. This latter office had once been bestowed upon A. O. Bristol—against his consent—and which he at once declined to accept. Now, Bristol is a Sargeant of the "finest" and wears gold braid with an air.

I. N. Mundell was a civic official as far back as 1874, when he modestly bore the title of road overseer. Then, in 1879, P. G. Wooster assumed the dignity and "emoluments"

of deputy sheriff, which office he filled with satisfaction to everyone, except the malefactor, until 1885.

As Wooster is over six feet in length and not very wide of beam, when he bore down upon a recalcitrant violator of the peace and dignity of the state of California, that malefactor at once threw up his hands, well knowing there was no more chance in a contest of speed, than if he were pitted against a greyhound.

"Tom" Banbury succeeded Wooster. Tom, also, filled the requirements, but resigned in a year or so, and John R. Slater took on the duties of the position. These were the "peace" officers who sustained the dignity and good behavior of the Colony until incorporation adjusted things.

Some important events focused attention upon the necessity of incorporation and with it protection of Pasadena's interests. Principal of these, was the determined cry of the prohibitionist and its occasion. A saloon had been opened—right in the heart of business. The people were for temperance, sentiment alone having heretofore kept out the actual saloon, but it came at last, and flaunted itself in the faces of all. Another reason for incorporating was the increasing danger from insect pests which had attacked the orange groves and were quickly bringing destruction upon them, with no force of law to compel proper attention. So there were two mortal pests to conquer. Measures must be provided and provided soon. In January 1884, a meeting was called at Williams Hall to discuss incorporation, but on account of extremely stormy weather (it was the celebrated "wet" winter), but few were present and an adjournment was taken to February 12th. Again, a stormy night, yet a few braved the elements, and a preliminary organization was effected—the first actual steps toward incorporation. Dr. O. H. Conger was chairman of the meeting.* Matthew G. Emery, secretary, H. W. Magee—who had at the first gathering been requested to present the matter to citizens—reported that there was much difference of sentiment, chiefly because no coherent understanding of the project yet prevailed, or a definite idea of the functions, powers, and purposes of the new municipality, to be. Also the question of

* Dr. O. H. Conger must not be confused with Dr. E. L. Conger, the clergyman, who had not then arrived in Pasadena.

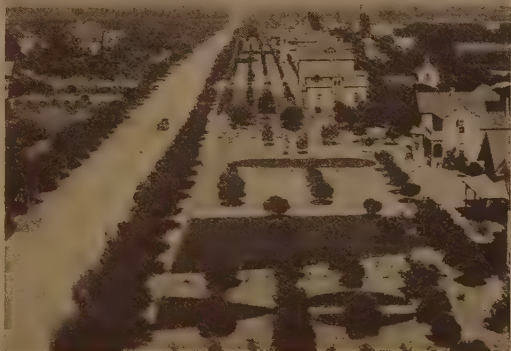
expense was an obstacle. Objections came chiefly from those holding outside lands. The outcome of this meeting was the appointment of the following as a committee to further the cause: Stephen Townsend, B. F. Ball, James Cambell, and Dr. Luman Allen, well known residents and radical prohibitionists, whose paramount motive was "anti-saloon." The issue was on, and freely discussed in the columns of the *Union*, the local weekly.

Residents of that portion of the Colony now embraced in South Pasadena, violently opposed the incorporation idea, held mass meetings denouncing it, and passed resolutions declaring "incorporation was not essential to the good of the community" * * * * or to "keep out the dram shop." On April 14th, 1884, another public meeting was held which was slimly attended. The *Union* suggested, editorially, "that unless more interest was taken in the proposition, it would be dropped." Reverend W. C. Mosher presided, with J. W. Wood as secretary. After discussion, another committee comprising Dr. O. H. Conger, James Cambell, and T. E. Martin were appointed with instructions "to prepare a petition and procure signatures in favor of incorporation, the same to be presented to the Board of Supervisors." More lagging; nothing, seemingly, was done to forward the project, and again interest died down. In fact, it seemed as if the main interest was centered on the liquor question, and because of this many would not have anything to do with it, for there was a wide chasm between people on the question even then, perhaps more intense than at any subsequent time. Not that a saloon was favored, but the indisposition to be restricted in their privileges was repugnant to many.

"Jerry" Beebe's saloon was the inciting factor, and as Jerry did not seem to be in a hurry to haul down his flag, the prohibition artillery was trained on his place, and it was this that, in the end, brought about incorporation.

At a public meeting in the school lot opposite the *casus belli* (Beebe's saloon) called to find means to remove it, the question of incorporation was urged, and it was agreed that this was the only solution of the saloon question, and, as committees are always a popular outlet to public sentiment, and also a way of getting about all kinds of business, the chairman of that meeting appointed still another of these bodies,

consisting of H. W. Magee, H. N. Rust, Jabez Banbury, S. Washburn, and J. W. Wood, to revive the cause of *incorporation* and, if possible, instill some activity into it. But this committee found itself up against many obstacles and many objectors. The Colony was hopelessly divided, and the committee failed to bring about any concrete sentiment. So the proposition dragged its weary length along all of that year and until the opening of 1885. On May 23rd, 1885, another mass meeting was called, at which time the last committee reported results and conditions and asked to be relieved from further duty. Then Dr. O. H. Conger, J. P. Woodbury, G. W. Wilson, and J. Banbury, were selected to succeed the previous committee, and instructed to labor among the people. This committee, at a meeting of July 11th, at which J. E. Clarke presided, reported tentative metes and bounds of the proposed new City of Pasadena, and discussed some of the questions involved therein. Much debate, action of committee approved, and J. E. Clarke, C. B. Ripley, H. W. Magee, S. Townsend, and J. Banbury were selected for the honor of presenting a petition requesting incorporation to the Board of Supervisors, and to urge its favorable action. A formal petition was prepared, signatures obtained in sufficient number, and on May 13th, 1886, the petition was granted by the Board. June 7th was fixed upon as the date when the voters should pass upon the same. Troubles began to multiply. No less than four petitions were presented to the Supervisors protesting against incorporation. One by R. M. Furlong, attorney for petitioners; one by O. R. Daugherty, one by J. H. Painter, and one by C. C. Brown. H. W.



COLORADO ST., EAST FROM MARENGO, 1886

Magee and J. E. Clarke argued for incorporation, and Stephen M. White—a noted attorney of Los Angeles—remonstrated in behalf of residents below Columbia Street (South Pasadena, now). C. C. Brown urged against the Olivewood property being included, as it was unsettled, and only a fruit growing section.

The area covered by the petition was $4\frac{1}{2}$ square miles, extending from the west bank of the Arroyo Seco, to Lake Avenue on the east, to Mountain Street on the north, and to Columbia Street on the south. Thus it eliminated that section now called South Pasadena and committed the error of dividing a happy family. The population thus embraced was estimated at nearly 2500. The form of charter requested was of the "sixth class" according to the Statutes of California. The question upon whom would fall the honor (and labors) of first Trustees, became involved, as they must be elected at the time the proposition was adopted; for of course, the coming municipal baby must be properly nursed and nurtured. The saloon question, as could be expected, was made the dominant issue in the election. It must be "dry" said some; we must be "liberal" said others. So candidates were sized up pro and con, and their pedigrees inquired into.

CANDIDATES

Pursuant to public call, a mass meeting was held at Williams hall, that popular forum, at which about two hundred voters were present. The question of candidates was its particular object. H. W. Magee was made chairman, and H. J. Vail, secretary. The meeting got down to business pretty soon, and on motion of O. S. Picher, five committees—one from each of the projected wards—were selected to report the names of eligibles as candidates. The committees retired accordingly, and, during their absence the meeting discussed the various questions pertaining to the proposed city.

The committees, when they returned, reported in favor of the following candidates—five to be selected:

For N. E. Section—C. C. Thompson; R. M. Furlong.

For S. E. Section—J. Banbury; M. M. Parker.

For N. W. Section—Dr. W. Ellery Channing; Edson Turner.

For S. W. Section—Charles Foote; Dr. Hiram A. Reid.
At large—E. C. Webster; R. Williams.

Several additional names were suggested from the floor, the choice of the committee apparently not being received with entire satisfaction. Then it was decided that the meeting proceed to ballot, the person receiving the highest vote from each section to be the choice of the meeting, with the following result: Edson Turner, I. M. Hill, R. M. Furlong, James Clarke (nominated from floor), and R. Williams. Charles A. Sawtelle was nominated for City Clerk; B. F. Ball for City Treasurer (Ball withdrew), and I. N. Mundell, Marshall and Tax Collector. It will be observed that only three of the committees' candidates were chosen, to wit, Williams, Furlong, and Turner; Hill and Clarke being nominated from the floor. Notwithstanding the meeting was large and representative, the ticket offered did not satisfy everyone and another caucus was called by the dissatisfied ones, when an opposition ticket was, in part, named, which differed in that H. J. Holmes was named in place of R. Williams, and E. C. Webster in place of I. M. Hill. This was called the "Citizens" ticket. M. M. Parker was also nominated on this ticket. Other tickets—or names of other candidates—were placed in the running. Opposition tickets also were named for Treasurer and Marshall. The election occurred June 7th, 1886, with the following result:

For Trustee.	Votes.	For City Treasurer.	Votes.
Edson Turner	222	J. Banbury	140
E. C. Webster	219	W. E. Cooley.....	85
H. J. Holmes	130	For Clerk.	
M. M. Parker.....	112	C. A. Sawtelle.....	220
James Clarke	110	(No opposition.)	
R. Williams	104	For Marshall.	
I. M. Hill.....	83	I. N. Mundell.....	158
		M. H. Weight.....	68

The proposition for incorporation upon which, of course, depended the right of the elected officials to qualify, was carried by a vote of 179 for, and 50 against. It was thus that the municipal baby called PASADENA, was officially born. The vote was approved by the Supervisors June 14th, 1886, and the legal existence of the municipality began on that date.

THE CITY OF PASADENA



SHERMAN WASHBURN
A Foremost Citizen

On the 23rd of June the elected officials met in the Wakeley Block, on East Colorado Street (No. 33), and were solemnly sworn in by Clerk Sawtelle, who himself, had previously qualified. The first proceeding was to elect H. J. Holmes President of the Board. No other official business was performed at that meeting, but discussion of the serious duties ahead of them engaged their attention. No salaries attached to the office of Trustee and it was no primrose path that lay before them. They knew, also, that they were, as Trustees ever have been, subjects of criticism; nevertheless, they set themselves at work upon the civic problems which were pressed upon them.

They were inexperienced—all of them—in municipal duties which was a drawback. The making of a city was no trifling affair, as they soon discovered.

During the next three months they met every day or two. There were no treasury funds as yet, and of course there were necessary expenses, therefore five hundred dollars was borrowed from the bank to lubricate the municipal machinery until such time as monies raised by taxes could be obtained. A policeman must be had, the honor falling upon George W. Dunmore. George simply walked around and looked fierce, when small boys smiled upon him. After the organization occurred the Board met in E. C. Webster's office until August, when more suitable rooms were secured in the James Smith building on South Fair Oaks Avenue. When the Exchange Block was finished, rooms therein were secured, and occupied for the first time January 3rd, 1887.

When the Central School lot was auctioned off in March, 1886, the school building was moved to Raymond Avenue (where the Vandervoort Block stands), and this building was leased as a City Hall. This occurred February 26th, 1887. A wooden jail was built on the adjoining lot. The old school-house was used for municipal purposes for a year or more,

but a better one was found in the Hopkins Block on the corner of Fair Oaks Avenue and Union Street, and this was leased and occupied. Increasing public business and larger space being required, still another migration was in order in 1893, when on February 27th, the White Block, on an opposite corner of same streets was occupied, and these quarters were maintained until the present City Hall was built in 1902. The "government" then again moved. It is devoutly to be hoped that before many years pass by, a new and better municipal building, a pride to our people, will be erected, and form part of that great Municipal Group, that will, it is believed, one day grace our city and give practical expression to the proud aims we have proclaimed for so many years.

Thus the new City was formed, and a real official place upon the map, authorized to geographers. Not very lusty at first, but promising and expectant! One circumstance may be here noted regarding the men and events of that time. While men differed—as they always will—even under utopian conditions if such may be found—here, in the new town of Pasadena there was one sentiment upon which all were unanimous—the building of a city that would be beautiful and clean morally and materially, and composed of a people that might dwell together in amity and with civic patriotism. The Indiana Colony set the pace, and it was for their successors to continue it. The spirit of accord and co-operation was the keynote of the beginning, and it has been fairly well maintained since—in most things.

The new city fathers had much work ahead of them. Streets to make or improve; sanitary conditions to provide; fire protection to establish. Up to that time, no streets had been sprinkled, and the dust of summer was more than a nuisance. Streets had been opened willy nilly sometimes, little or no systematic attention being given to proper grading. Paving must be effected on most traveled thoroughfares in the business section, and Colorado Street cried aloud for this especially after winter rains, from its odorous quagmire that was churned right in the heart of the "City."

A legal adviser in the person of E. J. Huston was engaged. He filled the place for one month only. Then N. P. Conrey, a

young man who hailed from a bailiwick in the Hoosier state, and was looking around California for an opening for his talents, was secured for the sum of seventy-five dollars per month. The drafts upon his legal acumen unquestionably exceeded his own upon the city treasury. But those were economical times and the young attorney needed the job. Attorney Conrey secured an unused corner in Wood's drug store, and there set up his desk, and arranged upon it a few imposing legal tomes. He had plenty of time, apart from his official duties, to prepare for the more dignified, distinguished, and onerous affairs that appertain to him now, as presiding judge of the Appellate Court of the Southern California District.

Perhaps he may sometimes—between ponderous arguments of opposing attorneys—revert, in memory, to the hopeful days when he mingled briefs with potions and pills—*secundum art*—in the village pharmacy! It was Judge Conrey who prepared the first anti-liquor ordinance—the celebrated number 45, the theme of many legal jousts in after years. Conrey remained as City Attorney until September 21st, 1887, when he removed to Los Angeles to engage in a larger field of practice. John C. Winslow, one time assistant in the New York District Attorney's office, succeeded Conrey. Winslow, as had Conrey, gave valuable service to the City in its formative stage, but was compelled to resign April 24th, 1888, on account of ill health, and died in the same year, I believe. Then Frank J. Polley came on deck. Accomplished in literary walks as he was, he found himself out of his element and with no affection for legal disputation. He was succeeded by A. R. Metcalfe, February 15th, 1890. Metcalfe engaged himself but temporarily, and was in turn succeeded by W. E. Arthur, another Hoosier lawyer out for his laurels. Arthur was young and brilliant, and possessed an affability and *savoir-faire* which secured him a large following of friends and political adherents, for Arthur was a capable politician and an able attorney, and placed upon record many ordinances in behalf of the new city which stand as effective models of their kind.

The most important thing done in 1888 was the voting of \$150,500 bonds for the purpose of purchasing lands and establishing a sewage system and placing the first unit of that system; also \$32,500 for fire apparatus was voted at the same

time. These were urgent needs and were cordially responded to when a vote was asked upon them.

ROSTER OF MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS FROM 1886

1886-88, Board of Trustees—H. J. Holmes, President of the Board; R. M. Furlong; Edson Turner;* M. M. Parker; E. C. Webster. On June 15th, Holmes resigned and G. Roscoe Thomas was appointed by the Board to fill the vacancy. Parker was elected President of the Board. The first fire engine was named in honor of M. M. Parker.

1888-90. M. M. Parker, President; Edson Turner; S. Townsend; W. W. Webster; A. G. Throop. Parker was succeeded as President of the Board by A. G. Throop. Webster resigned September 15th, 1888, J. B. Young being his successor—by appointment. By reason of vacancy caused by death of Turner, Alexander McLean was selected to take his place February 9th. Young resigned December 7th, 1889, and Elisha Millard was appointed in his place. Townsend resigned, and John Allin succeeded him February 15th, 1890. Parker resigned, and W. W. Mills succeeded him October 12th, 1890. Many changes indeed! But these men found it no easy thing to attend to the City's call and their own affairs as well. (James H. Cambell had been elected City Clerk at the end of Sawtelle's term in 1888, and continued as such until Herman Dyer was elected in 1892. Dyer seems to have been elected for life, as he can still be seen in the City Clerk's office, smiling, bland and affable. It seems as if Heman Dyer were born smiling, and had never left off. No formal smile, understand, but a friendly one always.

Trustees—Continued.

1890-92, T. P. Lukens, President; A. K. McQuilling; James Clarke; C. M. Simpson; Thomas Banbury.

1892-94, Oscar F. Weed, President; John S. Cox; T. P. Lukens; A. K. McQuilling, James Clarke.

1894-96, T. P. Lukens, President; Sherman Washburn; H. M. Hamilton; O. F. Weed. John S. Cox succeeded Lukens as President January 2nd, 1895, and continued as such during his term of office.

* Edson Turner was killed by a runaway horse accident on January 14th, 1889, his death being much regretted, as he was highly esteemed as a citizen and trustee.

1896-98, Calvin S. Hartwell, President; S. Washburn; H. M. Hamilton; George D. Patten; H. G. Reynolds.

1898-1900, George D. Patten, President; Horace M. Dobbins; H. G. Reynolds; Thomas C. Hoag; Edwin Lockett.

1900-1902, H. M. Dobbins, President; Thomas C. Hoag; M. Slavin; Fred C. Twombly; C. C. Reynolds. Cambell was re-elected Treasurer in 1900 over Rev. L. P. Crawford by a majority of 40, and W. S. Lacy, Marshal, over George Greeley by 156 majority.



CHAPTER XXVI

MUNICIPAL BABY GROWING—A NEW CHARTER

CLOTHES TO FIT THE GROWING BODY. HAVING OUTGROWN ITS OLD HABILLIMENTS, THE CITY DECIDED TO ACQUIRE NEW ONES, WHICH IT ACCORDINGLY DID. BUT IT HAD SOME TROUBLE DOING IT. PASADENA ELECTS ITS FIRST MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL.



T HAD been for some time apparent that the charter under which the city was operated, was not sufficiently expansive to meet the requirements of the larger town which Pasadena had grown to be. The boom years had come and gone, during this period of six years, and the city of twelve thousand, which had dwindled to less than five thousand, had again grown to nearly ten thousand by 1900. The very recent "baby" had outgrown the swaddling clothes of infancy. Bigger problems were facing it, principally the water supply, which was not increasing conformably with the increasing demand. In the year 1900 the City assessment was \$8,894,512 and the tax levy on each one hundred dollars was 70 cents, the taxable value being sixty per cent of appraisement. The expenses for that year were \$117,140. The most noteworthy thing accomplished was the operation of the sewer farm, and the practical solution of sewage problems. Several railroad systems had been inaugurated. The Santa Fé had acquired the original San Gabriel Valley road, and the Southern Pacific had entered the gates of the city with a "stub" line. Some street car lines were also established.

Thus, material development had ensued, and with it, prospects of greater import came, as a matter of course. No criticism can be made of the Trustees who had managed the Municipal ship to date. All had shown energy and intelligence, and, within their official limits, had accomplished their work, and fulfilled their duties satisfactorily and with public approval. Not a whisper of graft, or anything akin to it, was heard.

But a new charter was needed. Citizens began considering it and by 1894 concrete action was being taken. At a mass meeting thirty citizens were named from whom fifteen were to be selected at the polls. These fifteen were to be known as the "Freeholders Commission," its business to be the preparation of a new charter. The election resulted in the following members being named—the election occurring August 18th, 1894. C. M. Simpson; M. E. Wood, James Clarke, Walter Wotkyns, Milford Fish, C. M. Parker, John McDonald, A. K. McQuilling, W. R. Staats, F. S. Wallace, J. W. Vandervoort, Thomas Banbury, George A. Gibbs, J. H. Cambell and H. H. Rose. This Commission, in course of time, prepared a document for submission to the electors. But because of some objectionable features (it did not suit the prohibitionists), it was not approved at the polls when voted upon—February 23rd, 1895—and the city had to plod along in the old rut for several years longer. Nevertheless, the old conditions hampered and in 1900 another effort was made to get together on the charter question. As before, the solution was up to the public, and as before the town meeting settled the preliminaries.

THE CHARTER VOTED

The result of frequent meetings and much discussion, was the election, on May 11th, 1900, of the following charter Commission: A. R. Metcalfe; J. D. Graham; Norman Bridge; F. P. Boynton; B. F. Ball; F. R. Harris; Thomas Earley; John McDonald; Delos Arnold; M. E. Wood; R. Eason; J. D. Nash; F. S. Wallace; C. M. Davis, and C. J. Willett.* A. R. Metcalfe was chairman of the freeholders committee and it did produce a charter which was acceptable to the majority of voters, for it was adopted by them, and approved by the Legislature in January following.

The committee fairly represented all prominent elements, the "dry" and the "liberal," particularly. Under the charter the new administration of affairs was to be in the hands of a Mayor and City Council composed of four members representing the city geographically, and one member "at large," five in all.

* C. J. Willett, being absent from the city, did not participate in the sessions of the committee, nor did he sign the charter formulated by the committee when it was finished.

A City Engineer, Superintendent of Streets, Building and Plumbing Inspector, Chief of Police, Chief of Fire Department, Board of Health, Board of Library Trustees, Board of Education, Police Judge, City Attorney were to be appointive positions. A City Treasurer, Tax Collector and a City Clerk were to be elective. The members of the Council were to hold four year terms (after the first body was elected and assigned to two and four years) and their compensation was to be three dollars a day while in session, the sessions restricted to 52 paid sessions annually. (This was increased to five dollars in 1907.) The salary of the Mayor was fixed at \$1500 per annum. (An effort was made to increase this to \$3000 a few years later but was voted down.)

The charter being adopted the next steps were to select proper men for the several offices to be filled. The Mayor's office was the occasion of much discussion and the most prominently mentioned was Martin H. Weight, a resident since 1876, an old time republican who had been prominent in his party's councils and withal a man with a large following. But he had opposition. The "long hairs" as had been termed the ultra prohibitionists and "church" voters were opposed to him because of his independent views regarding the liquor question, they fearing that he might interpret ordinance 220 (the liquor ordinance) too liberally. So when the convention met there was bound to be strong opposition, and another candidate for a certainty. The question of Councilmen, also was causing considerable worry. The charter declared that there should be one selected from each of the four "wards," and one at large; but the charter did not specifically say how they should be elected, whether by the entire vote of the city or within the wards.

The Convention was by previously called mass meeting to contain 100 delegates, who were to be selected at caucuses in each ward and voted for at primaries in the usual way.

The primary fight occurred Feb. 19th, 1901, and a warm contest was put up between the "Weight" faction, denominated the "Non Partisans." There were some allied with this faction also who were not committed to Weight at this time. The other faction was called the "Unpledged Non Partisans," but it was generally conceded before the primaries that Judge C. J. Willett would be its candidate. Willett was

an attorney of great popularity in Masonic circles and among "church" people and had many friends. The primaries resulted in such a close choice of delegates that no one could predicate results upon it.

The Convention met February 21st. George A. Gibbs was elected Chairman over Rev. L. P. Crawford, by a majority which was considered as giving hope to Weight's friends.

The Convention was not long coming to order and the first business, after adopting a platform and Resolutions, was to choose the candidate for Mayor. Alex. R. Metcalfe presented the name of Weight while Rev. L. P. Crawford offered that of Willett. A third candidate in the person of C. C. Reynolds was unexpectedly presented by H. I. Stuart and who had a good following as it developed.

The first ballot stood:

Weight—36	Willett—41	Reynolds—21
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The second:

Weight—39	Willett—46	Reynolds—15
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There was little variation on the next four ballots. In the fifth, some who believed that neither of the leading candidates could win, proposed the name of Fred E. Twombly, a popular member of the Board of Trustees, but he declined to permit his name to be used; nevertheless, he did receive 8 votes upon the sixth ballot. Then in the seventh ballot several delegates who were opposed to Weight primarily, but would not accept Willett, went over to Weight and the ballot stood Weight, 53; Willett, 47; and Weight therefore stood nominated.

For council the following received the endorsement of the Convention, having previously been selected by the representatives of their various wards in separate conclave. C. C. Reynolds; Matthew Slavin; F. E. Twombly; Wm. Shibley and W. A. Heiss. C. C. Brown's name was presented but he refused to have it then considered. (James Cambell was also named as City Treasurer and Heman Dyer for City Clerk.)

As was anticipated, Weight's nomination did not please the other faction and immediately steps were taken by his opponents to find another candidate who would especially represent their views upon the liquor question. He was found in W. S. Lacey, who had served a term as City Marshall and

held extreme views upon ordinance 220. A. Bush Stevens was chosen to run as Treasurer.

Candidates for Council were also chosen so that a full ticket was named. The Council candidates were as follows: C. C. Brown, (who came out independently); A. I. Gammon; J. P. Chaffin; H. M. Lutz and J. P. Stoughtenburgh, all of them responsible and well known citizens.

Harry Geohegan was chosen to manage the "regular" ticket fight while John G. Rossiter was the manager of the opposition.

It was an interesting campaign, and being the first under the new charter was of exceptional warmth, full of newspaper illumination upon the "crimes" and also the angelic qualities of the several candidates.

But Weight won in the following vote: Weight, 964; Lacey, 753; Cambell beat Stevens by a vote of 894 against 764. All of the "regular" candidates for Council were chosen by a vote of nearly 2 to 1. There was a Socialist vote for Socialist candidates of about 135.

At a meeting of the Councilmen elect, lots were drawn for short and long terms, which resulted in Messrs. Twombly, Shibley and Heiss drawing the long terms (4 years) and Slavin and Reynolds the short terms (2 years).

The first official meeting of the newly elected Council was held May 6th, at which Mayor Weight presented a list of names that he had chosen for the various appointive offices. C. C. Reynolds had been chosen presiding member.

The appointive officers were required to be approved by the Council and as was anticipated, that body might fail to do this (friction having been engendered) as it was whispered on the streets that at least two of the incumbent officials—Bailey, City Attorney, and Buchanan, Street Superintendent, would not be on Mayor Weight's list.

The suspicions were correct as the list herewith given shows:

For City Attorney, George A. Gibbs in place of E. C. Bailey, incumbent.

Pat Brown for Street Superintendent, in place of J. A. Buchanan, incumbent.

For City Engineer, Thomas D. Allin in place of W. B. Clapp, incumbent.

For Board of Health, Drs. F. F. Rowland, H. K. Macomber, D. B. Van Slyck and J. J. Bleeker.

Police Commissioners, O. F. Weed, P. P. Bonham, H. C. Hotaling, W. B. Loughery.

Library Trustees, S. Washburn, J. W. Wood, Theodore Coleman, Dr. Charles P. Carter.

For Auditor, George F. Kernaghan.

For Police Judge, H. H. Klamroth.

All of these appointments were promptly confirmed except those of Gibbs, Allin and Brown. No objection was made to Gibbs either personally or on account of ability, but the "inside" knew that Bailey had not been over friendly to Weight's candidacy before the Convention, although he had supported him in the end and labored for his election. Bailey was a brilliant young attorney with ardent friends who made his fight for him. Buchanan was regarded as a pet of the old republicans and his displacement was a severe disappointment to them; while Clapp also had many followers who desired his retention upon the ground of capacity. The fight over these positions raged for two months and ended in the withdrawal of the names of Gibbs and Brown and a compromise upon C. J. Willett for Attorney, and L. C. Turner as Street Superintendent. But the sores were hard to heal that were made in this contention and were in evidence long after.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE WEIGHT ADMINISTRATION 1901-1902.



H. WEIGHT, as is seen, began his administration with friction. By temperament he was determined—his enemies said obstinate, his friends firm—for his rights. No doubt he was justified in making his own selections for appointments, as he was, in the eyes of the people, responsible for their acts. If he ignored consulting with former friends and partisans in choosing these candidates, it was his undeniable privilege, and doubtless because he wished to be free from influences of a partisan nature in his administration, so at least, said his friends. No one may accuse Weight of other than good intentions in his course, however undiplomatic his way of doing things. His worst enemies never charged him with dishonesty, but did not forget him when he again became a candidate!



Mayor WEIGHT

The new Mayor and his Council, after their first differences, went about the business assigned them amicably and earnestly. Messrs. Twombly, Slavin, and Reynolds were not new at the game, having already served as Trustees, while Willett also had served as Attorney for the former Board. Thus they had experience to guide them.

IMPORTANT THINGS ACCOMPLISHED

THE FIRST MAYOR AND COUNCIL UNDER THE NEW CHARTER, CLAIM CREDIT FOR THE FOLLOWING THINGS BEGUN AND CONCLUDED DURING THE TERM OF TWO YEARS.

The acquirement of Library Park, of Central Park; of a City Hall building and of additional fire apparatus. These were the largest accomplishments and were important.

During this administration also, many improvements were made in the sewer farm and extensions added to it in its city system. To Sherman Washburn, a former Trustee, and to W. A. Heiss, a member of Weight's Council, much credit is due for these improvements. S. O. McGrew, who had been appointed Superintendent of the farm, gave it intelligent supervision and filled the position for a number of years. Altogether, the Weight administration commends itself as being one of accomplishment. The principal subject of criticism is the City Hall building which was a disappointment in location, convenience, and architecture. It did not come up to expectations and was a mistake, if predicating upon a prospering future. Yet it should be borne in mind that the population was less than fifteen thousand at that time and it seemed to the projectors of it that this building might be fit for many years to come. The most serious charge was that the location was chosen by the influence of two members of the administration who were property owners in the vicinity. At the beginning of this administration the assessed value was \$8,894,512 and tax rate \$1.00.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF W. H. VEDDER— 1903-1904

While Weight had fulfilled his obligations as Mayor to the best of his ability, and regardless of criticism; and also with a fair regard to the public he served, yet he made no effort to appease the criticisms of those who differed with him; nor did he endeavor to obtain their support when, at the end of his term, he was again made a candidate by his friends; therefore as might be expected, there was determined opposition to his reelection. As his supporters were ardent in his cause, so were his opponents strenuous in their opposition. W. H. Vedder, a retired capitalist especially known in fraternal circles, was selected as the opposing candidate. His affable personality was a large capital, and his friends rallied about him with spirit, launching a vigorous campaign. Vedder was elected by a vote of 995 to 708 for Weight, and assumed management of the city affairs May 1903, with the following Council: Fred E. Twombly (hold over), W. A. Heiss (hold over), W. B. Loughery (elected), William Shibley (hold over), Matthew Slavin (elected).

Vedder continued Willett as City Attorney and Robert H. McDonald as his assistant. C. C. Brown was appointed Superintendent of Streets, and J. A. Buchanan to the newly created office of Plumbing Inspector. W. W. Freeman was appointed Chief of Police.

At the beginning of the Vedder administration the total bonded indebtedness was \$318,350.00; the assessed value \$11,158,450, and the tax levy of \$1.50 for the City.

During Vedder's term of two years, \$1,426,362.00 in building improvements was expended throughout the city in residences and business blocks. No new bond issues were voted during this time. Total disbursement for two years, \$311,971.25. E. P. Hopkins had been appointed Auditor; R. P. Congden, Police Judge; F. F. Rowland, Health Officer.



Mayor VEDDER

The one great accomplishment of the Vedder administration was the bringing about an approval at the polls, of the proposition to purchase the various water systems for the city for the purpose of forming a Municipal Water plant, which could develop the possibilities of water supply to its highest possibilities and distribute it in the most efficient and economical manner. It was an old question and Vedder brought it to a favorable issue only to be nullified by his successor.

The amount required for this purchase was \$1,000,000, which included the purchase of a certain tract of land in the Valley called the "Narrows," intended for water development, for \$25,000; and also the sum of \$198,750 for "betterments." The election was held March 23rd, 1905, and all propositions carried.

In this period also, North Pasadena—so called—was annexed by a vote of the citizens and thus over two square miles of territory and 2500 population added to the city, a mutual benefit to all concerned.

Vedder's administration was marked by a number of

other important transactions. First, the completion of the Library and Central Parks which having been voted under Weight's tenure were now put into shape and beautified for their intended purpose. Also, an addition to the City Sewer Farm of 160 acres for \$25,000, was successfully brought about, the much needed area being secured at a very low price. The right of way owned by Horace M. Dobbins as a cycleway, which traversed Central Park from end to end, was an eyesore to everyone and a blot upon the beauty of the park. Dobbins was induced to surrender this right of way in lieu of which he obtained a right to build to Glendale Street.

THE WILLIAM WATERHOUSE ADMINISTRATION— 1904-06



Mayor WATERHOUSE

At the expiration of Vedder's term of office his friends strongly urged him to again become a candidate. He had become well known and popular with his following and the citizens generally.

But he had had enough of official dignities and honors; the petty annoyances attached were not alluring to him, so he firmly declined to permit his name to be again used. Better things indeed were in store, for upon his retirement from office, he was tendered the presidency of the First National Bank which position he accepted and filled for several years,

then resigning to accept the less arduous duties of Chairman of the Board of Directors of the same institution. (See Chapter on Banks.) The Vedder following sought, therefore, another leader and finally decided upon Matthew Slavin, a member of the Council, a successful contracting builder, and a man with many friends, especially it was thought, among the working men. The Weight following, still strong, and still in a combative humor, picked out William Waterhouse as the proper man to meet Slavin. Waterhouse was a retired capitalist known principally in church circles.

It was a vigorous campaign, and won by Waterhouse. With him he had for his Council: C. J. Crandall, E. R. Braley,

J. F. Barnes, Fayette Dyer, W. T. Root, Sr., W. B. Loughery (president), Thomas J. Ashby.

Among the appointments of Mayor Waterhouse was a Board of Park and Fire Commissioners who were: Robert J. Burdette, W. H. Windham, W. C. Crowell and W. D. Medill. George F. Kernaghan was appointed City Auditor; John Beyer, Superintendent of Streets to succeed C. C. Brown; and John A. Pinkham, Chief of Police, succeeding W. W. Freeman.

Heman Dyer was elected over P. H. Quinn, socialist, for City Clerk.

Spencer S. Munson was elected Treasurer and Tax Collector over George H. Frost by a small margin at this election and has remained a popular and efficient incumbent ever since. Waterhouse deposed C. J. Willett as City Attorney, appointing J. C. Fitzgerald, but continued McDonald as his assistant. John Perry Wood, just then breaking into legal practice in Pasadena was appointed Police Judge.

The Waterhouse regime was notable for two things. First, the successful contest to secure a municipal lighting system, and the invalidation of the vote to purchase the water system. Complaints were being made that the Edison Company was not living up to specifications in the quantity and quality of the light furnished. The first result of this was holding up of warrants for contract payments by the auditor under direction of the mayor and city attorney, and refusal to make these payments. The controversy finally ended in the courts.

But the important outcome of this regime was a proposition to approve by vote \$125,000 in bonds, to establish the first unit of a Municipal Lighting Plant, which was favorably voted after a sharp contest, by the small majority of 14. The inadequacy of the amount was urged, but its proponents claimed it was sufficient as per an "expert's" opinion. Afterwards, it was discovered that the so-called "expert" was not a very reliable one, for the insufficiency of the amount was discovered before work upon the plant had been begun. This campaign was an exciting one, and called for much public discussion, during which, many hard words were exchanged but no blood shed! The Edison Company was in palpable error in not making an earnest endeavor to meet the disgruntled ones in a conciliatory mood,

which might have eased the difficulty and continued its monopoly unopposed—on a fair basis—for many years. A diplomat at the helm was needed. (Further particulars in Chapter on “Municipal Light.”)

The beginning of the Municipal Lighting Plant was the triumph of the Waterhouse administration. The “strong man” in his term was City Attorney Fitzgerald, whose ability was devoted to the Mayor’s projects. He was conceded to be able and astute and “delivered the goods” as is said in street parlance.

It developed soon after Waterhouse became settled in the mayoralty chair, that his known opposition to the acquisition of the various water systems would be made manifest. The suspicion grew into a certainty when it became known that he had gone to New York to submit to Dillon & Hubbard, —eminent bond attorneys of that city—a statement regarding the proceedings connected with the voting of these water bonds during the Vedder term. It was claimed by Attorney Fitzgerald that there were some informalities which rendered that election illegal, and consequently the bonds would be invalid if issued. Dillon and Hubbard rendered an opinion corresponding with City Attorney Fitzgerald’s brief. The council, in accordance with this opinion therefore, met and rescinded all proceedings. The fat was in the fire! The town was thrown into two contending camps and the water question was back to where it had been. This was a sore blow to the advocates of a municipal water system, and gave the enemies of Waterhouse a cudgel which they lustily used afterwards.

Doubtless Mayor Waterhouse was conscientious, those who knew him best could not believe otherwise. But he was unfortunate in that he created enmities where he could have had approval by more tactful handling. The result was that many of his staunchest supporters in his first campaign deserted him when he became a candidate for reelection in the spring of 1907. Thomas Earley was the candidate against him and won.

THOMAS EARLEY, MAYOR—1906-10

Thomas Earley won the election over Waterhouse by a majority of 403 in a total vote of 3097. His campaign was made upon the water question, almost solely, and upon this

issue he spoke at many meetings. Aside of this issue his personal following was large because of the confidence in which he was held in the community.

Immediately after Earley's election he proceeded to bring the water question before the voters. Leading to this was a reappraisal of the various properties and a vigorous campaign in its behalf. But the bitterness of past contests remained to cloud the real issue, and it was defeated by a majority of nearly 1000 in a total vote of 3563 at an election held September 24th, 1908. At this time also, a proposition to furnish



Mayor EARLEY

\$50,000 for improvements upon Tournament Park was defeated. \$24,000 for a Garbage Plant was successfully carried.

The Council body serving with Earley in this term were H. C. Hotaling, presiding officer who was elected over Victor Marsh; J. D. Mersereau; H. G. Cattell; T. H. Webster; John F. Barnes; W. T. Root, Sr.

George F. Kernaghan had resigned and E. D. Kellogg was appointed to succeed him. John Perry Wood was named City Attorney with Paul S. Honberger as his assistant and H. H. Favour was made Chief of Police. Dr. A. D. S. McCoy was appointed Police Surgeon—a new office.

At the expiration of Earley's first term he declared his desire to give up public life on account of declining health. Judge H. W. Magee was agreed upon by a caucus of citizens composed of Earley's friends, and the nomination tendered him, but upon consideration, he declined to make the race, whereupon Earley was again urged to make the fight, and finally agreed to do so.

The backers of Waterhouse yet smarted from their earlier defeat and desiring to retrieve their downfall, put him into the running once more; so the old fight was made over again. Earley won, for his popularity had grown during his administration.

Again, he set himself to bring about the accomplishment of his chief ambition—the Municipal Water System. Again

that question was brought to an issue January 26th, 1910, and once again it went down to defeat, a noticeably small vote being registered at this election.

Two accomplishments are conspicuous during Earley's second term; one, it is true, not a part of the City's affairs, but nevertheless, important to them. I refer to the question of bonding the County in the sum of \$3,500,000 for the purpose of building a system of high class county boulevards; 300 miles of them. Earley devoted much work to this campaign. It was successful, and when the Supervisors appointed a Commission to take charge of the work his name was in the list. Another enterprise begun in Earley's administration was the Colorado Street Bridge, the pride and the real monumental beauty of Pasadena. While Earley cannot be credited with conceiving this project, nor, at first, even favoring it as it now stands, yet when it was undertaken he used all of his influence towards the success of the bonds when it became a voting issue.

There was something of an issue upon the vote for Councilmen that year, C. M. Jacques and John S. Cox contending for places, but the successful ones were J. F. Barnes and W. K. Fogg, H. G. Cattell, William Korstian, W. T. Root, Sr., H. C. Hotaling and J. D. Mersereau. (Cattell later resigned to become a candidate for the Assembly and H. G. Chaffee succeeded him.)

At this time the total assessment for the city was \$30,949,800 and the expenditures \$673,350.52, which included interest on bonds. The bonded indebtedness was then \$676,325.00.

WILLIAM THUM—1911-12

As has been said in another chapter, William Thum became prominent in the water campaign of 1910-11, and was chosen as a mayoralty candidate because it was believed that he could unite the dissenting factions and in this way achieve the acquirement of the water system for the City. Thum was known to be a student of economics with some utopian ideas, but had the confidence of his friends. Some who distrusted the faction behind him brought out R. L. Metcalf, also a reputable gentleman who was living a retired life. Thum was elected by a majority of 541 in a total vote of 3989.

Mayor Thum's Council was Barnes, Root, Fogg, Korstian with H. G. Chaffee, C. W. Rhodes and W. T. Davies, new mem-

bers. Davies resigned soon and P. M. Shutt succeeded him. Wm. Easterbrook was a candidate for Council and received over 800 votes, but was not quite successful. Easterbrook had been active in public affairs, especially in the northwest section and claimed recognition for his vicinity.

Mayor Thum applied himself industriously to civic problems, as was his nature as a student. One of the first innovations he made was to employ Robert S. Allen as his "efficiency" clerk—at his own expense—in an endeavor to systematize the various departments and introduce more economy, if possible. But "Bob" didn't remain long and was succeeded by I. N. Smith. The results of this departure have been of value and newer systems were adopted, satisfactory to the Mayor who footed the bill. The water project was carried—the great accomplishment of Thum's incumbency and the demonstration of his good faith to those who supported him. W. J. Carr was appointed city attorney to succeed J. Perry Wood, elected superior judge. W. H. Woods succeeded Favour as Chief of Police. Few other changes occurred in the City Hall.

When Thum retired at the end of his term, he claimed the following accomplishments as the most signal results of his administration.

Acquisition of Municipal Water.

Colorado Street Bridge—completion of it.

Columbia Street Bridge. Ditto.

Broadway Storm Drain. Ditto.

Beginning of Eastside Storm Drain.

Orange Grove Avenue improvements—proceedings commenced under preceding administration.

Building of Imhoff tank at Sewer Farm.

Garbage collection.

Purchase of City Hall Annex.

A very satisfactory record of accomplishment and redounding to the credit of a good mayor.

Mayor Earley had inaugurated several important im-



Mayor THUM

provements that he could not carry out before his term expired, but which were completed by Mayor Thum. Notable among these was the paving and beautifying Orange Grove Avenue, widening the parkings, laying a conduit for all wires, and placing fine bronze street lamps. These improvements were paid for by property owners on that thoroughfare.



CHAPTER XXVIII

A COMMISSION FORM OF GOVERNMENT

 THE people had now little reasonable complaint to make regarding the administration, but the much exalted Commission form of Government was being discussed in newspapers and magazines; and wherever there are people of leisure there are philosophers who ponder over every problem that life has to offer. Furthermore, they are willing to experiment with any plan or project that promises something better—or just different. Is not this so because Americans are, as yet, unwilling to accept anything as permanently established, and everything as a mere experiment toward something else? We will name this “progress,” for want of a more fitting term—also to accommodate these very philosophers! Well, the spirit of change had come to be desired in Pasadena and bodies of men as well as individuals cried for the “Des Moines plan” or the “Galveston plan.” It looked well in print and in some cities it was a success. Elementarily, it consisted of a body of Commissioners whose labors differentiated from those pertaining to councilmen, in that each commissioner was obligated to become responsible for his especial branch of civic duties, and to administer them, or see that they were administered, satisfactorily.

There was to be a Chairman—a nominal head only—with no executive powers. It was urged that the plan lacked in that each commissioner, being responsible only for his own particular division of affairs, might possibly endeavor to make personal and political capital out of his opportunities and disregard his associates’ endeavors. In fact, might even place obstacles in the way of his confreres’ success, if perchance any rivalry arose. These were theoretical objections it is true, and might never be practiced here. Yet who may foretell the future in political transformations or civic evolutions?

Whatever the objections, the movement must be tried—said its proponents. No matter what progress the city was making, if the new plan was better, then it must be ours!

There was not, and never had been any political scandal attached to Pasadena. Even the politicians had been patriotic; had been upright and honest. But they *might* become corrupt; they might sometime break into the treasury and steal! Let us guard against it—said these men. So the proponents of the Commission scheme gave plausible reasons and many illustrations. The proposition grew in favor, meetings were held and amendments to the charter prepared by ex-City Attorney Carr, at the behest of those interested, and on May 24th, 1912, the amended charter was submitted to the voters and adopted by a vote of 5647 to 2286. At this time also the two celebrated liquor propositions—No. 10 and 11—also a referendum proposition were voted upon. The direct primary was adopted by a vote of 6532 for and 981 against.

Under the amendment providing for a change in the plan of government, a commission of five was provided for, at salaries of \$3,000 each per annum, each member—after the first two years, to be elected for a term of four years. Any eligible voter could become a candidate if 25 voters so petitioned. Any number of candidates who thus qualified must have their names submitted at a primary, at which the two candidates for each vacancy receiving the highest vote would be nominated. Thus there would be two candidates for each place to be filled. Then at the regular election the candidate receiving the highest vote would be elected. No less than 38 contestants appeared and submitted themselves at the first primary from which the following were nominated: T. D. Allin, C. R. Burger, T. P. Lukens, H. Geohegan, A. L. Hamilton, W. B. Loughery, Frank May, A. L. Metcalf, M. H. Salisbury, C. S. Thompson, H. Newell.

At the election in April the following were chosen: A. L. Hamilton, W. B. Loughery, R. L. Metcalf, T. D. Allin and M. H. Salisbury.

While no specific position had been assigned for either of these candidates the voter had, as a rule, contemplated them in connection with certain capacities for which their previous experience had fitted them. When an organization of the board followed R. L. Metcalf was elected as Chairman and Commissioner of Public Affairs; A. L. Hamilton, Vice Chairman and Commissioner of the Treasury; M. H. Salisbury, Commissioner of Public Utilities; T. D. Allin, Commissioner of Public Works, and W. B. Loughery, Commissioner of Public Safety.

The following appointments were made: Heman Dyer, City Clerk; J. W. Prinz, Auditor; Spencer M. Munson, Treasurer; John Munger, Corporation Counsel with James H. Howard as his assistant. Other appointments were made as follows: Judge of Police Court, Robert W. McDonald; Superintendent of Parks, Jacob Albrecht; Health Officer, Dr. Stanley P. Black; Food and Sanitary Inspector, C. F. Huddleston; Chief of Police, W. S. McIntyre; City Engineer, Lewis E. Smith; Superintendent of Streets, John Beyer; Chief of Fire Department, A. M. Clifford; General Manager of Lighting Department, C. W. Koiner; Anna McGrew, Secretary of the Board. Miss Bessie Chamberlain was continued as stenographer of the board and assistant to the city clerk.

When the new Commission began its work the total assessed value of the city was \$51,935,755 (fiscal year 1912-13). The total bonded indebtedness, \$2,023,150.00.

It might be said here that the Commissioners adopted, or rather practically maintained a Civil Service condition whereby appointees are continued in positions indefinitely, dependent upon qualifications entirely. Therefore all the appointees named have continued in office, excepting that R. V. Orbison succeeded Smith as City Engineer.

At once the Commissioners assumed charge of their several departments and soon there was evidence of some change. Salisbury took charge of the water system and also became head of the lighting department. The Board engaged an expert who established a new financial system and this was given into the hands of Commissioner Hamilton. The Commissioners had drawn lots for terms, the two year terms falling to Metcalf and Salisbury. At the expiration of their terms both again became candidates, but Metcalf was beaten by W. F. Creller, who, by readjustment, became Commissioner of Parks and Public Buildings, and Hamilton became Chairman of the Board and was given the title of Commissioner of Finance.

Again, at the end of the four year term, Hamilton was reelected as was Harley Newell—long time County Constable, and well known in politics and affairs for many years, over Loughery. Loughery, who had been elected by a large majority, had somehow antagonized the proponents of the Municipal Lighting Plant, and suffered thereby.

Despite the interminable difficulties that beset the Com-

missioners, and the endless appeals that come to them upon all kinds of subjects, it may be said, advisedly, that they have "made good" in the sense of personally living up to the expectations of the majority of the people. True, those who anticipated a millennium have been disappointed, as they ever will be. Hypercritical persons who are forever on the lookout for things to criticize have found them, of course. Owners of nomadic felines have objected to a tax on their household pets; the uproarious chanticleer was relegated to a proper distance from Father's sleeping porch; and the odorous billy goat driven from too intimate community with sensitive olfactories—all these intended for the common good, but finding objectors. These are trifling things. The serious objectors to the Commission plan found, they fondly believed, in the *City Manager* plan a surcease to all civic ills. This, said they, was the panacea that they needed to perfect their ideals in municipal affairs. Therefore, in 1915, a movement was begun, or rather grew out of the Taxpayers League—a body primarily organized to obtain relief from inequitable taxes—and which had finally split up, in its endeavors to "do politics."

The Manager plan had been tried as had the Commission plan, and it too, had its modicum of success, therefore why not try it here? An organized campaign was begun and carried consistently forward. The Commissioners called an election on the question in 1916, but the proposition was beaten by about 600 votes. It has been alleged that it would have carried if certain unpopular persons had not been too intimately identified with it. On this account, many who really favored the plan voted against it, believing these people would be detrimental factors in its best operation if it prevailed.

The City Manager form of government has many proponents who are eager to graft it upon our city for at least a trial. A movement in this direction was again undertaken early in 1917 under the guise of "A new charter wanted." No one, if duly pressed could give any specific reason why a new charter was needed, unless belonging to one of two factions, the one seeking the Manager form of government, the other (the prohibitionist) hoping to bring to another issue and embrace in a charter a strictly "bone dry" provision.

It would seem that the proponents of both of these ideas

got busy and induced the Commissioners to call an election for a body to plan another charter, the result of which was the election of a Freeholders Commission as follows: W. C. Crowell; H. G. Cattell; A. L. Rowland, H. G. Chaffee; I. J. Neynolds; Jennie L. Giddings; S. W. Odell; M. W. Atwood; Charles M. Campbell; E. F. Hahn; M. E. Wood; P. H. Quinn; E. R. Braley; J. M. Harvey and John Munger.

The freeholders met soon after their election and organized with H. G. Cattell as Chairman and John Munger Secretary and proceeded to deliberate. The result was that a new charter was prepared containing provisions for the continuation of the Commission plan of government and including a "bone dry" provision.

While the majority of the freeholders favored these provisions, a majority also favored alternatives to both of them. One urged by P. H. Quinn unsuccessfully, to permit the voter to vote upon a City Manager as his preference, and another upon a less restrictive provision covering the liquor section. The voter will be called upon to indicate his choice in November, 1918. From present indications two factions will oppose the proposed charter; those who favor a Manager form of government because its adoption would for a long time preclude any chance for them; and those who believe in some liberality in the liquor question and believe the charter now proposed too drastic in its requirements.

CHAPTER XXIX

WHISKEY VS. WATER—THE ANTI-SALOON MOVEMENT

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE VERITABLE HISTORY OF THE JOYOUS CUP IN THE CITY BEAUTIFUL, AND SOMEWHAT OF THE SIGHTLESS PORCINE THAT HARBORED IT; WITH MATTERS PERTAINING THERETO.



THE historian who undertakes a fair chronicle of the various phases of the liquor question as it has been agitated, discussed and fought out in Pasadena, attempts a difficult task indeed. It is a subject that has ever been loaded with high explosives and judged with those extremes of passion that enter into questions so vital as does the question of—to drink or not to drink! It was more than a mere sentiment that governed the first settlers of Pasadena when they declared themselves against the saloon “blind pigs,” bootleggers, and intemperance generally. In some cases a clause was inserted in the deed of property conveyance, making it a forfeiture of the land conveyed, if at any time intoxicating liquors be sold on said property; and while this condition has never been exacted, it is possible that some property in the city has yet this lien upon its title, though unknown to the owners. Mayhap too some such has long ago been forfeited under it! The first fraternal organization in the colony was the *Good Templars*, and its principles were kept before the public with persistent diligence. Doubtless, there was a fair amount of “booze” consumed by some of the early boys, who looked not upon a glass of beer—or a bottle of the same, as an infringement upon divine law or contrary to human prerogative; but public sentiment made this a very reprehensible act and subject to social ostracism. No place was open for the sale of it until “Jerry” Beebe defied sentiment and expressed opinion—divided, of course—and actually did open, in the most public place, a saloon. “Jerry” Beebe was a young man who had lived in the Colony for some time, respected and popular. He now chose to sacrifice his good repute when he opened the first and only “public” saloon (I say “public” advisedly) at 49 East Colorado Street, which property he

owned—a two story frame building then. This happened in 1884. Connected with the saloon was a billiard room; he had laid in a stock of liquors etc., as an additional source of revenue to the business proper.

Of course the opening of a real saloon in the Colony, brought about much excited discussion; and many expressions were made against its owner. "Jerry" was really a pretty nice young man, who believed there were enough people who approved of his effort to support him against the hostile element. This hostility culminated in a public meeting, held on the school grounds—directly opposite the saloon—on November 10th, 1884. B. F. Ball was made chairman of the meeting and C. B. Ripley secretary. Many people were there; some through curiosity, most through a sympathy with its purpose. Speeches were made by P. M. Green; C. C. Thompson; Rev. S. S. Fisk; Rev. A. W. Bunker and others, all denouncing the saloon and its proprietor. The conclusion reached was the adoption of Resolutions denouncing the opening of the saloon as "an insult" and an "infringement upon justice and decency," also a few other equally condemnatory phrases not calculated to soften the heart of Jerry Beebe. A committee of three gentlemen and three ladies was selected to tender these redhot resolutions to Beebe at once, and then repair back to the waiting crowd to "report progress." "Jerry" had raised an American flag over his door, and watched the proceedings therefrom. When the resolutions were presented to him he read them, smiled and handled them back with the announcement that "he was



THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER—GOLD OF OPHIR
Estimated 200,000 Blossoms

operating his saloon under the laws of the state, had a license from the United States, and proposed to continue doing so, in a lawful way, as long as he chose." "But," said he "to show you that I am a good fellow, I will sell you my saloon and building also, for \$7,000.00. Of course the committee wasn't buying saloons, said so in emphatic terms, and departed to report results to the waiting people. This report was made and the crowd dispersed for further consideration of the obstinate Jerry. That ended the programme for that day. This result, however, stimulated the meeting to take steps to incorporate the Colony, and it was then and there that the impetus was given to incorporation which carried that proposition to a successful conclusion.

The next step in the liquor question was the organization of the *Mutual Protective Association*, which formulated an agreement that was, in effect, a boycott on the business of those who did not cooperate with the Protective Association, and assist it in enforcing the anti-liquor sentiment. A crusade was begun on this basis, which occasioned much ill feeling and contention. As a matter of fact, there was little sentiment in favor of saloons in Pasadena then or afterwards, but the methods pursued by the "antis" inflamed the public and antagonized many who might, with more diplomatic conduct, have cooperated against the sale of liquor, and the "boycott" was the finishing touch with conservative men, who declared for fairness in everything. The Women's Christian Temperance Union cooperated with the Association, and the "boycott" agreement was offered to everyone for signatures, many signing out of fear of the consequences of refusal.

Dr. Hiram Reid was to the fore in this movement, and became the center of the tempest on account of his activity and zeal, not at all times judiciously exercised. The chief actors in this historic movement were some of the clergymen; especially Dr. P. F. Bresee, F. S. Wallace, A. F. M. Strong, James Cambell, H. N. Farey and Stephen Townsend. Several others of less prominence also joined actively in the movement. So far as Beebe was concerned the movement was successful, as he, getting tired of the continued attacks, sold out his business to one E. I. Campbell, who, less scrupulous than Beebe, loudly defied the attacks upon his business and declared his purpose to "stay with it" in spite of everyone or anything. At a public meeting, a committee was ap-

pointed to ascertain whether any legal precedent established a way whereby the saloon could be suppressed, but it was found that there was no legal way out of the strife. The *Star*, edited then by H. J. Vail, was constantly denouncing Reid for his methods and Reid replied in kind; so that a merry war was carried on in the newspapers, which would make lively reading now, but would not serve any purpose to rehash.

In 1886 the "Colony" of Pasadena had become the new boom "City" of Pasadena, with a board of trustees and authority as such. The boom had arrived and with it came a different class of people; many of them speculators, scrupulous and otherwise; many of them indifferent to the virtues of prohibition; many, indeed, favored greater liberty of conduct. The entire atmosphere was changed. But the prohibitionists nevertheless continued their crusade and petitioned, February 5th, 1887, the board of trustees, through a committee (presenting a petition signed by 540 persons) that said trustees prepare an ordinance against the sale of intoxicating liquors. The trustees were also requested to defend, through all courts, any contest that might be made of the ordinance when passed. The trustees being new and cautious, required a cash (or equivalent) deposit, the guarantee costs of such legal defense, and the sum of \$5,935 was thus guaranteed by certain subscribing citizens. The trustees were divided, some approving a stringent ordinance, others one more liberal, favoring certain privileges, such as permitting liquors to be served at meals, in hotels. The "liberal" sentiment prevailed, resulting in a "gentleman's agreement"—that there should be an exception made in case of the Carlton Hotel—it being then considered the one "first class" hotel in the town. This agreement was finally conceded by the petitioners, and the celebrated Ordinance No. 45 was passed, and finally became a law February 19th, 1887, to be effective the first Monday in May following. As was to be expected, the anti-saloonists were filled with joy and rejoicing over the success of their efforts. Of course, also, as was anticipated, the saloon did not accept defeat without a struggle and the courts were invoked to overthrow the ordinance. The contest was carried to the Supreme Court of the state, and by it affirmed. Campbell having decided to contest the ordinance, continued in business pending an appeal and

was arrested, tried and found guilty in the police court, and fined \$100. He appealed his case to a higher court and continued in business as usual; but with the final adverse ruling of the court he moved his stock of liquors etc., away. Thus ended Pasadena's first and last (open) saloon. But this did not finally settle the question. Blind pigs of various sizes, conditions and degrees of secretiveness abounded, and from time to time arrests were made and now and then convictions secured. But in many cases the jury either failed to agree, disregarding the evidence—usually secured by hired detectives—or found the defendant not guilty. And then after all it was discovered by the astute city attorney, that said Ordinance 45 was illegally enacted! Or it was so alleged. By some carelessness certain formalities had been overlooked in its passage, thus requiring that the whole work should be done over again. This was indeed a severe blow to the anti-saloon workers. Both the city attorney and Clerk were charged with intentional negligence; but this they stoutly denied, and with probable truth. Nothing daunted a committee representing the various organizations favorable to such action, appeared before the trustees again, and requested a reenactment of Ordinance 45. In the interim another petition signed by 513 persons, was presented to the trustees requesting that Ordinance 45 be repealed, and a substitute, regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors by high license, be enacted. The trustees were besieged by both forces, their peace of mind upset and their lives made unhappy by these contending factions. Personal conflicts were heard of now and then. Dr. Reid again came into the limelight. The *Progressive League* representing the "liberal" element, came into action. A public meeting was held in the square, in which the "anti" movers were denounced and branded as "arbitrary and tyrannical," etc. W. U. Masters, B. A. O'Neill and M. H. Weight were appointed at this meeting as the committee, which later demanded of the trustees the ordinance favoring high license. Dr. Reid had started a little paper called *The Standard* in December, 1888, which was a lively organ during its lifetime. The substitute ordinance to 45 was passed September 15th, 1888, known as Ordinance 125, containing the same provisions as the original Ordinance 45. Thus the prohibitionists were again to the fore, the protestants were far from being satis-

fied and the merry war was continued until the following spring election for city trustees was due. This question became the principal—almost sole—issue in that contest. This was the time a “Citizens Party” was organized. The election was practically a draw, so far as its results were concerned, for although some of the so-called prohibition candidates were elected, they were, in fact, while opposed to saloons, liberal in their attitude towards hotels. Therefore, while no change was made in Ordinance 125, it was expected that it would have “liberal” construction and that liquors could be permitted with meals, in restaurants and hotels, under prescribed conditions. The new trustees gave their pledged words that no promiscuous sale of liquors would be allowed, and the agitation began to simmer down; Dr. Reid’s paper by this time had suspended publication, most people having become tired of the agitation. Especially also, the boom had taken wings and left the business interests of the merchants in such condition, that made them long to forget the liquor agitation, for the more important one of earning bread! This also was true of most of the other citizens, for these, too, were confronted with a serious financial situation which made them think of other things for the time being.

ORDINANCE No. 220

With the election of the board of trustees in the spring of 1890, who declared themselves opposed to “open saloons” or private porcines of obscure vision—otherwise “blind pigs”—the city took a rest, for a time, from liquor agitation. It was fervently hoped that the agitation was over for good, and that everybody would give attention to forwarding his own personal affairs and, incidentally, those of the city. Now and then an arrest would be made of a “blind pigger,” a trial would be held, but few convictions were secured, and a so-called “Enforcement Committee” busied itself looking for violators of the ordinance. It was the prevailing sentiment that hotels and restaurants would have the privilege as conceded by Ordinance 125, of furnishing malt liquors or wines, with dinner or lunch, within fixed hours. It was also generally believed that the restrictions were not adhered to strictly; doubtless this was true. The man who kept his private locker at home might be bitterly opposed to the “other fellow” having the privilege of obtaining a glass of beer on a perfervid day, if the same was obtained surrepti-

tiously. And the fellow who hadn't a home with a private locker, shouted "hypocrite" at the man who could quench his thirst with impunity, hence came reproach and counter reproach.

To more definitely and emphatically define the status of the saloon, the trustees in June, 1893, enacted Ordinance 220, which permitted in definite language, bona fide hotels and restaurants, to furnish "wines or malt liquors" to be sold with a meal, costing not less than 20 cents (exclusive of liquor) between the hours of 11:30 A. M. and 1:30 P. M., or between the hours 5:30 and 7:30 P. M. This was intended principally to give the tourist hotels the opportunity of catering to their tourist or season's guests. The ultra-prohibitionist was not satisfied with the situation, for, of course, the blind pigs were "always with us" and at any rate, said they, license such as the ordinance permitted, was merely countenancing evil—legalizing it in fact—and therefore, should not exist. So the dissensions continued as heretofore; these differences proving a ground for periodic contention and a constantly unsettled condition. When a pastor ran short of ammunition he began a prohibition outcry and once more aroused sentiment, one way or another. The average business man, or property owner, grew tired of it. Said they, "this eternal agitation is hurting us; our city is being advertised as a saloon town, and a town filled with violators of the law." They met in mass meeting and decided to have the liquor question definitely settled by a vote of the electors and made a part of the City Charter, thus taking it out of the hands of agitators at every spring election—and between times, as often as some extremist might feel the spirit move him. In the spring of 1912, this movement became a concerted plan to amend the City Charter, and to incorporate in that amendment authority for the City Council to adopt an ordinance in conformity with the vote of the electors of the city bearing directly upon this long discussed question and bring it to final settlement. The ultra-prohibitionist, for his side submitted a proposition, termed Amendment No. 11, which absolutely prohibited the sale, or carrying in stock, intoxicating liquors, or dispensing such in any manner whatever (excepting drug stores, on prescriptions). It also prohibited the sale of or delivery of intoxicating liquors within the limits of Pasadena by outside dealers. In effect, Pasa-

dena would have been "bone dry." Counter to this a more liberal body of citizens met together in protest and organized a "Citizens League." It was composed of many citizens prominent in business and professional walks who resented the continued revival of the liquor question and the effects of its agitation upon the business and morals of the community. Wm. F. Knight, a well known and active citizen, was chosen as the presiding officer of this organization, and it was programmed for a definite and comprehensive campaign with Henry Geohegan, a prominent and popular merchant, in charge. This body evolved Charter Amendment No. 10, which proposed a liberal stipulation to this effect; that in cases of "hotels having 100 or more sleeping rooms," the privilege of furnishing liquors "to bona fide guests in its dining rooms, with the usual meal service" would be permitted. This amendment also granted authority to the Council to regulate by ordinance, the sale of "malt or vinous liquors." Conforming to, in effect, Ordinance 220, then in operation, with the difference that a license or "permit" be issued to restaurants and hotels, and placing those to whom such permits were granted under a bond of \$500 to insure its strict observance. A very exciting campaign ensued. The "liberal" organization (Citizens League) obtained a signed membership of over 2000, headquarters were opened in the heart of the city and public meetings indulged in. The antis or No. 11 protagonists were no less alive, they, too, effecting a large organization with S. W. Odell chairman and other prominent citizens in charge, and most of the pulpits electioneering for their beloved cause. Not all of the churches joined on this side however. The election was held May 24th, 1912, a full vote being polled. The result was as follows: For Amendment No. 10, 5234; against, 4979; giving a majority in favor of No. 10 of 225, in a total vote of 10,213. On Amendment No. 11, the vote was: For, 4809; against, 5325; it being lost by a majority of 516. The carrying of Amendment No. 10 was a surprise to both sides but was accepted by its proponents as a fair indication of the prevalent sentiment—that visitors and tourists should be accorded liberal treatment and permitted that freedom to which it was assumed, was usual in their home towns. The Amendment No. 10 was presented to the State Legislature, together with others adopted at the time, and formally added to our City Charter January 13th,

1913. Under its provisions the City Council in the following March and May, enacted Ordinances Nos. 1322, 1329, 1339 and 1352, and they thereby became the operating ordinances governing the sale of liquors in the City of Pasadena. Since that time, until the present year (1917) no further efforts were made to again raise the issue thus believed to have been definitely settled by local agitation. But with the movement for a new charter in this year the prohibition element obtained a majority of the Freeholders Board and inserted a "bone dry" section in the proposed new charter which will be submitted to the voter in November, 1918.



CHAPTER XXX

THE NEWSPAPER GAME

PASADENA'S FIRST NEWSPAPER—AND OTHERS, WHEREIN IT IS RELATED HOW CERTAIN VERDANT ONES BECAME INITIATED INTO SOME OF THE INTRICACIES OF THE NEWSPAPER GAME, AND SOME OF THE CONSEQUENCES THEREOF.



WHEN Pasadena had acquired its meetin' house, its school, its church, and its post office, together with a few places of merchandising necessary for its pressing needs, it began to be felt that one more thing was lacking to complete its self-satisfaction and enable it to, metaphorically, hold up its head with pride.

Laudation is very well, every community needs it. What better for the purpose than the newspaper? This, indeed, is the advocate that reveals to the world at large the merits, that otherwise might be overlooked; that provides the local tattle to the busy homebody who must depend upon some outside source for the goings-on right at home! So it was that the village of Pasadena, in 1883, became mightily pleased to learn that a real newspaper, although but a weekly, was to be another evidence in fact of her prosperity and progress. All expressed satisfaction that someone had both the courage and the cash wherewith to indulge in such happy undertaking. Some there were, about that time, who believed that Pasadena had a destiny, would at some remote date become a town, perhaps a city!

There could be no town worth while without a newspaper; hence the coming of one was but a herald of the wise prophets' prognostications. This must be the town's Stentor, to proclaim its coming greatness.

Thus it befell, that when one Charles M. Daly, for the nonce employed in Harry Price's "Harness Emporium," and a self-confessed once upon a time newspaper man, announced that upon a given date the *Pasadena Chronicle* would appear, there were many to congratulate him to his face, upon the fact. As an "angel" with the cash, came Ben E. Ward, of real estate

fame, the victim, doubtless, of Daly's seductive palaver, the financial factor in the combination. On August 16th, 1883, appeared the first issue of the *Pasadena Chronicle*, and, as I write, this first copy lies before me—the property of the local library—and I contemplate its four pages with many memories of the days which it conjures up so agreeably. It looks well, even when contrasted with the magazine dailies of the present, if considered in relation to the circumstances surrounding it. It was well edited; its locals were not profuse, but were entertaining; and, as it should be, it was well patronized by advertisers, perhaps not one of them failing in his patriotic allegiance to the promising venture. Scanning it, I find the following advertisers whom it becomes a pleasure to readvertise and commend for their fidelity to the enterprise. "H. W. Magee, Attorney at Law," still "in our midst" and still in the game. Stephen Townsend advertised to "excavate or plow" or "do all kinds of team work." Stephen now lives at Long Beach, having "excavated" sufficient of the world's goods to hire his plowing—was even mayor of that city. "C. B. Ripley, Architect and Builder." He was last heard of in Honolulu, and prospering. "Dr. Woodin, Physician." I still remember his personal tender ministrations upon a serious occasion—with gratitude. Now living in Inyo County, this state. "Dr. J. M. Radebaugh"—Pasadena's "first" physician, whose genial smile and sympathizing style, soothed many a couch of suffering, and drove the "sick devils" off. With us still, as is also his benignant smile.

T. P. Lukens advertised "Pipeing of all sorts" and "satisfaction guaranteed." Of course it would be so with Lukens, even yet as sturdy and wholesome as in those more rugged days. He also advertised "Homes for Sale." "Washburn & Watts, Real Estate." "Sherm" Washburn still survives the battle of life, living placidly and happily in his old age; his partner, Watts, long since having crossed the divide. "W. H. Wakeley, General Hardware" and numerous other things in that line. "Billy" still puts off the fateful hour and, despite assaults upon his constitution, has ever a new joke to tell. These only, so far as can be discovered of our home advertisers, have lived to see the once humble village grow "from the ground up." Well, the *Chronicle* thrived and was a welcome caller—every Friday. Daly was editor, solicitor, and item chaser; assiduously pursuing his numerous activities

with zeal and perseverance. Ben Ward was no laggard himself, in chasing down a nimble item to its lair, or a prospective patron to the point of surrendering his subscription price of two dollars. This paper was "set up" and printed at the *Times-Mirror* office in Los Angeles.

Thus affairs journalistic sailed upon lovely seas for several weeks, and the sunshine of prosperity seemed to be hovering over the house of Daly and Ward, which means the little den under the stairs leading to Williams Hall—where was the office. Alas, that fortune was after all but a fickle jade! There came a day when Editor Daly failed to register his personality upon the aura of Ward. It was publication day, and his presence was a desideratum *very pronto*. Into the inner consciousness of Ben there came a pang of knowledge, for Ben knew the wherefore of Daly's lack of presence; in fact he had suspected its coming for some days past. He knew that Daly had a penchant for private libations at times. This, then, was one of the "times" no doubt. The quest for the missing editor was widespread, but fruitless, the tripod was a melancholy evidence of the fact, a staring note of interrogation and a proof of Ben's worst fears.

As a fact, Daly did not appear again, and his name was forever removed from its once proud place at the column's head. Thus the enterprise fell upon Ward entirely, who, not wishing the responsibility, presently found purchasers in H. W. Magee and J. W. Wood, guileless amateurs in journal-



CIVIC CENTRE, 1883. LOOKING WEST ON COLORADO ST. FROM MARENGO AVE.
Library, School, Martin block (hotel), Right of St. Williams block, Los Angeles House

istic experience, but ambitious to shine therein. Ambition sometimes thus leaps where least expected. Perhaps the inexperience was the chief excuse of this pair for relieving the qualms of Ben Ward and his bantling. Anyhow, these tyros fell upon their unsuspecting fellow citizens one fine day in November, 1883, and made their pronunciamiento. Both assumed their responsibilities with that good cheer and courage which comes of lack of experience, but with good intention. Their trials and pleasures were co-mingled, and the pleasures only need be considered today when this part of the past record is recalled by either of them.

Of a truth, there was much to learn, even though thirty odd years ago this public was very willing to be pleased, even eager to give aid and abetment to any enterprise that was begun in the little village yeleft Pasadena. Superficially, it was simple. If Simpson plowed that ten acre lot and put in some new orchard, it was an item of interest to his neighbors. If Smith bought a new buggy, it was a piece of news worth mentioning. If Johnson sold his oranges at a good figure, the rest of us were filled with cheer to know it and glad for Johnson's family, for it meant a new hat for Mary and many other needed things to them. A basket of luscious grapes, a mammoth melon donated to the editor, found space for commendation and an invitation to others to do likewise! The goings and comings of the settlers were chronicled; and thus their neighbors discovered their movements and affairs. Indeed, the village newspaper is a tattler of small affairs, a busybody prowling about for crumbs of gossip, which all read so eagerly, even if scornfully and scoffingly.

*A passing glimpse of many things
Of village gossip—happenings;—
If Brown has painted his old gate
Or Smith has purchased real estate;
Of Mrs. Williams' Easter hat—
Be sure the paper mentions that!*

And so we lingered on; Magee dipping his pen in lurid ink to write epics on mundane things, occasionally descending low enough to take the two dollars from an admiring new subscriber, or chase the recalcitrant advertiser to his most secret lair! Came along, presently, one J. E. Clarke, with fell designs upon the newspaper field, and in a brief interview

bought Magee's interests in the *Chronicle*, for it did not take very long for the Judge to discover many disillusioning things about a newspaper office; principally that the ducats did not come in Pactolean streams and that one could not live on watermelons alone. With Clarke came also E. N. Sullivan, a practical typo. A new arrangement was the result, and we then find that "Clarke, Wood & Sullivan" were the trio who proposed to assume the newspaper obligations to the public. The result was *The Pasadena and Valley Union*, the first issue, enlarged and improved with the changed title, appearing February 16th, 1884, just six months after the original *Chronicle* made its baby debut. Clarke was a capable and experienced man in the game and a versatile writer. A new office was secured in the upstairs of the Magee building—where now stands the Pasadena Savings and Trust Company—and an outfit of type and other belongings secured—on the installment plan, my brethren. An eight column folio, typographically beyond cavil, editorially passing fair, it lays at my hand as I write these words, a memorial to ambitious efforts. As the title indicated, its scope was broadened to include the whole San Gabriel Valley, each of its budding towns not yet large enough for its own paper, being represented by correspondents. Covina, Glendora, Duarte, and San Gabriel—all gave their weekly quota of news—locally interesting to each. One of these correspondents, he of San Gabriel, was its then dignified "Justice" of the high and mighty "Bench" of that burg—Otheman Stevens, to wit. Otheman was our "regular correspondent" between capiases and writs, and such legal appendices to the profession as might occur in course, and a good one at that! Today, as the highly successful and truly capable Los Angeles *Examiner's* dramatic critique and special writer he may scorn the memory of those early days, but he cannot deny them, for here stands the record to confront him! One of the interesting incidents connected with the early establishment of the *Union*, I will relate with pleasure; a tribute let it be to the good heart and modesty of a man now gathered to his fathers. One day, when all were busily engaged in arranging the new office, there appeared an elderly gentleman of agreeable mien, who said he used to be a printer in the long ago, and "could he help a little, so as to 'get his hand in' again, could he assist us 'laying' (distributing) type?" He was informed that his

services would be acceptable, as we were in much hurry. Quietly he hung up his coat on a nail behind the door, and proceeded to get busy. Industriously he worked, every day, for a week; saying little, whistling now and then a bar or two of an old time air. No one asked him who he was or whence he had come, for the "tramp printer" was more common then than in the present day of the linotype.

The type had been distributed, the office was "in form" at last, and the stranger, seeing the finish, one evening took down his coat from its nail, and prepared to depart. The proprietors were loath to see him go, so well had he labored, so quiet and unostentatiously had he performed his share; but there was no need of the "extra" now, and he was requested to name the sum due him for his work. I yet see the whimsical smile upon that face as he said, "Well, brother, you don't owe me one cent." "Don't owe you a cent?" said the astonished editor, "how is that? You've worked a whole week." "Well, you see," responded the other, "I liked that job first rate, and just wanted to know whether I'd lost my old knack of it. I'm John W. Hugus, and I live down on Moline Avenue, and I'm mighty glad to give you a helping hand!" The editor was taken aback, for this John W. Hugus was the wealthiest man then in Pasadena, having not long before arrived and established his home. It was a good joke in that sanctum, and long remembered with enjoyment. John Hugus has marked "30" long ago, but for years was one of Pasadena's well known figures.

Afterwards, the *Union* moved to more commodious quarters in the Mullens block on South Fair Oaks Avenue and acquired a press, not a Hoe rotary of the modern brand, but just an old-fashioned "Washington" hand machine, that used to be the proper caper in country newspaper offices. Prior to this acquirement, the *Union* had been printed by the Times-Mirror Co., of Los Angeles, as had been the *Chronicle*, the set-up forms being hauled back and forth each week.

During the extraordinary rains of 1884 it was no easy task to haul these forms across the Arroyo Seco, the high waters making it a somewhat dangerous proceeding. On one occasion the proprietors, with a pair of "broncos," started from Los Angeles long after night had set in, dark and rainy. As they approached the usual Arroyo crossing place at Sycamore Grove, it became a serious problem to find a safe crossing,

as it was too dark to see the road leading to the fording place; but one of the twain by crawling along the bank, finally found it. The Arroyo, swollen by a week's rainfall, had grown to a formidable current, broad and swift. But cross we must, for we had the *Union* to deliver next day, to waiting subscribers. The writer was, somehow, intrusted with the reins, but it was conceded that brute instinct in this case must be superior to human intelligence, hence the reins were dropped slack upon the broncos' backs and they were admonished to "get up." Without a moment's hesitation, the brutes plunged into that black and surging stream. Down sank the wagon until it seemed we were going into a bottomless pit. One of the partners had, once upon a time, "preached"; now he "prayed." Whether it was the prayer or whether the fine instinct of the broncos, it came about that after much plunging and some swimming, the outfit emerged upon the only safe landing place upon the opposite side, and with one long and mighty pull, a landing was negotiated. I say the only place, for upon examination the next day, it was discovered that those horses, with marvelous instinct, had swam up stream, against a terrific torrent, and had landed at the only possible landing place—only wagon wide—that could have been found anywhere within two hundred yards either up or down the stream! Since then I have had some respect for brute instinct. A few days after this occurrence a man who endeavored to ford the Arroyo at this spot was drowned, as were also his two horses. George Glover, now of South Pasadena, was one of the *Union* force who received his weekly stipend from the "front office." Sometimes, the aforesaid stipend was hard to raise, but the "force," consisting of two men and a "devil," never struck, but were always hopeful and helpful. Sullivan soon departed for another field of endeavor, and my associate, Clarke, was taken ill and remained so for many months, his interest being purchased by myself upon his return to the office in the summer of '84. In that year a serious accident compelled me to eventually dispose of the loved paper to Charles A. Gardner, who became proprietor in the early part of 1885. Then in the fall of 1885 Clarke again purchased an interest with Gardner. The office was moved to a building in the alley now the rear of No. 44 East Colorado Street.

A DAILY PAPER

The *Union* continued in Gardner's and Clarke's hands, with some changes, as a weekly, without opposition, until 1886. Pasadena was growing rapidly now, the first whisperings of the boom being noted. On February 21st, 1886, H. J. Vail began to publish the *Star*, at first a weekly publication, and the precursor of the present day *Star-News*.

Vail had been the owner of the new Sharon, Iowa, *Star*, and liked the name. Associated with Vail was W. L. Vail, his son. They made a good paper, notable for its independent and frank manner of speech, and rabidly Republican in politics. A spade was a spade to Vail, and his thoughts were not obscured by fine phrases. But the public now demanded more than a weekly, they must have a home paper that would dish up the news daily.

The Union Publishing Co. was organized early in 1887 for the purpose of supplying this need by converting the weekly *Union* into a daily. Early in 1887, the *Daily Union* became a fact. *The Union Junior* was a small sheet issued in conjunction with the weekly *Union* during the Citrus Fair, which occurred in April, 1885. It was continued, intermittently, until September. It was not in reality a daily newspaper, but an adjunct to the regular issue, there being a growing necessity for important news, daily. J. E. Clarke was editor in charge; J. E. Howard, manager; Bayard T. Smith, R. M. Furlong, W. U. Masters, P. M. Green, and J. W. Wood, stockholders and directors. Although three of the five directors were Democratic politically, the political attitude of the *Union* was to remain as it had been—a supporter of the Republican faith. This policy had been agreed upon in advance.

The *Star* also became a daily, being first issued as such February 9th, 1887, and was, in fact, Pasadena's first real *daily* newspaper. And now Pasadena had two good daily newspapers with up to date news service, both ably conducted. W. H. Storms, recently shot to death in Oakland, was for several years a writer on the *Union* "staff."

But despite the ephemeral prosperity brought on by the boom—which was now rampant—the *Union* was soon in financial straits, mostly because of mismanagement and over prodigality in expenses. It had been agreed between the stockholders that no one should sell his stock without first proffer-

ing it to his fellow stockholders; nevertheless, Dr. John McCoy purchased Clarke's and Howard's interests, and with it the control, in 1888. McCoy did not know anything about this sort of business, as he soon discovered. The poor old *Union* hit a toboggan and began to slide. Pay day was the most heart rending day of the week to the good doctor. His diagnosis was wrong and his therapeutics did not comprehend the newspaper treatment. To cap the climax of ill fortune, the boom ceased to rage and times got hard. The *Union* succumbed so far that its creditors demanded a receiver, and it befell that the chronicler hereof was that victim. The next year was not quite joyless, yet full of badgering creditors and struggles to pare expenses to balance an attenuated income. Internal economics were exercised until the receiver-editor-manager could not look the "devil"—who may have been Johnny Westring—in the countenance without growing pale. There even came a day when a minion of the sheriff entered. It was just when Frank Hearn and Johnny, the devil, had started the press and the usual afternoon edition was peeling off merrily. The sheriff's deputy was armed with the proper writ of the law and did a very sagacious thing—he attached one of the cogwheels of the press! Of course, the subjugated cog had to cease revolving and the press hushed its merry song. "Stalemate!" said Frank, and stalemate it was. Duly the deputy removed the wheel and departed with it, ostensibly for Los Angeles and the mighty sheriff. But was the *Union* force to be baffled by a mere hireling of the law? Was the public to be cheated of their afternoon pabulum? Hardly, with two such sleuths as Hearn and Westring on the job! Softly and craftily these boys followed the aforesaid minion's trail. It was a hot day, and there was a blind pig ahead! Ha! they were right! Never, never, was a deputy sheriff known to renege a cold brew on a hot day. Nor did this one; and by wonderful instinct he wended his way directly to John Senich's secret porcine retreat on Kansas Street, the two sleuths hot on his trail. But the deputy lost his sagacity then, for he carelessly set down the seized cogwheel *outside* the Senich door and disappeared within its portals. "Hist!" said Westring, "'tis ours!"

The seized wheel was recaptured and soon affixed to its old place, and with doors barred, the press resumed its merry chansons and the entire *Union* force was happy! What mat-

ter if the myrmidon, later discovering this treachery, stormed the citadel and demanded back the filched wheel! It was a case of *caveat emptor* with the boys, and they scoffed the demand. The poor outgeneraled deputy took his departure downcast. In the meantime the *Star* also was struggling in the financial crisis that had fallen upon the town, but was bravely making a noise to inspire confidence. It was a hopeless situation for one or both, and each waiting for the other's decease! In the end it was agreed that the *Union* strike its colors, the *Star* buying its "good name," and circulation—what was left of it. The consolidation occurred August 3d, 1889.

It was easier to surrender than go on, and the stockholders were mostly happy to get a chance to quit and not wait for assessments.

The *Union* assets were just sufficient to pay the creditors, all except the editor-receiver, who did not even get his rent, nor a dollar, for a year's labors.

The *Star* struggled through the gloomy days following the boom epoch, bravely endeavoring to instill life and business into the soporific town. Vail expected to get a boost by an appointment as postmaster, which was placed in the hands of ex-Congressman Markham, then candidate for governor, by Congressman (General) Vandever. But Markham failed to select Vail, and as the *Star* was not rending the heavens for Markham, it was decided to get it into more friendly hands in order to insure its support for Markham's candidacy.

The man was found in George F. Kernaghan, and associates. I believe Professor Lowe was one of these, James McLachlan managing the transaction. Kernaghan took over the *Star* and soon became postmaster. Perhaps this was a mere coincidence, but as he made a good postmaster no one kicked—except Vail.

The *Star* revived under its new management. Then in 1891 Charles A. Gardner became owner. With Gardner was associated Theodore Coleman as editorial writer and city editor. In 1900 J. P. Baumgartner and Lyman B. King (now of Redlands) became proprietors and so continued until 1904, when it passed into the hands of Messrs. W. F. and C. H. Prisk, who brought to it exceptional business capacity and experience. From year to year improvements and additions have been added until today few papers outside of metropolitan cities can boast of newspaper plants equal to this.

As a local newspaper the *Star-News* (see next article) has no superior in any city. It has kept pace with the growth of the community and forestalls rivalry. Those who have participated in or observed the passing show of newspaper endeavor in Pasadena may recall with stirring pulses its early days of struggle and futile effort. To one of these—H. J. Vail—again become anchored here, this contemplation doubtless affords subject for serious retrospection and cogitation.

THE DAILY NEWS

The *Daily News* was born of ambition and not to "fill a long felt want." It came into existence in 1890 as a stock company, headed by W. S. Gillmore, long the local correspondent of the *Times*. Gillmore attempted to run a good paper. Mrs. Isabel Bates Winslow was on the staff. But lack of capital to carry the enterprise through to success hampered Gillmore's efforts, and when an opportunity came to sell he was glad to part with it—not quite so happy as his financial backer, W. C. Stuart, was.

The purchaser was Benjamin W. Hahn, who organized a company to buy it. Ben says he was instigated to do this out of a fit of pique, because the proprietor of another paper charged him for a mere local item, a piece of news which he thought the editor needed! And this is the way Ben got even. The new proprietor set to work to encourage business, hired an editorial scribbler and put some needed "ginger" into the office. Presently along came Walter Melick, with nothing but grit, ambition politically and an ability to work all day and night, too.

Melick presently associated with him Lon F. Chapin as the business end of the office. Chapin was also a hustler and a business-getter, worthy of all praise. The paper under this new stimulus became prosperous. Melick was elected to the Legislature and his paper became an influential factor in republican politics. Unhappily, Melick died in 1901. Then, in March, 1908, Judge Pryor, an old-time editor, who thought he had retired from the alluring game, changed his mind and bought Melick's interest and the firm was Chapin & Pryor. This arrangement continued until March, 1909, when Pryor sold his interest to Chapin. Then in November, 1910, Chapin sold the *News* to Robert B. Armstrong, or ostensibly so, though it was told in Gath that the Edison Company was the

real purchaser, or at least financial backers of Armstrong. No one has verified this suspicion. Armstrong made a mistake in the spring election of 1910 by "getting in" the wrong side for popularity. It was a serious error and the business end of the paper—ever sensitive—suffered.

Chapin was paid a fine price for his paper, but Armstrong sold it for much less in 1912 to Samuel T. Clover, a newspaper genius—on the tripod. Perhaps the paper only changed editors! Clover "endeavored with might and main to make the paper pay again," but it was a burden too great for even Sam Clover's genius and he surrendered to Frank C. Roberts, proprietor of the Long Beach *Telegram*, a radical G. O. P. patriot and a candidate for Congress—alack! Frank ran in a poor year for the G. O. P., for Hiram Johnson owned the voters pretty largely in this bailiwick that year, and they beat Roberts with Charley Bell, progressive-prohibitionist. So Frank sunk in the sargasso sea of politics.

Came then back to his old love our friend Pryor, who couldn't resist the fate that drags retired editors from reposeful couches to the strenuous striving with copy and the tuneful rhythm of the Mergenthaler. He again essayed the old game. A while longer and Chapin, too, was inveigled from the bucolic labors among sweet-scented orange groves to which he thought he had retired. Here again were the old "pardners" fit and pert, listening to the beckoning hand of fate! They were like the colored maiden lady, who, being asked if yet married, replied, "No, sah, not yet, but I'm still a strugglin'." So they were struggling to revive the old business that once belonged. And they were progressing towards it when Prisk Brothers, the far-seeing *Star* proprietors, stepped in and purchased the whole outfit. And now we see the erstwhile rivals mingling brains and business and giving Pasadena a fine example of a family journal in the *Star-News*. Both Judge Pryor and Lon F. Chapin went into the new combination and became working factors in that prosperous enterprise. Thus endeth the chapter of journalistic tribulations relating to the first and also to the most important newspaper ventures in this bailiwick.

Of course there were weeklies and "weaklies"—of numerous kinds and pretension—all of them ephemeral and none of them substantially backed by brains and money together. For example, there was the *Standard*, conducted by Dr. H. A.

Reid, whose sole purpose was to propagate the anti-saloon idea and sequester blind porkers. The good doctor—with the best of intentions—failed to differentiate between a man who absorbed a cocktail or a glass of beer and the most reprehensible criminal in durance; and thus his trenchant pen forestalled its purpose and his venture failed.

Then came the *Critic*, J. M. Shawhan, editor—a very creditable appearing weekly of good literary flavor and rabidly democratic in politics. Shawhan was encouraged in every way, except financially, by his political brothers, and distinguished himself in other ways besides being a knight of the pen. Among these other accomplishments was his ability to sing, and his pure tenor was many times heard in the Episcopal choir. After the *Critic* became a fleeting memory, Shawhan left Southern California and was afterwards heard of in theatrical circles. He has been dead some years.

Life was a revival of the *Critic*, but paradoxical as it may appear, filled an early grave, thus proving its name illogical. The *Journal*, conducted by some employees of the defunct *Union*, lasted a few uneasy months and quietly expired. F. S. Hearn, W. H. Korstian and C. W. Jackson were the authors of this effort and it deserved a better fate than befell it.

Mere mention may be made of the *Weekly Pasadenan*, established by J. D. Gilerist, which made its appearance October 21st, 1885, and with that one solitary effort expired! H. E. Lawrence moved his moribund *Vista* from Sierra Madre to the Crown City and renamed it *The Crown Vista*. That was in November, 1891. Lawrence was a very plucky and somewhat energetic publisher, who managed to stem the tide of misfortune and stand off his creditors until 1895, when he succumbed to his burdens. He later revived, at Alhambra, and continued there a small paper in that field for some time.

There was *Town Talk*, a most creditable weekly, devoted to gossip and social affairs, founded by W. S. Gillmore and ably assisted by Isabel Bates Winslow, who had been the well known society reporter for local dailies. *Town Talk* lived a year or more, then followed the long line of more or less esteemed ancestors to an humble grave which was in this instance garnished by tokens of kindly remembrance.

Numerous fraternal, scholastic and sectarian enterprises have appeared upon the literary plane—*The Woodman*, *The White Ribbon*, *All Saints' Record*, *Throop Bulletin*, *High*

School Item, and so on. Each of them had its special field to fill, or it may be said, yet fills it, for some of them still exist and, mayhap, thrive. The latest to appeal to the critical public is the *Library and Civic Magazine*, issued as its cognomen indicates, in furtherance of the civic interests of the city and especially as the expositor of public library affairs. It is edited by Mrs. Gussie Packard Dubois, whose high quality of literary experience and gifts impress themselves upon its pages and give it a character and flavor of its own.

Reading the long list of these enterprises it will be seen that Pasadena has had opportunity to test the abilities of many budding Danas or Greeleys.



CHAPTER XXXI

BANKS AND BANKERS

THE FIRST BANK. HOW A CHANCE WORD STARTED A BIG FINANCIAL INSTITUTION AND THE MEN WHO MADE ITS BEGINNING.

PASADENA has been fortunate in its banks and its bankers. Always have they been factors in movements for the betterment of the city and in enterprises that have given it reputation and forwardness. It looks easy to be a banker—to the man on the outside—but it is not so. The banker goes home with a headache and a dyspepsia very often. His home of supposed quiet and relaxation is often made painful by a memory of the “turn down” he was compelled to give an old acquaintance—perhaps a friend—that very day. “Accommodation” is a fine word, but cannot be treated too liberally in a bank, else the dividends will fail, and worse. Some kindly disposed bankers have found sorrow in this truth when it was too late, and stockholders shorn of dividends because of over-confidence in man’s promises.

There are seven banks and each with its associated savings and trust institutions now doing business in Pasadena. There were more, but consolidation eliminated some of them. The gross resources of Pasadena’s banks now reach a total of nearly \$20,000,000, growing every year into more dazzling figures.

The beginning of the banking business of Pasadena was the casually uttered words of a man who jestingly started the machinery that made a bank when he coined them. On a pleasant afternoon in the fall of 1884 several prominent villagers sat on the high platform which then constituted the



P. M. GREEN
Pasadena's First Banker

sidewalk or "porch" of Barney Williams' store. That platform was the public forum on fine days. These men were idly discussing the casual topics of the day. Among them were P. M. Green, A. P. Porter and H. W. Magee. There were two or three others of less importance to this recital. Agreeable dalliance prevailed, stories were told and prospects for the growing village considered. One of these men—P. M. Green—remarked, "We ought to have a bank here." "Yes, we need it now," said another as he knocked his heels against the porch to emphasize his words. Porter was whittling a stick, as was his habit, and he whittled more vigorously. Magee told another story. Green became obsessed with his subject and made further remarks upon the necessity of a bank, and it was then generally discussed. The party broke up presently, going their various ways homeward, but the seed had been sown and the conversation there begun led to further deliberations upon the same subject and soon to the actual formation of a plan which eventually led to the organization of Pasadena's first bank—the *Pasadena Bank*, afterwards the *First National*.

This first organization was effected November 21st, 1884, with the following board of directors: P. M. Green, Henry G. Bennett, B. F. Ball, John Allin, J. Banbury, George H. Bonebrake (of Los Angeles) and D. Galbraith. P. M. Green was chosen president; B. F. Ball, vice president; and D. Galbraith, cashier. A room was secured in the Martin Block, on the southeast corner of Colorado Street and Fair Oaks Avenue, and business actually begun January 12th, 1885.

The capital stock was \$25,000, and the entire force at first consisted of Messrs. Green and Galbraith. Green was a "green" hand in the banking business, but had the respect and confidence of everyone, as did Galbraith, and it was not long before the new institution was doing a good business. Its first statement, made December 31st, 1885, showed deposits of \$148,966.75, and a total volume of business for the period of its existence of \$5,200,000, a good presage of the success which has attended it ever since.

Ambitious to keep up with the times, a charter for a National bank was obtained May 10th, 1886, and it became the *First National Bank* of Pasadena, the same officers continuing. At this time, also, a lot upon the northwest corner of Colorado Street and Fair Oaks Avenue was purchased,

and upon this corner was built a three-story building, the lower floor of which was handsomely fitted up for the bank, and here the *First National Bank* pursued its affairs for many years, thriving with the prosperity of the community and affording its patrons ample opportunities for satisfactory business. The boom that began just about the time of the occupation of the new quarters by the bank required a pretty level-headed man at its helm. Fortunately, it had him, and fortunately, too, for its patrons, that a man of P. M. Green's caliber was at the head of the bank. Many a badgered borrower and distressed boomer found in P. M. Green a stanch friend and wise counsellor in his unhappy moments, and a whole community mourned when he died, March 24th, 1903. The financial somersaults of that period did not endanger that bank, though its business diminished greatly, as will be noted by the following figures for the first five years:

	Deposits	Business
1885	\$ 148,966.75	\$ 5,200,000.00
1886	583,719.18	30,900,000.00
1887	1,039,057.72	46,920,084.00
1888	514,840.00	31,184,166.00*
1889	341,182.26	16,827,000.00

Following Green came, April 30th, 1903, Alexander R. Metcalfe, who had been the bank's legal adviser for some years. He was elected president and served until his death, in May, 1905. E. H. May succeeded Metcalfe in June of that year, and continued as president for six years, until November, 1911. May had been connected with the First National Bank for many years, rising from a clerkship to its head. When May retired, W. H. Vedder, well and favorably known as Pasadena's second mayor, was selected to fill his place. The selection was a popular one and the bank continued on its prosperous road under his management, but ill health compelled him to relinquish some of his arduous duties, and in May, 1915, he resigned the presidency to become chairman of the board of directors, which position he fills at this time. Vedder's successor was Albert E. Edwards, known to his friends as "Bert," because they have seen him grow up from boyhood, almost, in the bank, filling nearly every position from messenger boy up to the presidency, always

* Boom collapse.

wearing the same beaming countenance, no matter whether you want to negotiate a loan or introduce a new customer. The officers of the First National Bank are, at this writing: A. E. Edwards, president; W. H. Vedder, chairman of the board of directors; A. K. McQuilling, vice president; H. C. Hotaling, vice president; J. S. MacDonnell, vice president and cashier; T. W. Smith, assistant cashier. The directors are: E. B. Blinn, F. G. Cruickshank, A. E. Edwards, Harry Gray, H. C. Hotaling, F. C. E. Mattison, John McDonald, A. K. McQuilling, R. I. Rogers, Don C. Porter, J. Foster Rhodes and W. H. Vedder.

Its deposits on September 14th, 1917, were \$2,259,230.47.

It is also designated as a United States depository.

THE PASADENA TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK

Affiliated with the First National Bank is its sister institution named above. It was organized as a savings bank and as a trust company.

In this institution even larger funds are handled than by its associate, no less than \$3,375,849 being the total of its resources, as shown by its last financial statement. Combined deposits of both institutions are \$5,216,623.

The officers of the Trust and Savings Bank are as follows: W. H. Vedder, chairman of the board; A. E. Edwards, president; John McDonald, vice president; Henry A. Doty, treasurer; Guy H. Wood, assistant treasurer; W. D. Lacey, trust officer. The directors are the same as the First National.

THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY BANK

The San Gabriel Valley Bank was organized under the laws of the State of California, February 6th, 1886.

Its projectors believed there was room for another banking institution owing to the increasing business prospects. Frank M. Ward was its chief promoter, and secured the co-operation of Alonzo Tower (an Eastern man who had been making some local investments), Clarence S. Martin, Byron W. Bates, Lyman Craig, J. G. Miller and Walter R. E. Ward, all well known in Pasadena business circles.

The original capitalization was \$50,000. A lot was purchased on North Fair Oaks Avenue, just north of the Williams Block, and a two-story brick building built upon it, its lower floor being arranged for banking conveniences. F. M.

Ward was made president; B. W. Bates, cashier; the board of directors being composed of the persons named. The new bank attracted a good share of business and prospered sufficiently to desire a better location, which was secured by the purchase of the southeast corner of Colorado Street and Fair Oaks Avenue and the erection upon it of a handsome two-story block, in the fall of 1886. The directorate and officers were changed that year, H. W. Magee being made president and J. W. Hugus vice president, much strengthening the institution. Bates continued as cashier.

In 1887, Colonel W. A. Ray, a banker from Chicago, purchased Magee's interests and succeeded him as president. Ray remained until 1890, when Magee repurchased Ray's interest and was once more made president.

In 1900 Magee was appointed by Governor Markham a member of the State Bank Commission, whereupon he resigned his connection with the bank. In his new official capacity Magee made a thorough study of banking and bank laws, and upon the expiration of his term as commissioner wrote a valuable work on *Banks and Banking*, which has gone to three editions.

Frank C. Bolt became Magee's successor, and ably filled the position for years, when by the consolidation of this bank with the Union National, in 1911, he became chairman of the board of trustees of that bank, which position he now fills, and is, I believe, the dean of Pasadena's bankers.

The San Gabriel Valley Bank underwent the same serious loss in business with the collapse of the boom as did its neighbor. In 1888 its deposits were \$238,156.44. In 1890 there was a decrease to \$68,764—a serious loss. After that year a slow accretion continued until it had reached \$675,000 on the day of its absorption by the Union National, December 1st, 1911.

In February, 1891, a savings department was added, and did its share in taking care of the savings of the thrifty. This department had on deposit when it became absorbed \$456,000.

THE SECURITY NATIONAL

After E. H. May had sold his interests in the First National Bank, in November, 1911—having been associated with it since September, 1886—he devoted himself for a time

to rest and recuperation, just preparing for another effort, for, being yet in his prime, he was also ambitious not to "rust out." His destined opportunity came in 1912, and he seized it by securing a fine room in the Chamber of Commerce Building and fitting it up luxuriously and substantially for banking purposes. Here, in April, 1912, he opened the *Security National Bank* with a capitalization of \$100,000 and the following associate directors and officers: E. H. May, president; John W. Roach, vice president; E. Crawford May, vice president; C. L. Wright, cashier; J. M. Stone, assistant cashier; and these directors: F. C. Fairbanks, Peter Orban, Henry Sherry, S. S. Wold, J. H. Harrison, in addition to the other officers named.

On September 14th, 1917, the deposits in the Security Bank had grown to \$813,376.04, and its entire resources over \$1,600,000.

The Security Bank has taken its place among the leading banks, as could be expected in such experienced hands.

THE UNION NATIONAL

The Union National Bank is the evolution of a savings bank and the epitome of careful and steadfast business enterprise. Robert Eason was the organizer of this institution in its beginning, then known as the *Union Savings Bank*. Eason was a capitalist and banker from Iowa, who had adopted some California climate, and could not "just set around" and do nothing, so set an example of "retiring" in this way, associating with him the following good men as officers: H. M. Gabriel, president; Robert Eason, vice president; H. C. Durand, Dr. Norman Bridge and A. R. Metcalfe. Business was begun March 6th, 1895, in a room on South Raymond Avenue. Soon it was found that more commodious quarters were needed, to provide which Robert Eason purchased the northeast corner of Raymond Avenue and Colorado Street and built a fine three-story building thereon, and adapted it to banking purposes. Eason succeeded Gabriel as president and his son Willis became cashier.

In February, 1905, Holloway I. Stuart and associates purchased this bank and assumed command of its affairs. At the date of this transfer the capital stock was \$100,000 and deposits about \$1,000,000—commercial and savings.

The new board of directors were: Holloway I. Stuart,

president; W. R. Barnes, vice president; E. H. Groenendyke, cashier; Dr. Norman Bridge, B. F. Ball, additional directors.

Holloway Stuart had been connected with the First National Bank for several years—latterly as cashier—prior to his assuming charge of the Union. It was the habit of the First National Bank to graduate its young men to more advanced positions. Stuart's management was at once felt, the business flourishing under his guidance, the deposits increasing half a million in the next six months.

In addition to the commercial end of the institution was installed the *Pasadena Savings and Trust Company*, name changed to First Trust and Savings Company, November, 1917, which, in July, 1905, had over \$1,000,000 on deposit. This associated company was conducted under the same roof and with the same officers.

On May 2d, 1909, a new charter was obtained and the two banks became the *Union National* and the *Union Trust and Savings*, respectively, and have since continued business under these charters. Another advance was made December 1st, 1911, when the San Gabriel Valley Bank was merged with the Union National.

It had been evident that Pasadena was having a plethora of banks for its necessary business, and this merger set a good example for the solidification of financial concerns that was later successfully carried out by others, thereby strengthening the surviving corporations.

By this consolidation the joint capital and resources of these institutions was increased to \$3,000,000 in the commercial department and \$2,250,000 in the savings department.

F. C. Bolt, president of the San Gabriel Valley Bank, became president of the board of trustees of the merged institutions. On the death of W. R. Barnes, E. H. Groenendyke became vice president, filling this position with great popularity until his untimely death in 1916.

The roster now reads: H. I. Stuart, president; Frank C. Bolt, chairman of board of trustees; C. J. Hall, vice president; S. Washburn, vice president; John Willis Baer, vice president; W. A. Barnes, cashier.

According to the most recent statement the deposits of the Union National Bank are \$3,196,354.27.

The Union Trust and Savings Bank shows deposits of \$3,642,887.31.

THE AMERICAN BANK AND TRUST COMPANY

The American Bank and Trust Company was organized in 1905 by Isaac Springer, A. J. Bertonneau, D. Galbraith, Dr. W. D. Turner, Thomas D. Allin, W. B. Loughery and John S. Gove. Springer was its first president and Galbraith cashier. It began business at the corner of Broadway and Colorado Street, prospering slowly. Later, E. L. McCormick became head of it and Dr. G. Roscoe Thomas its vice president. It was purchased and absorbed by J. B. Coulston and associates in 1911.

BANKERS' SAVINGS BANK

An allied branch of the Pasadena National, for savings, was opened for business in 1905 with Henry Newby president and Harry D. Pyle cashier. In 1906 its officers were Isaac Bailey president and Elmer E. Webster cashier. It then had deposits of \$250,000 and was improving its business satisfactorily. In 1908 the stockholders of the Crown City Bank purchased a controlling interest, and moved the Bankers' Savings to the quarters of the Crown City institution and changed its name to conform with its newer alliance, April 5th, 1909. Harry Shlaudeman was elected president at this time, but was succeeded by J. B. Coulston in 1909, who had purchased his interests.

THE CROWN CITY BANK

This bank was organized April 16th, 1906, the officers being W. H. Bailey, president; A. A. Chubb, vice president; W. H. Kindig, secretary; A. B. Palmer, treasurer; J. O. Isaacson, cashier. Its capital was \$25,000. It was originally located at East Pasadena, but when control was purchased by J. B. Coulston in 1907 was moved farther into the city.

CROWN CITY TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK

Associate of its namesake and managed by the same officers, its fortunes following the parent institution the while. Its business is conducted in adjacent premises to the National Bank of Pasadena, which absorbed the Crown City Bank. The deposits July 1st, 1917, were \$1,149,073.93. Officers of the Crown City Trust and Savings Bank are: J. B. Coulston, president; Edward J. Pyle, vice president; Charles A. Good-year, vice president; H. H. Goodrich, vice president; Leon V.

Shaw, vice president; R. C. Davis, cashier and trust officer; E. W. Smith, assistant cashier and assistant trust officer.

THE CENTRAL BANK

The latest financial concern seeking recognition in the banking field is the *Central Bank*, under the direction of two bright and well known young men who graduated from the Union National and proceeded to establish their own standing in the financial arena. The *Central Bank* is chartered under the laws of the State of California and is, therefore, not a National bank.

H. L. Mouat was first president of this bank and William H. Magee cashier. Mouat died in November, 1917, and was succeeded by William H. Magee. Other directors are M. P. Green, S. Herbert Jenks, J. J. Mitchell, A. T. Newcomb and W. N. Van Nuys. Its assistant cashier is E. M. Jones.

It opened its door for business July 17th, 1916, and in its first twelve months of effort its deposits have gone to \$537,-302.72, with total resources of \$610,241, truly a satisfying business for this young institution, and proving the value of good reputations in banking circles.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS

Is situated on the corner of Colorado Street and Marengo Avenue in the most conspicuous building in the city, towering above its elevated corner twelve stories and standing like a monument of prosperity—as it is.

This building is the property of the Citizens Savings Bank, which in four years has become a strong factor in the financial institutions of Pasadena. It was organized October 15th, 1912, with a capital stock of \$100,000.

It opened its doors in more humble quarters at the same location January 31st, 1913, with a board of directors consisting of W. H. Hubbard, who had been an officer of the Crown City Bank; Charles W. Durand, Henry T. Hazard, Aaron Cover, M. Vilas Hubbard, E. D. Barry and George Mallory. W. H. Hubbard was chosen as president, Hazard and Durand vice presidents and M. Vilas Hubbard cashier. Its growth of business has been notable and its popularity conformable to its growth. On September 14th, 1917, its deposits were—commercial and savings combined—\$942,-

067.28. Its present officers are: W. H. Hubbard, president; H. T. Hazard, vice president; C. W. Durand, vice president; M. Vilas Hubbard, vice president; Dr. W. C. Watson, vice president; F. J. Kennett, cashier. In addition the following are directors: E. D. Barry, Thomas Bradley and John C. Coy.

THE PASADENA NATIONAL
(National Bank of Pasadena)

Pasadena had two banks in 1886 as has been related, but this did not seem to interfere with an ambition for another, although there was then less than 4,000 population and no industrial resources of consequence.

I believe George A. Swartwout and Dr. William Converse were largely instrumental in organizing the *Pasadena National Bank*, in the year 1886. Its capital was \$50,000, and its officers were: I. W. Hellman (of the Farmers and Merchants Bank of Los Angeles), President; E. F. Spence (of the First National of the same city), vice president; and G. A. Swartwout, cashier. Other directors were Dr. William Converse and C. H. Converse.

It will be seen that Los Angeles banks were the factors, financially, in this institution. This bank did a fair share of business, but Swartwout indulged in the boom that followed and also a railway scheme and went broke. Arthur Conger succeeded him in January, 1889. Then T. P. Lukens, who had graduated from *zanjero* to real estate, came into the banking field, and succeeded Conger as cashier (Conger had gone over to the First National as cashier), and so continued for a time. In 1895 the bank secured a room at the corner of Raymond Avenue and Colorado Street and moved therein. At this time Lukens became president and William Stanton vice president, with the following additional directors: G. Roscoe Thomas, L. P. Hansen, James Cambell, E. E. Jones (cashier). Under this management the business was continued with growing prosperity. The deposits, which had sunk to \$63,000 after the boom, grew to \$200,000. Later George F. Kernaghan purchased Lukens' interests and became president, while Charles A. Smith became cashier. In October, 1900, Henry Newby and E. J. Pyle organized a syndicate and purchased the control. The deposits had by this time dwindled to \$135,000, and financial conditions in the city were

not very encouraging; but the new men were ambitious and plucky. Both Newby and Pyle had received their training in banking business in the First National. H. W. Hines was another stockholder, as were also Dr. J. C. Fraser, B. O. Kendall, C. J. Willett, James Clarke, M. E. Wood and L. Perrin. Fraser was elected president, Newby cashier, and Pyle assistant cashier. Thus organized, the bank began its new career forward until the annual election in January, 1901, when Fraser retired and was succeeded by Perrin as president. The capital stock was then increased from \$50,000 to \$100,000. The new blood had begun to tell and the bank became a popular institution. In April, 1905, Henry Newby was elected president and E. J. Pyle succeeded him as cashier. At this time the deposits had grown to \$1,000,000 and the race was going fast. But the panic of 1907 came and demoralized the banking business, as everyone knows. The Pasadena National had encouraged a liberal policy. It felt the changed conditions at once and anxiety reigned as depositors day by day withdrew their balances. The clearing house plan of assisting with certificates was resorted to and saved many banks in that critical period. The Pasadena National had a narrow escape, but by this good fortune weathered the storm, its officers sitting upon the safety valve. But marvelous, indeed, was the rehabilitation that ensued. From low ebb of about \$100,000 back again to \$1,000,000—inside of two years—was something to be proud of for any bank! This was its history, and it was this that brought congratulations to Messrs. Newby and Pyle. But there was a change pending in the financial horizon. J. B. Coulston, who came into the Pasadena banking field via the East Pasadena Crown City Bank, on March 14th, 1907, through purchasing the control thereof, and becoming its president, was ambitious for larger spheres of action than could be afforded in the suburbs, and moved his little bank to the corner of Marengo Avenue, in November, 1907. In January, 1908, the stockholders of the Crown City Bank purchased the control of the Bankers' Saving Bank, electing Harry Shlaudeman president thereof, and on July 1st moved the business to the Marengo Avenue corner. Then, at the annual meeting of the Bankers' Savings Bank, March 22d, 1909, Coulston succeeded Shlaudeman as president of this bank, and the name was changed to the Crown City Savings Bank. In the meantime—March 9th,

1909—the Crown City Bank had received its charter as a National bank and became the *Crown City National Bank*.

More forward movement. In September, 1911, a consolidation of the Crown City Savings and the American Bank and Trust Company took effect with W. H. Hubbard, president; J. B. Coulston, vice president; and Vilas Hubbard, cashier. Then in July, 1912, Coulston purchased Hubbard's interests and succeeded him as head of that bank also. In September of the same year the name was changed to Crown City Savings and Trust Company.

Still another absorption. J. B. Coulston, in May, 1914, purchased a controlling interest in the National Bank of Commerce, and in June, 1912, a still greater event in banking circles occurred when a merger was effected between the National Bank of Commerce, the Crown City National and the Pasadena National under the name of the *National Bank of Pasadena*. This was done by changing the name of the National Bank of Commerce to the National Bank of Pasadena, increasing the capital stock to \$300,000 and purchasing the assets of the National Bank and the Crown City. It was a concentration of capital and a long-headed business move which gave to J. B. Coulston and his associates a fine financial institution and prominent place in the banking field of Pasadena. Coulston was elected president of the bank and Henry Newby president of the board of trustees. Newby eventually sold his interests to Coulston and retired from the banking business—with a host of well wishers and a rare personal popularity behind him.

The business of the National Bank of Pasadena is conducted in its own splendid building, erected in 1913 at a cost of \$150,000—exclusive of lot, which is on lease. No finer equipped bank building may be found than this. The associated Crown City Trust and Savings is conveniently housed in a room adjoining the parent institution. Deposits September 14, 1917, \$3,132,568.62. The officers are as follows: J. B. Coulston, president; Edward J. Pyle, vice president; Charles N. Post, vice president; Charles A. Goodyear, vice president; J. H. Woodworth, vice president; L. A. Boadway, vice president; Leon V. Shaw, cashier; Herbert C. Holt, assistant cashier; W. R. Scoville, assistant cashier.

CHAPTER XXXII

HOTELS



WE must, indeed, be a sorry iconoclast who does not agree that the hotels of Pasadena have been, and are, a very important factor in its material and also its social progress and importance. The material part is the money brought into quick circulation; for the tourist and the hotel guest is a generous spender, being generally both able and willing. Socially the hotel has been not only a center of affairs but leading in the pleasurable events which bring together desirable people. The winter guests must be provided with amusement and pleasures as well as substantial things, for they are here for rest, recuperation or dalliance, as the case may be. Pasadena's hotels have catered to the needs of their guests, and this attention and the outdoor diversions always at hand, also the splendid boulevards and country highways that tempt the automobile enthusiast, have given fair fame to our city and attracted thousands to test its hospitalities. The wealthy traveler is sometimes a captious critic who scrutinizes the hotel closely. Are the beds comfortable, the rooms cosy, the piazzas alluring and the menu sufficient to satisfy his gustatory cravings? And he demands mental and physical excitement also. Modest though the traveler may be at home, when abroad he becomes at times exacting and hard to please—a vexing problem to the diplomatic boniface who attends his censorious demands. The reason is plain; he is cut off from the grind of his exacting daily rounds. His regulation routine he has left back home with the other things that complete each twenty-four hours. He yearns for the excitement, the daily draft upon his nerve resources. The hiatus must be filled with something strenuous until he “settles down” and becomes soothed and con-



WALTER RAYMOND
Pasadena's first great hotel
proprietor

tented by the hypnotism of sunshine and the magic of California air. So it has become the problem of the capable hotel man, to change the trend of mind in man and woman cut off from their customary daily stimulus of business and social recreation so as to bring to them comfort and contentment. Pasadena's hotels have been foremost in a well-contested field in doing this. She may count her successes easily.

PASADENA'S FIRST HOTEL

NOT A "CARAVANSERAI," NOT A "PALACE," BUT A HUMBLE INN FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

The first hotel, like the first house, first church and first school in the Indiana Colony, was modest and unassuming, as hotels go. Located on South Marengo Avenue, it bade welcome to few guests on account of location and on account of the fact that there were few guests to welcome. The first hotel in Pasadena was called *The Lake Vineyard House*. It was built in 1880 in an orange grove by one Griswold, who conducted it for two years, and then sold it to Isaac Banta, a man of some peculiar characteristics, who had accumulated a modest fortune in Ohio, and had moved to Pasadena to enjoy it. Banta soon discovered that his house was too far away from traffic to encourage business, so he bought of Dr. and Mrs. Carr two and a half acres on the corner of Colorado Street and Fair Oaks Avenue and on this built *The Los Angeles House*, a three-story frame structure, somewhat pretentious, costing about \$15,000. This was in the summer of 1883, and the writer well remembers the remarkable industry shown by Banta in that summer as he labored early and late about that building. This was, in fact, the first hotel built in Pasadena that had any real pretensions as such.

When the property was sold to a syndicate the buildings were sold to be removed. Jack Defriez bought them and moved the hotel building to a lot on the corner of Delacy and Colorado Street, where it remained for a number of years and was removed to give place to Clune's Theatre Building. Defriez made a handsome profit from this speculation, but I must tell how he lost in another deal. On the hotel lot was also a barn which he, as he believed, also purchased with the hotel. Jack, after making the investment, went over to Catalina Island "to cool off." When he returned he went down

to look at his recent acquisition, when to his astonishment he discovered the barn had fled during his absence! After considerable inquiry he found his barn resting snugly upon another lot. Then he was informed that a certain worthy gentleman had decided he needed that barn and just confiscated it. He kept it, too, for Jack took it as a good joke on himself and let it go at that. Those were fine, easy days!

THE WEBSTER HOTEL

It was just prior to the time when work began upon the Los Angeles House that T. E. Martin of San Jose visited Pasadena intent upon investing some of his savings, and decided that prospects were good for a hotel or rooming house, combined with business rooms. He accordingly entered into negotiations with Alexander F. Mills, who owned fifteen acres on the southwest corner of Colorado Street and Fair Oaks Avenue, for one acre on that corner. Mills' price was just \$1,000. Martin offered that price, less the usual commission—\$50—as the trade was not handled by an agent. It required a week's diplomatic dickering for them to come to terms, but finally Mills made the allowance and Martin began the construction of a two and a half-story frame building on the corner, finishing it in a few months. This was opened by E. C. Webster as a hotel and rooming house in 1884, the lower floor being used as a dining room and for store purposes. Later O. T. Nay succeeded Webster and conducted the hotel; then for a time it was Nay & Willard. This property was sold to General Edwin Ward in 1886 for \$17,000, giving Martin a profit of about \$5,000. I would estimate the present value of this land alone at \$200,000, perhaps more.

The Webster—later under Ward's ownership changed to *The Grand Hotel*—was the scene of many affairs in the days of young Pasadena, and was the conspicuous center of activities for several years. The building, which was moved to make way for a modern building, now stands, remodeled, on the northwest corner of Valley Street and Fair Oaks Avenue upon the foundation originally laid for the first Y. M. C. A. Building.

THE VISTA DEL ARROYO

In 1882 Mrs. Emma C. Bangs purchased a plot of several acres running back from Orange Grove Avenue to the Arroyo,

and built upon it a rather pretentious building, for the time, in which she conducted a semi-public boarding house and hotel. Its reputation brought to it winter tourists and travelers who desired a retired place of residence, and year by year its reputation grew. In 1903 Mrs. Bangs died and the property was purchased by the Crown City Investment Company, which for a year conducted the hotel.

In 1905 the Vista del Arroyo Company (a corporation) purchased the property and began making improvements, and from time to time adding, by purchase, to the original properties, which now aggregate about seven acres. Six bungalows and six annexes, together with the original hotel building, now constitute the Vista del Arroyo. C. C. Blacker is president of the corporation, E. J. Blacker vice president, and H. M. Fowler secretary and treasurer. H. M. Fowler is also general manager. Located as it is on the Arroyo bluff, here is found a beautiful retreat away from the din of streets and marts of trade, yet convenient enough to be desirable. From the Arroyo side guests may enjoy the picturesque landscape of the Arroyo and the hills beyond, the bridge as a northern sky line, and the privilege of California's magnificent sunsets every day. Year by year this retreat has grown in favor with tourists, and has obtained a most desirable list of regular winter guests and constantly returning patrons.

THE RAYMOND

The Raymond was the first great hotel built in Pasadena. About it will ever cluster pleasant memories which will, to the old settler at least, carry him back to sentimental days, with their scent of wild flowers, of the fresh-turned soil, and the picturesque sweep of valley and mesa, much of it unbroken by the ploughshare. Walter Raymond, at the time of the inception of the hotel idea, was of the firm of Raymond & Whitcomb, well known Boston excursion purveyors; and had, in pursuance of his calling, come on several occasions to Southern California. He had found difficulty in obtaining proper accommodations for his excursion guests and from this difficulty grew the idea of building a good, high-class hotel somewhere in the South and conducting it in conjunction with his excursion itinerary. Opportunely and coincident with Raymond's idea, the San Gabriel Valley Railroad had been projected from Los Angeles out into the fields and vineyards of the valley of the

San Gabriel. The president of that enterprise, J. F. Crank had an eye open for any auxiliary business that might accrue to it; hence, when approached by Walter Raymond upon the subject of a proper hotel site, Crank, with characteristic enterprise, gave him carte blanche to pick out a site anywhere along the projected road and he would hand it to him as a gift. It did not take very long for Raymond to choose the site whereon the Raymond stands. It was then known as "Bacon Hill," being part of the Bacon (one time Marengo) ranch. Originally Raymond chose twenty-five acres, but found it insufficient and had added thirty acres more. Nature seemed to have set the hill there for the very purpose that it was now appropriated for. Commanding in its view from every side, and historic in its traditions, for from the adobe that stands on its southern base, once rode the officers of General Pico's staff, when they dispersed upon that memorable occasion after deciding upon the capitulation of California to Fremont. In that adobe, also, lived the first Spanish resident on the San Pasqual ranch, one Jose Perez. Raymond did not delay and it was not long before he had his prospective manager, A. H. Gluck, and his architect, Littlefield, on the ground planning out his great hotel enterprise. The hill required grading down thirty-four feet to give sufficient area, and the rocky surface had to be replaced with fertile soil to enable flowers and plants to grow. In some cases dynamite was used to blast holes for tree planting. Pasadena generously donated water as its appreciation. Tom Banbury was given the contract, and work was begun in November, 1883, upon the hill and continued into 1884, despite rainy weather. Unfortunately, financial troubles occurred throughout the country and involved Raymond for a time. Work was suspended, the men discharged and prospects looked gloomy; but in September of 1884 everything had been adjusted and work recommenced. The extraordinarily wet winter of 1883-84 had seriously interfered. The story goes that Emmons Raymond, Walter Raymond's father, looked not with approval upon his son's ambitions in building a hotel in this vast "wilderness!" This impression was confirmed when he arrived in Pasadena one day amidst a frightful rainstorm which lasted a week or more. But another visit, when the skies smiled like a baby's eyes, and the valleys were verdant and alluring, changed the pater's view and he vouchsafed the long-withheld approval. Build-

ing was begun again, and work continued uninterruptedly until finished. On November 17th, 1886, it was formally opened amidst a scene of happy felicitations to its indefatigable founder. It was a great society event, attended by nearly 1,500 guests drawn from the whole Southland. Coincidentally a great rainstorm swept down from the north on that memorable evening, and it was a matter of almost swimming to get safely home for many of the guests that night. But the hotel was finished at last, a great and imposing building perched upon its commanding site, a landmark for miles in every direction. It cost about \$400,000. The grounds were laid out by a landscape artist and soon became the Mecca of the winter tourist and climate seeker. World-wide travelers say that the view from Raymond Hill is one of the beautiful sights of the world. The mountain background, where splendid peaks rise a mile high, the sweep of green valley, with its groves, its gardens and attractive houses to the south and east and west, and far away the gleam of the blue waters of the ocean, fill up a magnificent picture. Certainly the guests of the Raymond obtain a fine bonus above the material comforts otherwise vouchsafed them there.

THE RAYMOND BURNS

On a fatal afternoon—Easter Sunday of 1895—smoke was seen to creep out in snaky spirals from an upper cornice of the west wing. Then came the licking tongues of fire and the alarm boomed out that the great hotel was burning. There was no adequate protection, and in a few hours nothing remained of the hotel but a mass of black ashes and a confused pile of twisted iron rods and tottering chimneys. It was a melancholy ending to a pleasant prospect, and brought with it sorrow and gloom to the people of Pasadena who had pinned enthusiastic prophecies upon the Raymond. Need we say that to its owner also the disaster was almost overwhelming. The financial loss seemed irreparable and the disappointment tremendous.

THE NEW RAYMOND

But Walter Raymond was not one to demur overlong at "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Instead, with Yankee energy and grit, he bestirred himself in short order and began to lay plans for a new and even better Ray-

mond. T. W. Parkes was commissioned to draw plans, and it was not long before the grounds were cleared of their debris and work begun. Today it stands majestic and conspicuous—not only conspicuous as an object that catches the transient vision, but as an achievement to the unconquerable energy of a man harassed by losses and calamity, who had happily wrought success from them. The present Raymond contains 400 rooms, and with its fine grounds and spacious piazzas, attracts year after year its regular clientele of guests to whom it spells home and home privileges such as are found in few hotels.

THE CARLTON

I have endeavored to recite the history of Pasadena's hotels in the order of their building, which brings us next to *The Carlton*, once occupying the Exchange Block. When the Exchange syndicate, Webster, Ward and others, purchased the property now covered by the building so named, it was designed to complete a first-class business hotel, such as the town seemed to demand. Activities in real estate were bringing in many people, and a new hotel was prospectively profitable. Webster set the pace and his associates confided in his wisdom; that was easy then, for Webster had, with Midas-like hand, turned all things into gold. So the *Carlton* was built and it was opened in 1886. The Harper & Reynolds Company's hardware store occupied one room on its ground floor. The Pasadena National Bank another, and the Alexander Cruickshank dry goods store still another. Cruickshank's store became "The Bon Accord" later, under H. R. Hertel's capable management, and made for Hertel a record of honorable business energy.

The Carlton became a thriving and prosperous house, although it became involved in the anti-liquor fight which ensued. Many events occurred under its roof that demonstrated the conditions of the times. One of these was a banquet given to Webster, then in the climax of his success and popularity, in 1888. It was no "orgy," just a jovial party of boomers, who were in the heyday of their prosperity and desired to give vent to their exuberance, good will and good nature. When the banquet ended some of Webster's over-enthusiastic friends dragged forth a buggy, and placing him therein, became for the time beasts of burden (asses?) and

dragged him to his domicile, amidst much hilarity. At this affair a telegram was handed Webster from Colonel G. G. Green, announcing the birth of a daughter at Woodbury, N. J., and who, as a talisman of his recently purchased suburb, named her *Altadena*. Mrs. Robert Neustadt is probably as proud of it today as were her warm admirers that night.

Another scene of hilarity—a sober one, too!—that occurred in the Carlton was the occasion of celebrating the election of Benjamin Harrison as president, in 1888. This time it was the Harrison Club that gave the affair: a bunch of old-fashioned republicans such as are seldom seen these unregenerate days. Nearly 200 of them there were: eager, combative and zealous. Oh, they were the boys to bet on in campaign days! Perhaps, too, there were rooms in the Carlton where facile fingers dealt the ubiquitous pasteboards and golden eagles mayhap exchanged hands! Who can say? But the Carlton fell upon unhappy days, and its fame departed with the other transitions of boom times.

LA PINTORESCA

The Painter—or as it became, the *La Pintesca*, i. e., the picturesque—was built by J. H. Painter and his two sons, Alonzo and M. D., in 1887. J. H. Painter had been the partner of B. F. Ball in the Painter & Ball Tract and had amassed much money thereby. A fine and sightly spot in North Pasadena was selected, and upon it a hotel was built and opened for tourist trade in February, 1888, under the management of M. D. Painter. The investment cost about \$100,000, and prospered for several years, but was in 1905 sold to others and was destroyed by fire December 31st, 1912. The grounds it occupied were purchased by the city in 1914 and now comprise one of the city's handsome parks, small it is true, but like the name it bears, picturesque and beautiful and much appreciated by the residents of North Pasadena.

THE GREEN

The Green was an outcome of the frenzied boom and Ed Webster's altitudinous ambition. Webster was the top-notch in enterprise about 1886-87, when ranches were being sliced up into town lots. Property owners like Romaine Williams and P. G. Wooster, who fortunately owned "ranches" down along the newly opened Raymond Avenue,

were strictly "in it." Wooster owned the property where now stands the Green Hotel and part of Central Park. Williams' land lay just south of Wooster's; therefore, when came the trend of speculation in that direction, Wooster parted with some of his land to Webster and Webster started to build a hotel on it. To help things along, he also built a depot for the Santa Fé on condition that that road would move its office from north of Colorado Street, where it then was, to the new location. Of course, this being handed a fine new brick depot that cost \$10,000, situated on a fine lot, all free of charge, the Santa Fé people couldn't refuse, and with due modesty and kindly feeling moved to the new location. This was in 1887. Thus was begun the original edifice, then called the Webster, later the Green, Hotel.

Colonel Green happened into Pasadena one fine day and met Andrew McNally and some other congenial spirits. I believe William Morgan later joined "the crowd." It didn't take Webster long to get these gentlemen interested in Pasadena, and it was through his efforts that they eventually made large investments and became regular winter residents. Then Webster ran out of money, and what more natural than that he borrow from Green? He did that very thing, and in the distressful end, when Webster got a monkey wrench in his financial machinery, Green had a two-story unfinished hotel on his hands that he did not want. This was in 1891. Morgan fared likewise, but only drew a smaller building on Raymond Avenue which still is part of the Morgan estate.

Green enlarged and improved his purchase and made it a high-class hostelry. He built the west wing in the park that surrounds it; then buying the Wooster Block on Fair Oaks Avenue, and including that in the plant in 1895. J. H. Holmes, a brother-in-law of Colonel Green, was made manager of the business and brought to it much fame as a high-class hotel; for Major Holmes had the "hotel genius," lacking which it bodes no man to attempt such an undertaking. These two structures, the east and the west wing, are joined, Siamese twinlike, by a bridge which spans the thoroughfare between—an unique link. Not a "bridge of sighs," indeed, but a causeway to neighborly comity between the dwelling places. The Green was conducted by Major Holmes until he became lessee of the U. S. Grant Hotel at San Diego. In 1916 the Green was leased to D. M. Linnard, who now conducts it as one of his trio, and has recreated its former prestige.

MARYLAND—MY MARYLAND

When D. M. Linnard, proprietor, unlocked the doors of the Maryland one season a few years ago, then threw the key away, it was decreed that nevermore should its doors be closed to guests; that, in fact, the hotel season in Pasadena was "all the year round." Then the tourist discovered that California had a summer climate all its own, a fact heretofore overlooked by hotel proprietors. In the effete East, the sweltering climate of dog days drove those who were able to go into mountain retreats and to the seashore to get the necessary ozone required for their constitution. California, it was now made known, could offer any amount of health giving principle and throw in a few advantages. Before the period alluded to, winter guests in Pasadena had marked the seasons with discriminating pencil upon obtrusive calendars, and, being creatures of habit, bethought them that on certain fixed dates the time had come to leave behind them the torrid throes of summer in Summer Land. The first birds of spring twittered in the rose-covered pergolas of the Maryland; and perchance one day, the mercury escaped and climbed to 80 degrees on the hotel corridor. This, indeed, thought they, is but a prelude to what we may expect—us for back home! Such was their inexperience then. But when it was set forth by an enterprising hotel proprietor, with the addition of "summer rates" as a side appeal, that here in California, tropic periods might pass unheeded and uncared for, a new distraction was offered to the ennuied hotel guest, and the revelation came that Southern California did offer tempting enticements to those who cared to enjoy it. It has thus spread abroad that in Pasadena one may find surcease from sweltering climate and opportunity for summer recreation, second to none. Thus taught, spring departures were delayed longer and longer, and expanded into an all year round treatment. At least, there was the mountains right by, and the seashore within an hour or so, if necessity called.

And so the Maryland has become an all year round hotel, different from seasonal hotels. The builder of the Maryland's first unit was Colin Stuart, a man of practical mind, yet who, for sentimental reasons, gave this child of his hands the name of his home state, Maryland, because it was both beautiful and patrician. It was well called, and its ring-

ing appellation has sounded musically in words and song ever since. The land was bought in 1902 and the first unit of the house built that year. When completed and furnished Stuart conducted it himself. Then D. M. Linnard, whose talents had been smothering in the La Casa Grande for a year or so, purchased, through the Maryland Hotel Company, a corporation of which he was a large stockholder, the entire property. This was in 1903. A new wing was added, some bungalows and lots lying contiguous to the initial property purchased, and a general plan of enlargement begun, which has never since ceased.

Linnard had been just preening his managerial feathers at the Casa Grande. At the Maryland there was room to expand and he was the opportunist of hotel men who seized opportunities. Under his management the Maryland grew in reputation and expanded in size. For one thing, its doors were always open to the city's guests, when under the auspices of the Board of Trade or other catering hand they must be shown its welcoming hospitalities. This is a proverbial reputation for the Maryland, and in these corridors and in these piazzas thousands of strangers have been extended the glad hand amidst the good cheer which abounded. In that great dining room, amidst its palms and garlands, many noted men have been banqueted and listened to.

It is less attractive to us that in its history this auspicious era should be brought to sudden halt on the evening of April 18th, 1914, when a fire broke out, and despite every effort, destroyed two of the three wings and seriously damaged the other. It was calamitous, indeed, to Linnard and his associates, and it was a source of solicitude to the people of Pasadena, for its permanent effacement would be a serious blow to the prosperous life of the city. There was a day or two for meditation on the part of D. M. Linnard, and a serious contemplation of the financial situation. It must be a severe struggle to rehabilitate these ruined walls and would require much money. Yet the problem was solved, and Linnard emerged from his distressful meditations an active and potent figure whose motto was, "Never surrender!" In the meantime guests were being cared for in cottages and bungalows, and strictly speaking, the hotel was not "closed" to patrons.

It was not long before reconstruction was begun and on Thanksgiving Day of the same year—1914—the newer and

finer Maryland opened its doors once more to an enthusiastic and approving throng. Surely, a rapid recuperation!

Myron Hunt was the architectural genius who wrought out this splendid transformation—these broad, sweeping piazzas, these comfort-breeding nooks and corners and the strikingly original and effective pergola front under which merchandising may be conducted amidst drooping vines, and pavements bordered with daffodils and pansies.

The Maryland covers eight acres of lawn and flower garden, and besides the main structure has thirty bungalows, where one may live in quiet seclusion a few feet from the busy halls—yet remote and undisturbed—if he so desires. Thus we find here a combination of comfort and efficiency unsurpassed.

Some one, perhaps Eleanor Gates, with fitting poetic fancy, has termed this the "Maryland Bungalowland." Standing in the main corridor one looks to the left through a long vista of dining room to the celebrated Palm Room beyond, where 1,500 persons can find comfortable seating room—the finest audience room in the city. Gazing through the crystal walls which enclose the entire north end of the corridor, the exclamation involuntarily arises, "Oh, Maryland, My Maryland!" For here is a picture so charming and unique in hotel experience, that superlatives rise unconsciously to one's lips. Across that spread of velvet lawn there is hint of tiled roof and gable, and also is caught glimpses of white façades through leafy vista and drooping flowers. Walls, massed in purple flowering bougainvillea, and pergolas with rose vine coverings, are fitting frame to the distant purple mountains. These are the invitations that tempt the winter visitor to come, and the casual guest to linger. Piping robin and trilling mockingbird add to the pleasing illusion that one has been transported to Paradise with its magic gardens of perpetual bloom.

So the Maryland is a city hotel, with country privileges.

THE WENTWORTH

General Wentworth, a hotel owner in the White Mountains, came to Pasadena upon the invitation of Walter Raymond, to manage that hotel during the seasons when his own was closed. He could in this way go back and forth each season without interference with his own affairs. When the Raymond was burned Wentworth was engaged by M. D. Painter

to manage the La Pintesca, and it was during this interval that he conceived the plan of building for himself a hotel in Pasadena. He consulted W. R. Staats and interested the Staats Company so that it undertook to finance the proposition. The Hotel Wentworth Company was the outcome.

A site containing twenty-six acres was procured at Oak Knoll and building begun. It was originally intended that the building should be of frame with stucco exterior, but the plan was changed to reinforced concrete. This entailed an expense of perhaps \$200,000 additional, and involved the company in financial deep waters. The plan had been to sell stock and give a bonus of bonds to stock purchasers. Work ceased, pending adjustment, and a temporary roof placed after it had gone up four stories. In this condition Wentworth partially opened the house for guests, hoping that readjustment would follow. But its fortunes had fallen and pressing creditors brought about a receivership and court proceedings. More than \$1,000,000 had been spent and Wentworth sunk his little fortune in the venture and forsook California.

The deserted hotel was closed and a keeper placed in charge until in 1914, when the property was sold to Henry E. Huntington and was to be known thereafter as

THE HUNTINGTON

Huntington employed Myron Hunt to finish the structure, which was rapidly done. In the season of 1914-15 it was reopened, this time fully completed, and under the management of D. M. Linnard, to become later one of his triumvirate of Southern California hotels. The Huntington is a commanding structure, as it stands amidst its gardens and its orange groves. From afar its appearance is a reminder of a great castle or chateau, and one may easily imagine those walls façades, battlements and bastions—frowning and impregnable. From its roof or windows the view is magnificent and sweeping.

A HOTEL TRIUMVIRATE

It has been stated that in 1916 D. M. Linnard of Maryland fame leased the Green and was manager of the Huntington. In 1917 he formed a new company, with the title of the California Hotel Company, with a capital of \$2,000,000. This



THE LINNARD HOTELS

Top, The Huntington—Next below, The Green—Next below, The Maryland—At the bottom, A Lane of Bungalows—D. M. Linnard in left center

corporation, the majority of which stock is owned by Linnard. purchased the Green Hotel and also the Huntington, thus bringing under one ownership three great hostelries. It was a daring undertaking and required business brains. D. M. Linnard has become the Napoleon of bonifaces of the Pacific Coast. Not only has he Pasadena's three largest hotels dangling at his belt, but, in 1917, he also leased the *Fairmont*, San Francisco's finest, an imposing marble building that caps Nob Hill; thus a fourth hotel project has been added to Linnard's chain, and his activities will, in these expansions, find fitting exercise and his genius a splendid field. Perhaps the time may arrive when the Fairmont, too, will form a fourth picture in Napoleon Linnard's own hotel group.



CHAPTER XXXIII

A FIRE AND A FIRE DEPARTMENT—HISTORY OF ITS BEGINNING IN PASADENA

AS THE CITY GREW APACE MANY THINGS WERE DEEMED DESIRABLE, NOT THE LEAST OF THESE BEING FIRE PROTECTION. THUS IT CAME ABOUT THAT A FIRE DEPARTMENT WAS ACQUIRED. ITS FIRST MEMBERS AND ITS FIRST APPARATUS.



COW, perhaps a brindle at that, receives credit for burning up a goodly part of a great city, and thus from incineration came a reincarnation and a greater prosperity. The Hibernian lady who owned the bovine didn't dream of the far-reaching results of the conjunction of her "bossy" and a carelessly set kerosene lamp. Neither did the two urchins who, meandering down Fair Oaks Avenue upon a November night in the year 1885 imagine the results of their playful, if cruel, pastime of shying a stone or two at a couple of Chinamen who were industriously engaged in rejuvenating garments for Pasadena's foremost citizens.

A kerosene lamp stood within the window of the "washee" house where the "chinks" labored, and proved a fair shot for the unerring aim of bad boys. The lamp was broken, the wash house set afire, and the Chinamen ran shouting into the street. A crowd soon gathered, and after a hard fight with the flames, during which Johnny Mills, in a desperate frenzy almost chopped down an adjoining building to stop its advance, the fire was subdued. It required just this to incense some enraged citizens who objected to the colonization of "chinks" in the heart of the village, and before long the cry went up, "Hang them! Hang the yellow devils!" A rush was made for Mills Alley, where they swarmed, living in cheap shacks, and things looked squally for John for a time. The Chinamen were nearly frightened to death, and there was some reason for their fears. "The Chinese must go," the slogan of Dennis Kearney and his sand lotters in San Francisco, had prejudiced men against these docile yellow boys about that time. Cooler heads prevailed over

the irate ones, and when Tom Banbury promised to see that every Chinaman was removed and provided for by next day, good sense and good humor prevailed. And by next day not a Chinaman could be seen anywhere! so thoroughly scared were they. Banbury kept his word, and the obnoxious "washee" men moved down towards the Raymond Hill, where they have, mostly, remained ever since. This fire, inconsequent in itself, produced two important results; it drove the Chinese out of the center, and it brought about the organization of a fire department, or at least its beginning.

The first meeting to effect this object took place in 1885, but no material progress was made, lack of money being the greatest obstacle in the way, there being then no city organization. No less than \$1,000 was thought necessary for a mere hook and ladder system. So in spite of several meetings nothing was actually done until the city became incorporated and an organization effected under its authority and with its money. A resolution providing for a fire department with hook and ladder equipment was passed by the trustees. This was in October, 1887.

Bob Hentig, a plumber, was made "chief" of the new organization at the handsome stipend of \$10 monthly. There was to be a hose company in addition to the hook and ladder, and there were to be twelve firemen in each company who were to be paid \$20 per month each. Of course these men were not expected to devote their entire time to sitting around and waiting for a conflagration, but pursued their usual avocations. When an alarm occurred the apparatus came on a run by Colorado Street and Fair Oaks Avenue, where it picked up its "company," they scampering for that point when the alarm sounded.

Here is a roster of the first volunteers: Robert Hentig, chief; Peter Steil, J. W. Buttner, J. D. Johns, E. P. Dickey, George Draper, W. B. Mosher, N. Henderson, L. Crosby, C. A. Hughes, J. S. Mills, A. Butterworth, Ed Brown, J. M. Cracken, E. A. Russel, A. W. Lewis, W. Keys, F. L. Johnson, S. McDaniels, George Johnson, G. F. Farar, Harry Haskins, George Brown, T. W. Jeffers. Johnson is, I believe, still in this service.

The first apparatus was received and tried out in May, 1888. A regular association was effected, J. S. Mills elected president and J. D. Jones secretary. This was in June. Soon

thereafter "Pete" Steil was elected fire chief. Steil had been in trouble with the authorities, being charged with keeping a diminutive porker, with visual obscuration, commonly known as a "blind pig." Pete kept a restaurant. This being a capital crime—almost—therefore trouble brewed, and the fire chief was not confirmed in office by the straight-laced trustees. Eighteen of the volunteers resigned on account of this trouble. So it was all over with Peter Steil. Then J. D. Jones was selected as chief and served until September 10th, 1889, being succeeded by "Bob" Hentig. In 1889 a Silsby engine was purchased, arriving on July 6th, 1889, much to the joy of the jolly fire boys, who never got tired of polishing up its shining silver and steel works. In honor of the event the engine was christened M. M. Parker, who at the time was president of the board of trustees. H. H. Hillier was the first engineer, being appointed on July 20th, serving only one month, being succeeded by George Sanborn. The engine was housed in a building on Delacy Street and the horses kept in Wiley & Greeley's stable close by. In 1889—December 3d—the Dayton Street engine house was completed, and the apparatus moved thereto. A. S. Turbett succeeded Hentig as chief, and on January 4th, 1890, George Greeley was made assistant to Turbett. Turbett has continued faithfully to identify himself with the fire department ever since that date. Up to 1894 but two or three men were employed continuously, but in that year additional men were deemed necessary and were engaged. Turbett continued as chief until 1901, when A. M. Clifford, who was at the time engineer for the department, was appointed chief and has successfully filled that position ever since. F. V. Hovey was appointed assistant to the chief and remained in that position until 1906. As the city grew new apparatus and quarters for them were added and additional employees engaged. Now the fire department consists of one steamer in use (the original steamer is held in reserve); five gasoline combination pump and hose apparatus; four gasoline combination chemical and hose, and one gasoline, chemical; one aerial ladder truck (automobile); one horse, hose; and one horse, chemical—a total of fourteen apparatus in use.*

These are housed in six houses, located in different sections convenient for neighborhood calls. Pasadena has been hap-

* Since this was written the horses have been eliminated and auto service substituted.

pily exempt from disastrous fires with the exception of three hotel fires—the Raymond, La Pintoresca and the Maryland. Of course there are smaller losses and frequent alarms, but no serious ones with the above exceptions. As a result of the substantial protection the fire underwriters have given Pasadena a reasonable rate of insurance and have profited by their risk also. The Underwriters' Report for 1915-16 shows that the total number of fires during that period was 169; value of property involved, \$1,418,000, and total loss but \$12,995—a fine record indeed!

POLICE DEPARTMENT

The first police officer appointed for the city of Pasadena was George W. Dunmore, appointed by the recently elected board of trustees. This appointment was made July 10th, 1886. The present force consists of forty-two men and officers, with Walter S. McIntyre chief and L. N. Odell captain. No complaint is made of the "force." It is a small one for the territory to be patrolled. Commissioner Harley F. Newell is the guardian of the public and the safety of the citizens, and is thus ex-officio head of the police department.



CHAPTER XXXIV

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY



THE visitor who wanders, meditatively, within the doors of the Public Library, and contemplates the great stacks of books there crowding every available space; noting, too, the stream of patrons passing in and out, and the industry of the young women employees; must be impressed with the idea that Pasadena is a reading community. Here indeed, thinks he, is a bookish people; for here upon these crowded shelves are 61,000 volumes, embracing the best selections within the scope of critical judgment and consideration for the many tastes of reading people. Yet Pasadena cannot yet cherish the illusion that it has a library building, up to date architecturally, or in its conveniences. Years ago, it was looked upon with much pride—then justified. But since it was built and dedicated, July 4th, 1878, the population has grown about one thousand per cent and it is now, of course, outgrown. It is gratifying to know that public sentiment is, if slowly, gravitating toward a substantial and beautiful structure, one commensurate with public needs and appealing to the highest ideals in library construction. When such a sentiment culminates and such a library building is built, there must be an art room adjunct, which will form a gallery that will accommodate examples of every school of art and of every period; for it is known that when such a home is provided and safeguarded, many priceless canvases will find their way there. Then, there are rare etchings, there are priceless wares from foreign lands, products of misty ages and of marvelous construction, that await the opportunity of safe display where their unmatched beauties may be enjoyed by every lover of the beautiful. This is what a new and properly constructed library would mean to Pasadena. Unfortunately, these facts and the condition of dire need for more space for the constant stream of new volumes have not yet sufficiently urged themselves upon the minds of the public. Efforts were made in the spring of 1917 to obtain a bond issue of \$250,000 for a new building. Architect Myron

Hunt prepared plans that were acceptable to the City Commissioners and the library trustees, which would have given the city a magnificent library building. The City Planning Association undertook to promote the project, and by its individual members performed good work in its behalf. But the selected site for the new building created objection and indecision. Also, the creation of a Civic Center, of which the proposed library was to be the initial unit, had not been fully determined in many minds. These disturbing factors operated against a most desirable and much needed project and deferred it.

But advocates of a fine library are hopeful that, at a no distant future, there will be erected a building beautiful and capacious, upon whose shelves will be found an endless array of tomes commensurate with the tastes and craving of the people who will go there to pay their fealty to them. Of course it must be a fitting temple where the classic, and the ephemeral, too, may meet and greet and part, upon the common plane of generous shelves. Through the crystal dome above this great forum will filter the mellow sunshine, glorifying the arena below and illuminating its nooks and corners. Poetry and prose, wit and wisdom, science and philosophy, should have proper setting. Pasadena should have all. Some day the voter will realize that it is economy to spend money and thrifty to be extravagant, in some ways. May this be one of them.

To Abbot Kinney of Kineloa Ranch, a neighbor only of Pasadena, is due the credit, primarily, of starting the plan which resulted in a public library in the then struggling village of Pasadena. A lover of books himself, a literary dilettante, and a purveyor of benefactions, Abbot Kinney set in motion a sentiment, and gave it a practical boost by adding money to it—usually the most successful way of proving a theory! Meeting our foremost residents from time to time, he suggested the idea of a library. As a preliminary, Sherman Washburn, T. P. Lukens, Mrs. Jeanne Carr, and H. N. Rust, were invited to listen to Abbot Kinney and agreed with his plans. The "Pasadena Library and Village Improvement Society," was the outcome, designed for the purpose indicated by its title—for it was purposed as well to interest the public in those things that tended to the upbuilding and beautifying of their village.

The immediate object, however, was the establishment of a public library. It was a regularly incorporated Society, incorporated December 26th, 1882, with a capital of \$50,000, 10,000 shares at \$5 each, giving the poorest a chance to assist in the commendable undertaking. Co-operation was the thing desired, hence the small amount required to become a real stockholder and popularize the undertaking. The subscription was opened and headed by Kinney himself with a \$300 donation. \$1000 was ultimately realized in this manner, but this was not quite sufficient, even for a beginning. Then Fraternal Societies became interested. The A. O. U. W. and the Good Templars, jointly, guaranteed \$700, to be repaid them in the use of a hall in the upstairs of the proposed library building. Others donated books, periodicals and furniture. The first officers selected were Abbot Kinney, President; Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr, Secretary; S. Washburn; E. F. Hurlbut; A. R. Hanna; W. H. Wakeley; H. N. Rust and Lyman Allen as Directors.

An "Art Loan" exhibition was made a popular source of interest and netted \$272 for the fund. A concert, arranged by Mrs. S. E. Merritt, who had taken a very active interest in the project, netted \$118; a lecture by H. N. Rust, another addition of \$21. By this time the directors began to feel justified in putting up a building and had plans prepared. In the meantime the public school trustees had leased to the library for a term of 20 years, a part of the Central School lot—100 feet frontage on Colorado Street—on the east end of that tract. On this lot, in 1884, the first library building was erected—a two-story wooden building 22x40 feet in size; the upper floor being designed for lodge uses as per agreement with the two society subscribers mentioned. This building cost \$2,300.

In this the library was duly opened on the 26th of February, 1884, with just 329 volumes on its shelves. Mrs. S. E. Merritt was selected as librarian and continued to perform these duties until April 1st, 1898, when she was succeeded by Miss Nellie M. Russ. There being no maintenance fund, a charge of 25 cents monthly was made for use of books, when taken home. A Citrus Fair, held in March 1886, added about \$506 to the funds and relieved pressing needs. By this time there were 1700 volumes on the shelves—bought and donated—mostly donated.

The library then secured its Colorado Street lot for \$170, a nominal sum. This was just prior to the boom. One year later this lot sold for \$10,000, placing, at a bound, the library finances in fine shape. But this good fortune was yet a year away, and in the interval something had to be done. Of course it was up to the enterprising spirits to devise that something. It was the young ladies this time. They were Emily Bradley, Allie Freeman, Velma Brown and Mrs. Abbot Kinney, assisted, of course, by Mrs. Merritt. These ladies secured the willing aid of R. M. Furlong, Charles Scharff and Carl Frese's stringed orchestra. A play was put on the Williams Hall stage—the "School for Scandal," I believe it was, and very well rendered, too, such was the local verdict. To give everyone their money's worth, Mrs. Beeson, Miss Gilbert and Mrs. Kinney, added some musical numbers, for which they were noted, being the popular warblers of the day. Carl Frese's orchestra came in for its share of favorable comment as a matter of course.

When the Colorado Street lot was sold, the trustees purchased a lot on Dayton Street for \$1496 and moved the old building to it, where it continued in use for library purposes, pending the erection of a new building. In passing, it may be said that this building (with lot) was later sold for \$2000 and converted into a boarding house, for which purpose it still is used. It stands just opposite the Dayton Street engine house, and has not been altered in any way externally, except by the addition of a porch.

Propositions were asked for a new lot. Several were offered free, but the only one regarded as fulfilling requirements was that offered by Charles Legge, being 100x150 feet in size, located at the corner of Raymond Avenue and Walnut Street—a part of his home place. The conditions accompanying the offer were that a building to cost not less than \$25,000, would be built there and completed by January 1st, 1888, free from any incumbrance. This offer was accepted. The Trustees now had a fund of \$10,000 derived from the sale of the Colorado Street property, and a lot.

The Trustees at this time were C. T. Hopkins, President; Abbot Kinney, Vice-President; L. C. Winston, Secretary; Otto Froelich, H. N. Rust, Dr. W. F. Channing, C. M. Parker and Charles Legge. With commendable optimism, the

Trustees decided to go ahead with the building, hoping to obtain the necessary funds to complete it during its erection. A subscription list was started and signed, generally. I have this list taken from an old copy of the weekly *Star*. This subscription was made in 1887 and represented the purchase of shares in the library corporation stock, as then organized. The shares were \$5.00 each.

F. M. Hovey.....	\$ 95.00	Charles A. Gardner.....	\$ 50.00
Lyman Allen	250.00	T. P. Lukens.....	500.00
Henry G. Bennett.....	200.00	S. Townsend	300.00
P. G. Wooster.....	100.00	H. F. Goodwin.....	250.00
Ed. L. Farris.....	200.00	F. J. Woodbury.....	500.00
Craig Bros.	50.00	O. S. Picher.....	500.00
J. W. Wood.....	50.00	Edson Turner	100.00
Wm. Converse	100.00	C. T. Hopkins.....	1,000.00
Kerckhoff Cuzner Lumber		Justus Brockway	100.00
Co.	500.00	H. H. Visscher.....	250.00
J. D. & N. G. Yocum....	500.00	Charles Ehrenfeld.....	50.00
W. E. Cooley.....	50.00	J. P. Woodbury.....	500.00
James Smith	100.00	R. M. Furlong.....	100.00
Riggins Bros.	50.00	J. W. Hugus.....	100.00
B. Tallmadge	100.00	C. S. Martin.....	100.00
A. Cruickshank	100.00	L. H. Michener.....	100.00
J. F. Crank.....	100.00	W. T. Vore.....	20.00
Dr. T. Nichols.....	100.00	J. Campbell	50.00
J. Banbury	100.00	N. P. Conrey.....	20.00
Total		\$6,935.00	

Contracts were let for the exterior walls to the amount of over \$17,000. Work was begun, but unhappily, the stone and brick contractor failed, embarrassing the situation exceedingly. Adding to its further seriousness, the boom waned and some who had subscribed to the fund for the building lost their money in the crash, and failed to make good. The subscription referred to is here given as *signed*, but not much over one half of it was collected—for the reason mentioned. Architect Henry Ridgway was chosen to make the plans, and to him is due the credit of designing the present handsome building.

Upon the failure of the contractor, affairs were in a tangled shape and work was suspended. Charles Legge, generously extended the time limit. A plan was finally agreed upon

when all seemed lost. Enterprising citizens agreed to sign a joint note for the sum of \$6000, which the First National Bank agreed to cash. These signers deserve that their names be herewith published. They were W. Augustus Ray; J. Banbury; R. Williams; James Smith; W. T. Clapp; J. B. Corson; J. B. Young; M. Rosenbaum; Jos. Wallace; Dr. J. M. Radebaugh; H. H. Markham; Butler Tallmadge; W. T. Vore; C. M. Skillen; C. H. Rhodes; T. P. Lukens; O. S. Picher; Thos. F. Croft; C. E. Langford; S. Washburn. Thus came surcease to immediate trouble, and the work was resumed. But it was discovered that even this surcease was but temporary, for it was found that the amount was still insufficient; in fact, \$3000 short of the sum required.

Then came Miss Anna B. Picher, always a library enthusiast, who proposed an "Art Loan" on a larger and finer scale than had ever before been undertaken in Southern California. It was an ambitious idea, and brilliantly carried out by its projector and her aides. This occurred in February, 1889, lasting ten days. The incomplected library building was transformed into a thing of beauty and historic interest. Different epochs in California history were portrayed by specimens of art and wearing apparel of their period. Special days were held, such as Mexican Day, Chinese Day, Oriental Day, Spanish Day. Demonstrations of the habits, costumes, etc., of their countries and periods were given in an interesting manner. Senor Don Arturo Bandini was prominent and picturesque in his Spanish costume, carrying on an old Spanish style "*Conversazione*," as was stated on the programme. Anyone who remembers the gallant Don Arturo will concede his mighty qualifications for the part. Costumes owned by old Spanish Californian notables, such as Don Antonio Coronel, the Picos, the De Bakers and others, were exhibited in all their picturesque grandeur. It was a success, artistically and popularly, and redounded greatly to the fame of its projectors; yet the net financial results were far from being sufficient to aid, greatly, the hiatus in the library fund, and once more the project was in peril—creditors clamoring for bills unpaid, and funds exhausted. Finally, a sheriff's deputy made an official visit and seized the premises; the property was sold under the hammer and Charles Legge—having had to buy it in for self-protection—found himself possessed of a perfectly good

library building, although not yet quite finished or habitable! Of course, Charley didn't want any libraries, in fact, was eager to dispose of this one. Then was broached the proposition of having the city become owner and purveyor. J. B. Corson was the man who particularly advocated this plan. It was estimated that \$8,500 would pay all debts and finish the structure. There was objection, of course, as is customary; and there were legal obstacles; but the objections were stilled and the legal obstacles overcome by the astuteness of City Attorney Arthur. On January 14th, 1890, the voters voted bonds amounting to \$8,500 with practical unanimity—the second bond issue voted in Pasadena. Thus the long struggle was, apparently, after three years' endeavor, ended. The library had at last fallen into its proper ownership and the vexations of years found an end. At this time the Board of Trustees was as follows: Dr. W. F. Channing, President; L. C. Winston, Secretary; H. N. Rust; S. Washburn; C. F. Holder; J. W. Vandevort; B. M. Wotkyns.

On April 19th, 1890, the city paid off outstanding claims and acquired formal title to the property. But the balance of the funds voted was still insufficient to pay the whole of the \$6000 note, and the makers thereof found themselves out of pocket the \$6000 borrowed. Some of this money was recovered, but the borrowers were finally out of pocket \$4150 to show for their civic pride!

The City trustees appointed the following as the first Board of Library Trustees: J. W. Vandervoort; Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr; C. T. Hopkins; George F. Kernaghan, and W. U. Masters.

The building, costing \$25,000, was completed, and on September 9th, 1890, its doors were opened to the public.

It was made an interesting event, addresses being made by T. P. Lukens, President of the City Board of Trustees; "Father" Throop and Abbot Kinney. Mrs. Merritt was continued as Librarian, at a salary of \$50 per month, and Miss Laura B. Packard—now Mrs. George A. Daniels—became her assistant at half of that salary. After eight years of prosperity—during which the volumes grew from 3000 to 12,800—Mrs. Merritt resigned (in 1898) and Miss Nellie M. Russ, who had succeeded Miss Packard a few months previously as assistant, was appointed Librarian April 1st,



PUBLIC LIBRARY

1898. Mrs. Merritt's long services were appreciated by resolutions passed by the Trustees at the time. At this time a Board of Trustees were elected under the city's new charter. They were as follows: S. Washburn (incumbent), C. M. Parker (incumbent), G. A. Gibbs, Dr. J. E. Janes and J. W. Wood. Washburn resigned on May 2d, 1913, having served since the beginning of the library—a period of 31 years—continuously.

Miss Anna B. Meeker served on the Board (as its Secretary) in 1901-02 and Miss Mida F. Webb in the same capacity in 1915-16. Prof. W. H. Holland also served as a member and as a member of the Advisory Board from 1915 to 1917.

Since Miss Russ's appointment, the history of the library has been one of uninterrupted advance. With her score of assistants she is in constant touch with the exacting demands of the public and has brought the system up to a high state of efficiency.

Three branches cater to the needs and convenience of the public. One is in North Pasadena; one in East Pasadena; and a station is located on Washington Street and Lake Avenue.

The patronage of these branches indicates their desirability.

In 1916, A. C. Vroman, a public spirited citizen, bequeathed \$10,000 to be applied to the purchase of literature dealing with California and the Southwest, in the study of which he was much interested, and also for works of Art and books on Art. He also donated a fine collection of books from his own library, chiefly relating to the subjects named.

The gift of "Curtis' Indians"—an exceedingly beautiful and elaborate collection of books and valuable Indian photographs, costing \$3000—was recently made by Miss Susan Stickney, who has been a valuable friend of this library. Another donor, Mrs. Emmaline Bowler, a few years ago bequeathed 700 volumes and many valuable art photographs. This collection has been installed as the Bowler Memorial and has its own place in the building.

Mention must be made of the collection of Californiana gradually acquired by Miss Russ during the past 19 years. This collection embraces many rare books, documents, newspapers and letters; also autographs of great value, in some

cases not duplicated. For instance, the first newspaper published in California; letters of California's governor under the old regime; and autographs of many eminent personages. When the commission form of government was decreed, the Library Board, as originally constituted, was abolished, and the present "advisory" board superseded it. This Board now consists of Rev. Daniel F. Fox and J. W. Wood, with one vacancy.

As an indication of the "reading taste" the following statistics will be illuminating (taken from report of fiscal year 1916-17):

Total circulation of books.....	350,000
Circulation per capita	8
Circulation—Juvenile Department	75,000
Percentage of fiction circulation.....	51
Percentage of Juvenile.....	19

A new feature of the library's activities was inaugurated when, in 1916, Mrs. Gussie Packard DuBois was engaged to promote interest among public school children in books, and to direct their reading into proper channels. Up to this time six small libraries have been established as branches, in schools distant from the main libraries, and at intervals Mrs. DuBois has addressed these pupils and, out of her deep reservoir of information, has given them many valuable hints. This extension work, so called, has been productive of increased desire to read and improvement in the character of the subjects chosen. This work will be expanded as opportunity and means permit.

In this connection may be mentioned the work of Mrs. DuBois in conducting the Library and Civic Magazine—not only a readers' guide in the choice of books, but dealing with civic problems and interests that are vital to a city's welfare.

CHAPTER XXXV

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

AS THE YOUNG IDEA BEGAN TO SHOOT AND THE DEMANDS FOR SCHOOL FACILITIES CONTINUED, PASADENA GOT BUSY ACCORDINGLY. FROM THE LITTLE "SHACK" ON SOUTH ORANGE GROVE AVENUE, TO THE MODERN HALF MILLION DOLLAR POLYTECHNIC HIGH, IS A STORY OF IMPORTANCE AND A SYNONYM OF EDUCATIONAL GROWTH.



THE call for schools, and more schools, has been insistent and continuous since the very first little plain and unpretentious structure of colony days. At nearly all times has the voter of Pasadena been in accord with the demand when called upon to vote bonds for new schools. True, not always have these bonds been voted, immediately upon demand, for upon occasions there has been such division of sentiment and purpose that the voter has been reluctant, or in opposition. Opposition to the schoolhouse, per se, has not been the case, but to some other factor involved which, in the end, was smoothed out and overcome by fair explanation.

It is unquestioned that Pasadena is most favorably located for schools, climatically and physically. Possessing the elements of salubrity in perfection; to-wit: sunshine in plenty; no extremes of temperature; and possibilities for outdoor exercises almost any day of the entire year, Pasadena offers conditions that go to make the pupil mentally and physically balanced, and receptive to the training that is set before him.

The same advantages fit the instructor for his or her part in the exactions demanded. There is no winter with its harsh vagaries to keep the child indoors, but on the contrary, it is then that the garden and the field offer opportunities for physical training and instruction not found elsewhere. It is taken advantage of. These fortuitous considerations may well induce the prophecy that in some future time Pasadena will become a city where great schools and colleges may fill a picture of scholastic greatness. Here indeed may be built a new state university to accommodate the demand upon the

resources of the state now bursting the walls of Berkeley.

But in the meantime, Pasadena is building its public schools and its educational systems to prepare for the greater epoch. It may well be, that some of the young men and young women who pass from these portals will come back with illustrious degrees to, in turn, take up their labors in the great schools that a future may have in store for us here.

Then, too, perhaps, there will be the College of Arts, where the propensities that are incited by lovely surroundings will thrive and grow and be given expression in ideal ways.

The public school must be the beginning of the higher aspirations, as it is indeed the foundation of good citizenship and civic virtues. If society expects from the boys and girls whom it pays to train and educate a fair return for the cost and the privileges offered them, it must be important that no mistakes be made in such training. Let the schools be of the best and let us demand an adequate requital. Pasadena need not claim to have the very best schools known, but claims their reputation as being comparable with the best—which is sufficient in the day when the public school is close to the university and college.

In the pioneer days there was the primitive little rough board building, with its one teacher and a dozen odd pupils. That good first teacher has yet been preserved to us by a kindly fate, and it is her pleasure now to dream back over the interregnum of many years, and recall the first little "class" of but two, with whom she inaugurated the educational system of Pasadena! Jennie Clapp Culver is proud of that first class—the "Banbury twins"—who also yet live to talk, in pensive reminiscence, about their beloved school and its teacher; and to enjoy the proud distinction of being the "original" scholars of Pasadena's first school. Upon Jennie Clapp Culver, the accolade is tendered that gives her this uncontested distinction.

It is related in another place, how, when the Supervisors created the San Pasqual School District on August the 4th, 1874, they also appointed Henry G. Bennett and Jabez Banbury Trustees for this District. Also, that Thomas F. Croft was designated census taker of said District. As aforesaid, also, Jennie Clapp became the first teacher. Then at a formal election held September the 12th, 1874, these same Trustees,

also Dr. W. W. Edwards, were unanimously elected to fill these offices—the vote totalling just ten! Thus the San Pasqual District came into legal existence. It embraced all of the original colony, east to Santa Anita Road, and to the mountains on the north. Miss Clapp began her little “school” in her father’s house, and in a month the class had grown from two to nineteen, also six *muchachos* and *muchachas*—otherwise boys and girls of Mexican parentage.

It was soon realized that better facilities must be had, and funds were obtained from the District to the extent of \$300, and a little rough board building built on Orange Grove Avenue just south of California Street.

For economy’s sake, “Tom” Croft and J. R. Giddings hauled the lumber as their offering to this temple of education. And among others Charley Bell assisted in the carpenter work. This schoolhouse was opened for its first session on January the 28th, 1875, with the following named pupils: Jennie and Lavina Mosher; Charles Mosher; Laura, Belle, Will, Ben and George Eaton; Howard Conger; Jennie and Jessie Banbury; Whittier and Agnes Elliott; Florence and Forrest Edwards; Belle B. and Jas. M. Wilson; also Charles and Maggie Wilson of another family—just nineteen all told. I believe none of these now reside in Pasadena, although some of them yet live in California. So, in the little one-room building under the friendly shade of a spreading oak tree, began the educational system of Pasadena, now so great and important. Around this little building was planted a grove of orange trees, which eventually, displaced the schoolhouse and the oak tree. Nearby, was the Arroyo bed, with its park-like condition, inviting the children in their intervals of recreation—an alluring playground, made joyous by the jubilation of meadow lark and mocking bird whose notes mingled in echoing cadences with the gleeful voices of Pasadena’s first school children. Jennie Clapp labored industriously with these pioneer scholars, but did not continue very long in this duty. She was succeeded by a Mrs. Rogers—temporarily—who in turn, was followed by Eugenia Rudisill, who taught during the years 1876 and 1877. The schoolhouse was also used as a meeting place—a “community house” for the pioneers, it being for the time, the only public building. A village Literary Society was formed too, and the young men and women of the Colony, as well as the

older ones—not many, all told—engaged in the usual exercises pertaining to such societies in those days. I believe there was a singing school also, as a medium for social mingling as well as for vocal culture. These meetings became so well attended that more space was needed to accommodate them, which was provided by the hands of the willing youth and an enlargement of the little schoolhouse. A literary symposium of village talent called *The Reservoir*, was evolved from the brain of Arthur H. Day, a former newspaper man of Chicago. It was made up of the genius of the Colony, everyone who had a mind to, being invited to contribute. The result was talent, wit and doggerel in amusing lots. Here Mrs. Jennie Collier Graham, afterwards a story writer of reputation, made her debut. In fact, Mrs. Graham edited No. 2 of *The Reservoir*. With the schoolhouse located on Orange Grove Avenue, it was believed that the center of a possible “village” was fixed. But this idea was dissipated when the Lake Vineyard Colony lands were opened up and began to attract settlers. When that newer settlement, by superior “politics” or persuasion, was able to move the schoolhouse over there, these ambitions were dissipated for the coming “center” moved with the schoolhouse. It happened in this wise. When B. D. Wilson, the owner of the Lake Vineyard Colony lands, subdivided that tract, he, naturally, wanted to make it as attractive for settlement as possible, and therefore set aside five acres on the southeast corner of Colorado Street and Fair Oaks Avenue for a school site; and, on November 10th, 1876, despite a strenuous opposition from the west side people, who thus saw their ambitions menaced, the little school building took a journey to its new site. Of course, the explanation was that the new location was central for the two Colonies—just beginning to grow. And there was reason in the argument, for all told, there were not yet one hundred families in both Colonies. But the West Side people, not to be deprived of school facilities, seceded from the San Pasqual District and besought of the Supervisors one of their own to be called the “Pasadena School District.” This was accomplished in January, 1878, and included the territory south of California Street and west of Fair Oaks Avenue. This school was first opened in a small building belonging to C. B. Ripley—afterwards used as a home by him—situated on the top of the hill (Rose Hill) just

west of C. D. Daggett's home place—"Columbia Hill." Later this latter site was purchased and a neat schoolhouse erected on it in 1883. This building was afterwards converted into a dwelling by C. D. Daggett. The following teachers were, successively, engaged for this school: Miss Bessie Harris, Miss Fannie Carroll, Miss Minnie Joslyn, C. H. Case and R. B. Warren. (See Chapter on South Pasadena.)

Soon after the removal of the original school, the school population had increased to such an extent that an additional teacher was required for it, hence two teachers were engaged and continued from the year 1877 to 1879. P. G. Wooster conducted a summer school in this building, just to "fill in" his time, when not wrestling with horticultural problems and other things.

Matters educational flourished with the growing of the sister Colonies, and it was soon apparent that more room were necessary. On March 30th, 1878, a bond issue of \$3500 was approved by a vote of 44 to 4. It was apparent then, as has been the frequent experience of later years, that the sum voted was inadequate to provide for the growing demands. But no new bonds were asked for; instead, the pioneers proceeded to raise the necessary additional sum by donations in money, and by labor or material, and in this way over \$700 was subscribed and made good. Sufficent to here state, that nearly every male resident became a donor in some manner. The result was a two-story frame building—fine for its day and circumstance. The new building gave joy to the Colonists who named it the *Central School*, and it was then believed it would fulfill all demands for years to come. This new building was ready for occupancy early in 1879. Let me here relate the final history of the original schoolhouse. With the occupation of the new edifice in 1879, the old one was cut into two parts, to facilitate its further use without entirely wrecking it. One of these halves was purchased by R. Williams and was moved to his land south of the school lot, and became incorporated into a cottage there. The other half was purchased by Alex F. Mills and moved onto his land across Fair Oaks Avenue, and it, too, became part of a cottage home for him and Mrs. Mills, who were then not long married. In the boom of 1886 the Williams cottage was sold and moved to Adella Avenue (407) and afterward gave place to a dwelling. The final chapter in the history of this historic building

occurred when about 1886 the Mills cottage was sold to J. A. De Hay and moved to a lot on Waverly Drive. It was finally displaced for a newer home. So ended Pasadena's first school-house.

The upper story of the Central School was, for a time, used as the village forum, where the settlers met to confer upon all matters of mutual importance. When Williams Hall was built this room was no longer regularly used for this purpose, although it was now and then for small meetings. The first teachers in the Central School were Newell Matthews and Miss Florence Royce (afterward Mrs. C. H. Case). The same teachers continued in the following year. In 1880 G. C. Hall succeeded Matthews, but Miss Royce remained. In this year the average attendance was 40 students from 30 families. It was in 1880 that Mrs. Jeanne Carr was named as "Principal," her assistant being Mrs. Elizabeth M. Winston, wife of "Lang" Winston (who later met a tragic fate by being lost in the mountains), and Miss Royce. It would seem that three teachers for 40 pupils was extravagant. Mrs. Carr continued as Principal for one year only, no Principal being employed during the next three years, or until 1883.

In the year 1883 the daily average attendance had increased to 100, and was taxing the capacity of the Central School for accommodation. In that year E. T. Pierce was engaged as Principal. He came with a professional reputation which was afterwards justified by his services in California; for from the Pasadena school he was appointed head of the State Normal School at Chico; and after a few years of successful administration there, was transferred to the more important Normal School at Los Angeles. During Pierce's incumbency of the Central School Mrs. Winston and Miss Royce remained as his assistants. In the following year Mrs. Pierce succeeded Miss Royce, who had married C. H. Case. Mrs. Pierce was also an accomplished teacher and for three years gave valuable service in that vocation.

In 1884 there were 363 school children, according to the census, in the San Pasqual District, with an enrollment of 222, and average attendance of 155. With the settlements of tracts of land north—the Painter & Ball Tract—also the increase in settlement eastward, there was a demand for more convenient school accommodation in these sections,

hence two new schools were built, one at Monk Hill (Washington School) and one on East Colorado Street and Hill Avenue (Grant).

The grounds for the first were donated by Painter & Ball and the lot for the second purchased for \$175.00 (it contained one acre). These buildings were finished in 1884. Miss Elma Ball (now Mrs. H. I. Stuart) was selected as teacher in the Hill Street School, and Miss Hannah Ball (now Mrs. F. R. Harris) taught the young and effervescent idea in the other. The original site for the Washington School was near Monk Hill, and was exchanged for the larger present site, where the new modern building succeeded the original one. Both of these young ladies being freshly graduated from the State Normal School, there could be no doubt of the phenomenal intelligence instilled into the heads of the juveniles over whom they exercised their pedagogical profundity.

Mrs. Harris tells the following amusing story about one of her pupils—Frank Brenner. Of course, Frank was a small boy then. The teacher, endeavoring to fathom the depths of intelligence of the class, was interrogating them, and said—"Little boys and girls, how many kinds of bees are there?" Up went Frank's hand, in convulsive acclaim—"Three kinds, teacher." "Name them, Frank." "Bumblebee, honeybee and horsefly!" came with astonishing quickness from Frank, while the school resounded with the laugh that followed, much to his amazement.

The beginning of Pasadena's second decade found nearly 250 pupils enrolled, and three schools, with four teachers who endeavored, under many difficulties, to take care of their large and growing classes. This was the status in 1886 when the school trustees decided to sell the Central School lot and with the proceeds build a more commodious school elsewhere. H. W. Magee, Sherman Washburn and A. O. Bristol were trustees at the time. Another reason for this course, was the fact that the growing business demanded a more homogeneous center which the presence of the school property interfered with. In fact, the "village" had now grown into the dignity of a "town." In pursuance of this purpose, the five acre school lot was subdivided into business lots and sold, at auction, March 12th, 1886, the proceeds from the sale being \$44,772. Two million dollars is now a fair

estimate of the value of that property, after the thirty years that have intervened. The delay of a year would have meant, in all probability, a very much larger price for this property, for the "boom" would have then arrived. However, this very sale contributed its influence in creating that boom.

With the handsome sum in hand, the trustees purchased a lot on North Marengo Avenue and built the Wilson School upon it, at a cost of \$30,000. Six thousand dollars was paid for the lot. This building was considered, at the time, one of the best school buildings in the county. It was formally opened with the fall semester of 1887. During the year that had passed, the village of Pasadena had grown like Jonah's gourd, and became a town of nearly 10,000. The boom had smitten it and was at its apogee. By the time the new building was ready it was found to be too small, and like the other schools it was overflowing.

E. T. Pierce continued as head of the school system, nominally as Superintendent, though in fact no such office officially existed. Herbert Pinckney was appointed as his assistant, and was also Principal of the High School. Misunderstandings began between Pierce and Pinckney, principally, it was believed, because Pinckney had ambitions to succeed Pierce. These differences were intensified as time went on, and at last became a matter of public contention. The school trustees were divided upon the retention of Pinckney. As the town had now become incorporated, the question of the jurisdiction of the trustees was involved. C. F. Holder, who had been elected trustee, resigned, and George F. Kernaghan succeeded him, giving a majority of the trustees favorable to the Pierce side. In the end, Pinckney resigned and the Pierce faction triumphed. When in 1889 Pierce became head of the Chico Normal School the trustees selected Prof. Will S. Monroe, an eastern pedagogue, as his successor. The position of "City Superintendent" was created at this time. Monroe who had never been on the ground during the unfortunate dissensions, was for a time the scapegoat of the pro-Pinckney partisans, because of his selection by the opponents of Pinckney by the Board of Trustees. But Monroe was diplomatic and tactful and devoted himself to his duties endeavoring to ignore factional conditions. In this he succeeded so well as to, in time, cause the "late unpleasantness" to become measurably forgotten.

Monroe remained a successful Superintendent for three years, retiring in 1892 to devote himself to study. He is now the head of the department of Psychology and the History of Education, in the State Normal School of Montclair, New Jersey. He has also distinguished himself as the author of a half dozen books on European travel.

James D. Graham who had been principal of the Wilson High School was selected as Monroe's successor with the title of Supervising Principal (the title of Superintendent being temporarily dropped). Graham continued in this position, a popular official, until 1907 and was then succeeded by A. L. Hamilton, who had been some years previously connected with these schools, and was from 1888 to 1893 principal of the Garfield School.

The office of Superintendent had been restored by this time. This change of Superintendents produced more differences and Hamilton's position was not a bed of roses. In the end, he was—in September, 1911—superseded in his position as Superintendent by Jeremiah M. Rhodes, who came with high endorsements as an educator. Hamilton was appointed Rhode's assistant with increased salary. These changes were made to further a condition of harmony and measurably succeeded. Upon the accession of Rhodes there were in all 19 schools, 304 teachers and an enrollment of 7600 pupils.

The new Polytechnic had just been completed and opened and Pasadena had set itself upon a high and ambitious plane for its public schools. Long since its graduates had been accredited to the State University, also to Stanford, and maintained there the reputation for their early training.

THE "POLY" HIGH

Every Pasadenan must be moved to emotions of pride and satisfaction when he views the splendid group of buildings embracing the high school system. Peculiarly, is this true of the "old timer" who recalls the little rough board "shack" that stood alone and humble upon the banks of the Arroyo—away back in 1875; then, turning to these up-to-the-minute structures, gazes upon their admirable architectural conception, and the simplicity and harmony which characterizes their proportions. This group symbolizes, not merely the attainment reached in educational scope and efficiency, but

they symbolize, as well, the evolution of public school methods and progress, that have caused them to approach closer and closer, to the threshold of the college and the university.

The pedagogue of today must not be content to rest by the wayside but must keep progressing toward an ideal. He must be an expert, or become a discard. These three buildings, arranged about a quadrangle, consist of the central, or Horace Mann, building in which is an auditorium capable of seating 1600 persons, the Louis Agassiz, and the Jane Addams structures. All of them are constructed of reinforced concrete and therefore are fireproof. The grounds and campus comprise 18½ acres and cost \$65,000; the group of buildings cost \$465,000 and the equipment \$102,000, or a grand total of \$632,000.

Seventeen hundred pupils are now enrolled in the high school. Every building is fitted with a complete and up-to-date equipment—from the cafeteria where the students may for a few cents, obtain a reasonable lunch, to the laboratory where the highest grade scientific apparatus is carefully housed. A detailed description of the curriculum is not quite in place here, but it may be said that it embraces the most advanced of its kind. Manual arts—the co-ordinating of mind and body toward an ultimate practical accomplishment; that is the idea here taught. Physical training has its proper attention; House Economics; a Commercial course; Science course; Music; Art and Agriculture. Do not these produce capable young men or women? Under Professor Keinholtz's methods, farming as it should be done, is also part of the practical curriculum which the Professor knows well how to instill into the youthful mind. Professor Keinholtz has been so successful with his school farm that he has become a popular encyclopedia of reference, on farm and gardening topics with the Pasadena public, and his clientele is large. How fortunate indeed, is the youth of today, who in the public school may begin his educational course with the most elementary rudiments—the kindergarten—and finish it with an understanding that embraces arts, science, mechanics, calisthenics, commercial needs; and ends with practical instruction in milking cows and propagating garden vegetables and farm crops! Truly, it is the fortunate youth, or the blessed young miss! With such equipment he or she need not fear to face the world and

to give good account of the Alma Mater that prepared them. So the blessed youth of the twentieth century may be thankful that he, at least in Pasadena, has the opportunity of preparing himself to meet the exactions of an exacting age. It is not the fault of the system if he falls short.

Among the organizations fostered in the high school and established by the pupils, is the Junior Board of Trade, conducted upon the plan of the City Board with regular officers, etc. Politics also is mildly indulged in as a training, and regular City Officers elected, just as in City elections, lessons in political and civic duties. Debating teams also prove a regular intellectual entertainment. Aside from these, are the many organizations of a musical and social nature, a band and a glee club in the number.

The High School Item is a regular monthly publication conducted with ability and enterprise by the pupils chosen from the school body.

INTERESTING DATA

The offices of the public school system are in the Chamber of Commerce Building, where they have been kept for several years, it being a more central and therefore more convenient place to transact the business. Norval G. Felker who has been connected with these schools for many years, first as a teacher, is in charge of the offices and is a business manager who is kept busy every minute, devoting himself to the many affairs that come under his jurisdiction.

PUBLIC SCHOOL DIRECTORY FOR 1917

BOARD OF EDUCATION

George R. Bickley, President.

Mrs. Clara M. Odell.

Mrs. Ruth Wetherby.

C. S. Thompson.

Mrs. G. B. Dane.

Norval G. Felker, Clerk of the Board.

ADMINISTRATION AND BUSINESS DEPARTMENTS

Superintendent, Jeremiah M. Rhodes.

Supervising Principal, Walter C. Wilson.

Business Manager, Norval G. Felker.

Secretary to Superintendent, Leona C. Carver.
Bookkeeper and Stenographer, Florence P. Reed.

In most cases, adequate grounds surround the schools, to allow space for exercise and play. Not less than a city block, or if possible as much as three acres, being acquired. A portion of this space is used for garden work and elementary agriculture, this being a practical part of the curriculum in its general direction of physical development, along with mental. Mental and dental inspection is required, special examiners being engaged for the purpose—on the principal *mens sano in corpora sano*—for of course physical development is a fundamental necessity.

It has been urged by Superintendent Rhodes, that a Junior College shall be established for the use of advanced students, and no doubt this will be one of the new adjuncts in the future.

EXPENSES AND INVESTMENTS

School buildings—23. Teachers (1917-18)—340. Salaries of teachers:

Elementary grades, including proportionate charge for Superintendent	\$204,976.11
High School and Intermediate and Supt.....	178,959.39
Kindergarten and Superintendent	29,242.50
Miscellaneous—including maintenance, janitors, equipment, repairs, rentals, etc.....	230,044.10
Grand Total	\$643,222.10

The enrollment is:

Elementary	5,616
Kindergarten	684
High and Intermediate	1,748
Total enrollment	8,048

Average daily attendance—all schools—6580. Based upon the average attendance. The cost per pupil is as follows:

Kindergarten	\$141.10
Elementary	71.12
High—Intermediate	165.38

Or, upon total enrollment an average of approximately \$80 per pupil. Or, upon population basis (4600) of \$13.30 per capita.

The bonded indebtedness of the district is \$954,000—all bonds now under retirement (mostly $4\frac{1}{2}\%$). Tax rate including County High rate—\$1.09 on each \$100 of assessed value.

Total assessed value of school properties. Elementary Schools:

Real Estate	\$ 367,952.00
Buildings	606,557.00
Furniture, Apparatus and Library	84,296.00

Total \$1,058,805.00

High School:

Real Estate and Buildings	\$ 530,303.00
Furniture and Apparatus	83,439.00
Library and Laboratories	19,200.00

Total \$ 632,942.00

THROOP POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE

The name of "Father" Throop is held in affectionate regard, not only by every citizen of Pasadena who knows of his benefactions, but by hundreds of boys and girls elsewhere, who owe to his thoughtfulness much of their fitness for meeting life's opportunities and adversities. Allen G. Throop's personality stamped itself upon this community, after he had surrendered, as he thought, his activities in Chicago—his "home town"—and came here to pass the autumn of his life in repose. Not very great, in the sum of money conferred, but forever lasting in the sum of his and its usefulness, the founding of Throop University, and the endowment of it with almost all of a fortune not already devoted to benevolences.

"Father" Throop, as he was affectionately called, found that his predilections to philanthropic activities could not be quite suppressed. First, he founded a church, and made it prosper; then he became identified with civic affairs, being a member of the Board of Trustees of the City, and a public school trustee. Then his mind became attracted to the greater and more imperative philanthropy which resulted in

the educational institution that stands a memorial to a great idea. Father Throop came to Pasadena in 1886, and in the intervals of personal affairs, began to discuss with his friends the paramount idea then in his mind—a school where boys and girls might be taught to use their hands and their brains simultaneously, and there to work out his theory of practical education.

It was in the year 1891 that he invited a few of his closest friends to a conference, outlined to them his purpose, and asked their confidence and support in carrying it out. Rev. E. L. Conger; Prof. C. H. Keyes, Supt. of the Riverside School; Prof. J. D. Graham, Principal of the Pasadena High School, and Prof. W. S. Monroe, Supt. of the Pasadena Public Schools, were among those most interested, in that meeting, the outcome of which was the beginning of "Throop." In a brief time preliminaries were arranged, and the Wooster Building, on the corner of Fair Oaks Avenue and Green Street, was leased and preparation made to open it in pursuance of the Throop plan.

At first, it was incorporated as "Throop University," its scope being big and broad. Its incorporators were: H. W. Magee; H. H. Markham; J. C. Michener; W. U. Masters; J. S. Hodge; George H. Bonebrake (of L. A.); Delos Arnold; T. P. Lukens; E. F. Hurlbut; Lionel A. Sheldon; T. C. S. Lowe; P. M. Green; F. C. Howe; M. D. Painter; and of course, A. G. Throop himself. In October an executive committee, consisting of A. G. Throop; W. E. Arthur; Rev. E. L. Conger; Mrs. Louise T. Conger and E. E. Spaulding, was added and "Father" Throop elected President of the Board of Trustees. A faculty of ten was selected, and the school opened with 35 students on November 2d, 1891.

Of course, it was but the beginning, and it began as the "littlest" University, but the benefactor was delighted, even at the small beginning. It was soon discovered that the Wooster Building was not satisfactorily arranged for school purposes, the baby University must have more capacious quarters. A body of land was secured on Chestnut Street in 1892, and here the first unit of a building group was built, and added to from time to time as needs required.

At that time it was deemed advisable to modify the original "University" plan, and to make the industrial feature paramount, hence the name was changed to "Throop

Polytechnic Institute," the central idea being, as originally indicated, to train the mind and the body together, and with this creed ever in mind it has gone forward persistently and indefatigably.

In honor of the new departure, and as a mark of esteem felt by the citizens, "Throop Day" was made a day of rejoicing throughout the City, December 21st, 1893, and publicly observed as such. On this occasion Father Throop formally and publicly, gave over to the institute all of the property he had set aside for the purpose of endowment, amounting in value to about \$125,000.

He also specifically declared at the time, that the institution "must forever be conducted entirely upon a non-sectarian plan." The buildings and other property were accepted in behalf of the City by O. F. Weed, Chairman of the City Board of Trustees, with remarks appropriate to the occasion. At this meeting, \$12,000, in scholarships, were donated by citizens desirous of aiding the cause. A fine portrait of Father Throop, donated by the Trustees, was presented to the School, W. E. Arthur making the presentation speech. A banquet followed in the evening, attended by 250 citizens. Throop Institute opened the doors of the first unit of this new group of buildings in 1893, with 158 pupils. C. H. Keyes was President at this time.

The Board of Trustees were as follows: P. M. Green; E. E. Spaulding; Mrs. Ellen I. Stanton; Mrs. Louise T. W. Conger; Enoch Knight; T. P. Lukens; W. E. Arthur; John Wadsworth; C. B. Scoville; Dr. Norman Bridge; W. L. Hardison; E. L. Conger; C. D. Daggett and C. H. Keyes—the latter being chosen as President of the Institute. Under these auspices Throop had its beginning, and made fair headway, yet always feeling the necessity of more money to widen the pathway of its achievements. It was providing a technical education for young men and women, making the men better citizens, and the women better wives, because, with their skill acquired at the bench, at the forge, and in the kitchen of this laboratory they also absorbed the better ethics of life, the inspirations of its literature, and the spiritual code which make life a useful and illuminating procession of years. This is indeed the Throop Idea, as visualized by its founder and carried out by the successive arbiters that have governed its destiny.

Prof. Walter A. Edwards succeeded President Keyes and continued to administer the affairs of the Institute, successfully, until 1907, when he resigned. Prof. Arthur H. Chamberlain became acting president until the following year, when Dr. A. B. Scherer was chosen as president and under his able administration the College has gone forward in its due course. In 1913 the "Institute" became transformed to the Throop "College" of Technology and added to its already extensive curriculum an extension in the Physics course, embracing some noteworthy additions, made possible by an endowment of \$100,000 for this especial use.

In 1908 a splendid campus, comprising 22 acres, containing some fine oak trees and an orange grove, was acquired, and upon this the erection of present buildings was begun.

Pasadena Hall—the first completed—was dedicated with fitting ceremonies in June, 1910. It is a noteworthy structure of concrete with burnt tile roofing, containing 62 rooms, fitted with complete modern equipment. Other needed buildings followed, and especially a commodious Chemistry Building in 1917.

In 1917, as an outcome of the war, a department of Aeronautic research was added and interesting investigations in this wide field will be made with the prospective co-operation of the U. S. Government.

Professor Scherer is at this writing engaged in the problem of Food Conservation, by direction of the Government, to which he was called early in 1917, and is, without salary, devoting his entire time to this vast labor.

Through his associate faculty of 37 instructors, the work of the College will move forward, as its destiny commands.

The officers of the College are as follows:

Officers of the Board: Norman Bridge, President; Arthur H. Fleming, First Vice-President; Charles J. Willett; William C. Baker; John Wadsworth, Third Vice-President and Auditor; Edward C. Barrett, Secretary and Assistant Treasurer; William H. Vedder, Treasurer; James A. B. Scherer, President of the College.

Executive Committee: Norman Bridge, Chairman ex-officio; Arthur H. Fleming; George S. Patton; William C. Baker; William H. Vedder.

Finance Committee: A. H. Fleming; C. W. Gates; Henry M. Robinson.

THROOP POLYTECHNIC ELEMENTARY

A kindergarten for boys and girls leading up to the High School. As its plan implies, it is a training school where the child may grow up in the rudimentary studies and grow into the High School full panoplied.

SIERRA MADRE COLLEGE

Only old timers will remember the attempts made years ago to establish the first College, or as it was sometimes more pretentiously called, a University, in Pasadena or vicinity. But old timers will scarcely remember the details which are here set down, though there are now hereabouts, several young men whose Alma Mater was the Sierra Madre College. It was in 1884 that certain persons of Los Angeles and Pasadena met to consider the practicability of securing a college. Among them were P. M. Green, B. F. Eaton, H. W. Magee and Rev. W. Thomson of Pasadena; Rev. J. W. Ellis and Dr. George Cochrane of Los Angeles, and Abbott Kinney of Kinneloa.

Propositions for suitable sites were submitted at a meeting held February 13th, 1884, among which were the following: From Painter & Ball, 50 acres, and a subscription of cash, of \$2425. This site included Monk Hill. The Hermosa Vista site in South Pasadena of 16 acres, with large building thereon, for \$16,000. Several pieces of land embracing Rose Hill, owned by C. B. Ripley (now owned by John B. Miller), for \$5000. A strip of land belonging to the Orange Grove Association, containing 54 acres, which would be added to the Ripley property, the whole offered for \$33,000. The hill (Columbia Hill) and public school thereon containing 6 acres, for the nominal sum of \$1000. Also 40 acres, covered with fine oak trees in the Santa Anita Ranch, and \$5000 cash, from E. J. Baldwin—a donation.

It was originally decided to accept the Hermosa Vista site, together with part of the Ripley property, which would cost, in all, \$21,000, but the schoolhouse site of six acres was finally agreed to be satisfactory and that proposal was accepted. The Board of Trustees chosen was as follows: D. H. Newton; Rev. J. W. Ellis; Dr. George Cochrane; P. M. Green; J. F. Crank; Abbott Kinney; H. W. Magee; W. T. Clapp; Rev. W. Thompson; B. F. Eaton, and C. C. Hastings.

Rev. J. W. Ellis was chosen President; Rev. W. Thomson, Vice-President; P. M. Green, Secretary; and Abbott Kinney, Treasurer. The faculty was almost as numerous as the first class, which attended on the opening day, September 17th, 1884. The school of M. M. Parker was absorbed in this enterprise, Professor Parker becoming one of the faculty of the new College, as did also Rev. Wiliel Thomson and Rev. J. W. Healy. It is interesting to say here, that in a way this College was responsible for the accession to Pasadena of Professor C. F. Holder, who, seeking a more salubrious climate, had been offered a chair as Professor of Zoology and Natural History in the prospective College, and arrived here in expectation of filling the appointment. But as will be related, reasons supervened which made it a will-of-the-wisp journey for that purpose, but gave Pasadena a high class citizen.

Twenty-five pupils matriculated at the opening of Sierra Madre College and the start was deemed propitious. Efforts were made to obtain endowments and support, and it was hoped that the offers would surely come.

As was recorded in a newspaper report at the time, at the closing exercises of the first term, "Tom" Allin (now City Commissioner) received the first prize for "general scholarship," which was given by E. F. Hurlbut; and "honorable mention" was awarded Philip Raab. Notwithstanding strenuous endeavors to obtain financial support the College did not succeed in obtaining material aid and gave up the pedagogic ghost in the second year of its impotent life. The sheriff facilitated this conclusion to ambitious effort, and the schoolhouse was sold to pay pressing obligations.

Since that time efforts have, at various times, been made to secure the attention of some philanthropic person with a view of establishing a Woman's College in Pasadena, it being deemed an ideal location for the purpose. Andrew Carnegie, and also Mrs. Russell Sage were each importuned, while sojourning here, but neither responded. Others have been cajoled, but up to this time, Pasadena is getting along without a Woman's College.

MISS ORTON'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Among the private institutions of learning, none has achieved higher standing in the esteem of those who are

familiar with matters pertaining to the education of young ladies, than the Orton School. This achievement has been attained by reason of the rigid attention that the pupils receive, and the homelike and cultured atmosphere which surrounds them. This School was established by Miss Anna B. Orton and her sister, Susan R., in 1890 in a building erected by her on South Euclid Avenue.

The Orton School is conducted on a thoroughly excellent educational system for young misses and is in its plan, preparatory to College entrance. A corps of assistants are engaged with the Misses Orton and its many young women graduates will testify by their own useful lives, in behalf of the auspicious beginning made at the Orton School for Girls.

THE PASADENA ACADEMY

The Pasadena Academy was established by M. M. Parker, assisted by Mrs. Parker, and the late C. M. Parker, his brother, in 1883. Its first sessions were begun at Professor Parker's residence on California Street. When the Sierra Madre College was started, Parker's Academy was merged into that enterprise, Prof. M. M. Parker becoming one of the faculty. When the College project failed, the Parker Academy was re-established, with headquarters at Williams Hall, later moving to the upper floor of the old Central School building, which had been by this time moved to South Raymond Avenue for use as a City Hall.

In 1887 the Parker School was again moved to more commodious quarters in the newly erected Grand Opera House Building; then once again moving—in 1889—to the upper floor of the building, then used for City Hall purposes, on the northwest corner of Union Street and Fair Oaks Avenue. This Academy was conducted successfully until Throop opened its doors, when it became absorbed by this institution, M. M. Parker becoming Vice-President and one of its faculty.

Prof. Parker subsequently became the head of the University of Arizona, where he remained for several years. He is now residing in Pasadena.

POTTS' BUSINESS COLLEGE

A commercial training school operated by Prof. M. G. Potts, and proving itself a desirable and successful school of

business training for boys and girls, located on Union Street, and filling a much appreciated place in the community. More than one hundred pupils are here found busily engaged in preparing themselves for the fortunes of life and of the business that may be in store for them.

SAYERS' BUSINESS COLLEGE

Is another practical business school, located in the Kinney-Kendall Building. It is conducted on the lines followed with business schools and has made a good record of efficiency.

BROADOAK'S OUTDOOR SCHOOL

As its name implies, this delightful school is "outdoor"; in fact, the buildings being set under fine live oaks, and amidst a splendid roomy garden where the "kids" may play and plant and construct to their heart's delight, and the more mature enjoy study under most agreeable auspices.

This school was established by Ida Mae Brooks some years ago, and has developed into a training school for kindergarten teachers and a kindergarten for the children also. Usually, there are as many as 40 children and 50 young ladies, enrolled, and a staff of ten in the various branches of instruction pursued. Surely a school set amid these surroundings, will give opportunity for mental psychological and physical impulses in a preëminent degree!

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY NAMES

Located on North Fair Oaks, a grammar and high school, was established in 1898, and while, primarily, a parochial school, will admit pupils from Protestant families. It is well attended and conducted in a broad scholarly way by Sister Lambert, Principal, and a corps of competent assistants.

MISS COLLAMER'S WEST SIDE SELECT SCHOOL

Miss Collamer has been a successful trainer and tutor of Pasadena children for many years and has acquired high place as such. Her system is successful and her popularity is of the best in school circles.

WESTRIDGE

At 324 Madeline Drive Miss Ranney conducts a preparatory school for girls and does it with capable understanding. Her success as a teacher is well established in Pasadena.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME

Conducted by Miss Augusta Davies. This is a Montessori school, Miss Davies herself having been a pupil of Madame Montessori. With the increasing popularity of this method, this school has found fitting place in Pasadena's educational circles.



CHAPTER XXXVI

CHURCHES AND RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS

STORY OF PASADENA'S CHURCHES AND THOSE WHO BEGAN THEM—THE
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN, PASADENA'S ORIGINAL CHURCH.



IN another chapter have been related the circumstances surrounding the beginning of the first church in the Colony. It will be in place to here go into further details and continue the story. The first religious gathering was held at the bachelor house of Charles H. Watts, August 30th, 1874, at the corner of North Orange Grove Avenue and Kensington Place. Eight persons, all told, were present; one of these only, Mrs. Jennie Clapp Culver, now surviving. After Reverend Mosher's own home, at the corner of Fair Oaks and Walnut Street was purchased, the services were held in his house. Reverend Mosher, who was a missionary, was the man who began this movement and took fatherly charge of it. When a schoolhouse was built, the meetings took place in that building, the first being held February 7th, 1875, and the first regular sermon there, being preached by the Reverend Mosher, who was a Presbyterian in faith. On March 21st, 1875, a meeting was held to organize a Presbyterian Church—the First Presbyterian Church. This meeting took place in the schoolhouse. Seventy persons were present. At this meeting Rev. Dr. Haley of Newark, N. J., opened with prayer and Rev. A. F. White of Los Angeles followed, with an address appropriate to the occasion. Twenty-two persons signed the membership roll at this meeting as follows: W. T. Clapp and Mrs. Clapp; Mrs. H. F. Skinner; Mrs. General George Stoneman; Mrs. M. S. Mosher; J. D. Vinnedge; A. Blix and Mrs. Blix; Thomas F. Croft; N. C. Carter and Mrs. Carter; W. H. Henderson; Mrs. B. S. Eaton; Mrs. L. Stratton; Dr. H. G. Newton and Mrs. Newton; Josiah Locke; Dr. T. B. Elliott and Mrs. Elliott; Miss Helen J. Elliott. Dr. Elliott and W. T. Clapp were elected Elders and Dr. Elliott, Thomas Croft and D. H. Pike, Trustees; W. T. Clapp, Treasurer, and Henry G. Bennett, Clerk. Rev. W. C. Mosher was elected pastor. A

“Union” Sunday School had been organized with D. H. Pike as Superintendent.

Up to this time the Methodists had met in common with the Presbyterians and others; later, when the school-house was built, alternating Sundays with them. Subscriptions were solicited by the Presbyterians for the church building and the money placed in the Temple & Workman Bank at Los Angeles, which shortly failed and the money was lost. But notwithstanding this severe blow, efforts were continued with final success, and a lot purchased on California, just east of Orange Grove Avenue. A lot for a parsonage, adjoining this, was also purchased, in 1877, containing $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres for \$375. Building operations were commenced on the church and a comfortable structure costing \$2,300 was finished in 1876. A parsonage costing \$1,800 was built the following year. The first sermon preached in the new church was delivered February 27th, 1876, by Rev. C. W. Tarr, a Methodist, for at that time there were alternating services being held by Methodists and Presbyterians, both bodies using the same structure, in common; thus it came about that the first sermon happened to be on the day assigned to Methodist services. The church was not quite finished then. On Sunday, April 4th, the first Sacrament was administered during a Presbyterian service and the two previously selected Elders installed.

The “union” prayer meetings that had been the custom, terminated in September, 1876; each church organization thereafter moving independently in its own orbit of activity. Rev. W. C. Mosher continued his services for a time, but in July, 1876, resigned to resume the missionary work in which he had long been engaged. Old timers will remember the Reverend Mosher with kindly memories, his quiet, unostentatious ways giving a pleasant impression. Succeeding him came James A. Mitchell, at a salary of \$1,000, and he became the first *regular* pastor of this church. Mitchell resigned August 21st, 1877, and removed from the Colony. His successor was Rev. W. F. P. Noble, who had come to California in search of health and who began his pastorate October 1st, 1877, continuing for two years. Noble resigned on account of his health January 23, 1880, and died in 1882. Then came Rev. Alvin Baker as a “supply” who continued the charge for two years, until 1882. The Rev. Levi P. Crawford who





METHODIST CHURCH AFTER WINDSTORM
December 10-11, 1891

had come to Pasadena from Illinois, upon recommendation of some members who had heard him preach, began his services in October, 1882, and for years was a conspicuous pulpit figure in Pasadena because of his commanding presence and his forceful manner. He had been a Chaplain in the Union Army during

the Civil War and was a man of positive views, yet much honored. He retired after two years in this church, believing himself old enough to do so (he was over sixty then) yet he lived for thirty-two years afterwards. Crawford was followed by M. N. Cornelius, October 25th, 1885. It was in this year that it became patent to the members that a larger and better edifice was needed. The question of its location was a burning one; the West Side members desiring it to remain where the original church was built, or at least in that vicinity. Upon this rock the congregation split; but at a meeting of the members September 30th, 1885, a majority voted to build a new church in a location more central in the now widespread colony. In consequence of this action the congregation became divided, a portion of them withdrew from the church, and later established the First Congregational Church and built a building at the corner of California Street and Pasadena Avenue. The last sermon in the old church was delivered by Rev. Cornelius November 8th, 1885. In the meantime the trustees—or those who had gone with the trekkers—had purchased a lot on Colorado Street (where the Federal building stands) and moved the old church building thereon. This building became incorporated into the newer edifice—built the following year, and thus lost its identity forever.

The new and greater structure that was erected, was believed to be good enough for the coming generation. It cost about \$50,000 and its members felicitated themselves upon their great prosperity. Dr. Ormiston succeeded Cornelius in

1889, and was in turn followed by Rev. N. G. Fife in 1891. But "progress" laid its hand upon that edifice. Fine as it was, it must give place to clamoring business which was invading its vicinity. An exchange was made for the property in 1910, when the corner now occupied was secured together with a large sum—a nucleus for a yet finer edifice. Today the result stands in the magnificent and imposing building, perhaps the finest church edifice in the West; costing with lot, about \$300,000. Rev. Robert Freeman is now pastor of this church and Rev. John J. Blue assistant pastor.

ANOTHER "FIRST" CHURCH—THE METHODIST

The history of the founding of the first Methodist church in the Colony is equally interesting with its sister organization, just recited. As has been written, the colonists united in the early days in "union" services, under the same roof. No orthodoxy or sectarian creed interfered with the freedom of these services, for we perceive that when man reverts to the primitive, he discards all but the essentials, and sheds the garb of irrelevant dogma. So, therefore, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and others, met together in amicable services; at least for a time. The time came in 1875, when the Presbyterians found themselves strong enough to walk their independent way. Then the Methodist brethren thought they too must have their own house of worship, and being fairly well represented in numbers they fell to, and began a movement to acquire their own domicile. On the occasion of organizing a Methodist "class" in the Colony, April 18th, 1875, eleven members subscribed. I. N. Mundell was appointed class leader. At this meeting the question of building a church was considered and those present subscribed \$1000 on the spot. The Rev. J. M. Campbell of Los Angeles, preached the first sermon to the Methodists of the Colony March 7th, 1875, in the schoolhouse. The first pastor assigned to duty for this organization was the Rev. F. D. Bovard of Los Angeles, who preached his first sermon in the Colony July 18th, 1875, of that denomination. Pasadena was part of the Los Angeles Conference district in 1875, and in September of that year Rev. C. W. Tarr was appointed as regular pastor for the Colony congregation, preaching on alternate weeks with the Presbyterians, as heretofore stated. Reverend Tarr continued until 1876 resign-

ing in the spring of that year, owing to ill health. The Rev. Charles Schilling was called and preached his first sermon July 2nd, 1876. It was at this time that Union services were discontinued and separate services were held by each religious body. Business conditions all over Southern California were in a bad state at this time, and interfered with the project; nevertheless, the Methodists went ahead with much energy and succeeded in raising sufficient funds for a start. P. M. Green, D. H. Pike and Rev. Charles Schilling comprised the committee appointed for the purpose of securing funds. A very modest building was erected, and on January 7th, 1877, it was formally dedicated. This building was located on South Orange Grove Avenue near Palmetto Drive (west side). It was moved to a lot on West Colorado Street in 1884 where it remained for years, then sold to the Universalists. Its subsequent travels are related elsewhere.

The present First Methodist Church structure was built to meet the pressing demands for more commodious and more central accommodations. In the passing years the congregation had grown with the Colony. Alhambra and Pasadena were served by the same pastor, the Rev. F. S. Woodcock being in charge in 1878-79. There were 39 members only, on the latter date. Rev. E. S. Chase succeeded Woodcock; and in September, 1879, Rev. R. W. C. Farnsworth succeeded Chase, having also charge of both pastorates for the ensuing two years—'80-'82, and then being assigned to Pasadena alone—in 1883. The Reverend Farnsworth was a man of gentle and affable manner and of literary tastes. He it was, who wrote Pasadena's first history, "*A Southern California Paradise*," in 1883, and thus did much to spread the fame of this land.

In September, 1883, Rev. J. B. Green succeeded Farnsworth and remained until September, 1884, when the Rev. A. W. Bunker assumed charge. It was at this time that the congregation decided it must have better quarters and after a Sunday exhortation by Rev. J. G. Miller, February 7th, \$7000 was pledged for this purpose—Miller heading the list. It was estimated that \$15,000 would be sufficient. A lot on the corner of Colorado Street and Marengo Avenue was purchased and work was begun on the new church, the foundation being laid April 16th, 1886, the foundation stone being donated by Alex. F. Mills and the cabinet enclosed in it by

Frank D. Stevens. The boom having arrived by this time, the lot on West Colorado Street was sold for \$6000. On March 20th, 1887, the new church was dedicated, free of debt. This building was of frame, and was replaced by the present brownstone edifice, costing \$75,000, in 1901, being dedicated December 7th of that year, Rev. J. M. Huston preaching the dedicatory sermon.

The Methodists desired a hall for large gatherings, and in 1888 built the building known as the Tabernacle, on a lot adjoining the church, at a cost of over \$10,000. P. F. Bresee became pastor in 1886 and continued his ministrations for four years. Bresee afterwards founded the Church of the Nazarenes in Los Angeles, which was the precursor of the Nazarene University in Pasadena. The present pastor is Rev. Merle N. Smith, succeeding Rev. Matt S. Hughes, who was elevated to a Bishopric in 1916.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS

This history has been precise regarding the founding of Pasadena's two first churches because of the peculiar interest attending them as "pioneer" houses of worship and in circumstances out of ordinary course. The scope of this work will not permit other than a brief mention of the many denominations which followed and which have made this city almost a City of Churches, with its prospering religious bodies and graceful buildings to house them. Without taking them in any special order one may at least read with interest of their humble beginnings so far as may be related. Unfortunately specific data has been, in some instances, unobtainable by the author, although application in writing or otherwise was made in every case.

ALL SAINTS EPISCOPAL

This was one of the earliest churches established in Pasadena. In its beginning, services were held in the Central schoolhouse on the Southwest corner of Colorado Street and Fair Oaks Avenue. (Later the services were held in Williams Hall). This was in 1882. These preliminary services were conducted by Dean Trew, rector of the Episcopal Church at San Gabriel. In those first days C. C. Brown was wont to drive his little pinto pony about the Colony on Sunday mornings, gathering up the parishioners. That was

Brown's kindly way. He is the only one now living, who was enrolled as a member at that time. In 1886 a neat little edifice was built on the northeast corner of Worcester Avenue and Colorado Street, and Rev. A. W. McNab was rector in charge. In 1888 the present building was built on North Euclid Avenue, and the abandoned church on the corner sold to the Congregationalists and moved by them to Raymond and Logan Streets, North Pasadena, where it yet stands remodeled and enlarged. In 1909 the congregation called Rev. Leslie E. Learned, D. D., as its pastor and he has remained in constant attention ever since, filling more than a pastor's place by devoting considerable attention to civic affairs. His aptness in public speaking has given him a place as one of the orators of the city. There is a social club connected with the All Saints Church, devoted as its charter states, to the better acquaintanceship of its men members. Programs of various kinds carry out the scheme planned, and make of it a popular society.

FIRST BAPTIST—"STRANGERS SABBATH HOME"

One of Pasadena's earliest churches, organized November 14th, 1883, electing Rev. S. S. Fisk pastor. The members met in Good Templars Hall in the library building until some time in 1885, when services were held in Williams Hall. Reverend Fisk resigned and the services were conducted by supply, until 1886. In this year a lot was purchased at the corner of Holly Street and Fair Oaks Avenue and work begun upon a church building, which was occupied in September. It was dedicated February 27th, 1887. A new building was erected in 1906 at the corner of Marengo Avenue and Union Street, at which time Rev. Albert Hatcher Smith became pastor. He was succeeded by Rev. Selden W. Cummings who is present pastor.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST

The foundations of the Universalist Church were laid, when, in January 16th, 1885, a meeting was held in Williams Hall by a few interested people of liberal faith. Not all of them were attached to the doctrines of this church. At this meeting Caroline A. Soule, a missionary, preached the first Universalist sermon preached in Pasadena. Miss Soule was at the time the guest of Thomas Nelves. Byron O. Clarke paid the expenses of this meeting and of another in the same

place, under the same pastor. In this manner Caroline Soule became the first woman who preached a sermon of any kind in Pasadena. Notably, also, Miss Florence E. Kollock was the first regular occupant—and the only one thus far—of any pulpit in Pasadena, filling the rostrum of this same organization after it had built a church, from 1904 to 1906. "Father" Throop had been living in Los Angeles at the time but was largely instrumental in organizing this church and obtaining a building for it, coming over with Miss Kollock from Los Angeles, and searching the town for Universalists. Seven only, were discovered in the quest, but enough to make a beginning, and a lot was purchased on the corner of Fair Oaks Avenue and Chestnut Street and the church incorporated January 19th, 1887. Then they bought the little Methodist Church building—the first built of its kind in the Colony. It had been moved by this time to West Colorado Street. This building was again moved to its new location and on Easter Sunday 1887, the first Universalist sermon was preached in it by Rev. E. L. Conger, who was regularly called to its pastorate soon afterwards. In the same year a movement for a larger house of worship was begun, a lot purchased on Raymond Avenue and Chestnut Street, and on July 22nd, 1888, was sufficiently completed to hold services in the vestry. On March 31st, 1889, the church was completed and the congregation met in the main building. At that time there was a debt of \$28,800 remaining. The building cost \$56,000,—more than half of which was contributed by "Father" Throop. Formal dedication took place April 13th, 1890. The organ, costing \$5,000, a memorial to the good services of Father Throop, was paid for by private subscriptions, largely through the efforts of B. O. Kendall, who has long been an active worker in the church. The present pastor is C. F. Henry who was called to the pastorate in 1916. An associated organization with the church is the Universalist Club, which holds regular monthly meetings in the basement during the winter season, at which topics of public interest are discussed.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL

When the Presbyterians decided to find a new home for their congregation, there occurred some difference of opinion as to the removal of the church building, the result of which

was that part of the congregation moved with the church building to Worcester Avenue and these established their church as related. The balance of the congregation, now a homeless body, formed a new church organization which was called the "First Congregational Church." The old church building having been moved away, the now homeless ones sought other places of meeting.

The first meeting was held in a store room on Colorado Street and the first date of assembling May 10th, 1885. Afterwards, the schoolhouse then standing on Columbia Hill (the present residence of C. D. Daggett) was secured for meetings and they were held there. Rev. Arthur Smith, a missionary, conducted them until 1886. In December of that year Rev. D. D. Hill became pastor. In 1886 funds were raised, a lot purchased on the corner of California Street and Pasadena Avenue, and a building erected thereon at a cost of \$35,000.

But nothing could stem the moving tide of population, another schism was at hand and presently there arose a demand for a home for the congregation more conveniently situated for the main body of its members. Hence came about another secession—the majority deciding to build on the East side, but generously permitting the remaining members to retain the church premises—incidentally, assuming a mortgage of \$10,000. The seceding membership proceeded to build a structure for their uses on South Marengo Avenue. Rev. Robert R. Meredith had become pastor in 1903, and through his energy, and popularity as a preacher, was largely instrumental in building up a prospering congregation.

The first services of this body were held in the Y. M. C. A. hall on Raymond Avenue and there continued during the building of the church. On the first Sunday in January in 1904, the Sunday School room was sufficiently completed to occupy, and was used then and thereafter—until March 18th, 1905—when the new building was completed and dedicated. Dr. Meredith resigned in 1911 and is now the Dean of Pasadena pastors.

Rev. Daniel F. Fox succeeded Doctor Meredith and has maintained the popularity of the church, being a man of eloquence and good works.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD CHURCH

The Neighborhood Church is the relic of the two secession movements just related. But as it had a vigorous constitution it survived the troublous fortunes that divided the membership and has become a real neighborhood power, justifying its name.

When the last secession occurred, in 1892, a new organization was perfected called as above stated, and succeeded to the church property. But many extensive improvements have been made on the premises inside and out.

The Rev. L. Potter Hitchcock has been the moving spirit in these transformations since his accession to the church, in 1909.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD CLUB HOUSE

This Club House was a memorial to Mrs. G. Roscoe Thomas by her husband, a member of the parish, who in 1914 built it at a cost of \$10,000. It is used for neighborhood meetings where church and social assemblies take place; in fact, is a center of usefulness for the community.

LAKE AVENUE CONGREGATIONAL

Beginning, modestly, in 1895, when organized as a Sunday School, the Lake Avenue Congregational Church has shown much progress. With a membership accretion, a car barn on Lake Avenue and East Orange Grove Avenue was utilized November 10th of that year; and on September 6th, 1896, a chapel was finished and occupied—the next progressive step. On November 25th, 1896, a church organization was affected with thirty-five charter members, under the administration of Rev. H. G. Smead.

A lot was donated by Wm. Waterhouse in 1898, also material and labor by other parishioners, and a chapel dedicated free from debt September 15th of the same year.

Continued increase in membership demanded more room and a new edifice was completed and dedicated May 20th, 1906, at a cost of \$14,000. Rev. Allen Hastings succeeded Smead in 1897 and continued one year. He was succeeded by Rev. S. G. Emerson, who continued as pastor until May 24th, 1908, being followed by Rev. J. H. Lash, who is the present pastor. The membership is over 300.

THE PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL
(FORMERLY NORTH CONGREGATIONAL)

Numerous Congregationalists residing in North Pasadena found it inconvenient to go to the parent church (on California Street) in 1887—before the time of street cars and automobiles in Pasadena. They therefore met in a neighborly meeting in that year, in a barn on North Fair Oaks Avenue—December 18th, it was, and decided to form a church organization of their own. A hall was rented and Rev. E. Bickford secured to preach to them and he continued to do so until 1888 when Rev. H. T. Staats was invited to become their pastor and was regularly engaged in July, 1888. In May, 1891, a church was organized with seventeen members, and purchased the building outgrown by the Universalists (the old Methodist Church of Colony days). This building was destroyed by the wind storm of 1891. Then the Episcopalian Church building on Colorado Street was bought and moved to the site owned by the church, remodeled and enlarged to meet requirements. When in course of time the Rev. Staats retired from active service he was succeeded by Rev. George M. Morrison. Reverend Morrison resigned in 1917 and in October of the same year Rev. Montague A. Shipman was called to fill his place.

LAKE AVENUE METHODIST

In the boom days of 1887 a Methodist Church was started in a store building on North Lake Avenue, but with the removal of many families after the breaking of the boom, the work was abandoned. In 1901 the Christian Chapel on Lake, just south of Colorado, was purchased by Dr. C. A. Briggs and other members of First Church, and the Rev. S. M. Fairfield was given charge of it and of Lamanda Park, the work being conducted as a mission of First Church. The next year F. G. H. Stevens was in charge of the Lamanda and the Mission of Lake Avenue.

In the spring of 1904 the Rev. V. Hunter Brink was appointed as pastor of Lake Avenue, and on July 28th organized the new church with sixty members and ten probationers.

In November of that year the Southeast corner of Lake and Colorado was purchased and in December of 1905,

ground was broken for the new church and it was finished at a total cost of \$50,671, the formal opening taking place April 28th, 1907.

F. G. H. Stevens was appointed pastor at that Conference session. The church was dedicated October 4th, 1914, by Bishop McConnel.

There are now over 850 members. C. M. Christ is the present pastor, having succeeded the Rev. Stevens in 1917.

LINCOLN AVENUE METHODIST

Beginning with meetings held at the residence of Rev. R. L. Bruce on North Orange Avenue in 1898, the Lincoln Avenue Church became in a short time an independently organized church body.

This organization was perfected April 17th, 1898, and efforts were made at once to obtain the necessary funds to build. They were successful, as is shown by the present attractive edifice at the corner of Lincoln and North Orange Grove Avenues. The Rev. Bruce became the first pastor. M. W. Davis became superintendent of the Sabbath School then, and has so continued ever since. Rev. Dr. Mather was for some years, and until he became presiding Elder, a popular pastor in this fold. He was succeeded by Rev. Walter C. Loomis, who assumed charge in 1917.

GERMAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL

The few German families who resided in Pasadena in its early days, began holding services at the homes of their people and participated in services under the direction of Rev. G. H. Bolinger who was presiding Elder of the district. This beginning was in 1882. In the fall of that year a church organization was perfected at the home of C. H. Biedebach, near Lamanda Park, Mr. Biedebach being local preacher for a time. On December 23th, 1886, the church body was incorporated under the name of Emanuel M. E. Church and a lot purchased on Worcester Avenue. In the following year a church was built there. The present pastor is Rev. William Rogatzky and the membership 125.

WASHINGTON STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL (FORMERLY NORTH PASADENA METHODIST)

Was organized in 1888 as a Mission, and met in a hall on

North Fair Oaks Avenue. In 1892 the building belonging to the Free Methodist Church on Pepper Street, was bought and occupied by this body until the present church was built in 1905 on East Washington Street.

Rev. C. F. Seitter is pastor at this time. The membership is 440.

ALTADENA METHODIST EPISCOPAL

Was organized in February, 1907, with Pastor A. T. Nichols in charge. In 1908 the present church building was erected on Santa Clara Avenue and Caleveras Street and met with satisfactory progress.

The present membership is 73 and the present pastor Rev. W. E. Malan.

FIRST FREE METHODIST

In the year 1888 services were held in a tent on the corner of Pasadena Avenue and Green Street, Rev. C. B. Ebey in charge, and on June 17th of the same year, an organization was perfected by the above name. Rev. Ebey was engaged as first pastor. This tent was later moved to North Pasadena and soon thereafter a neat church was built there. Still later—in 1892—this church was sold to the North Pasadena Methodist Church organization and a new building built at the present site, 306 North Fair Oaks Avenue.

The membership is now 100 and the present pastor Rev. W. W. Vinson.

SWEDISH METHODIST

Established October 27th, 1906, and services supplied from Los Angeles for a time. In 1909 a comfortable church building was built on Villa Street and Summit Avenue and Rev. J. P. Waxlberg engaged as pastor. In 1912 Rev. G. E. Kallstedt became pastor and continues this charge. A Dorcas Society is entertained by Miss Ida Berglund in the church parlors each Thursday.

TRINITY EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN

(ENGLISH)

Organized in 1903, with Rev. B. W. H. Frederick as its first pastor. At first it was a mission, but a church was built in 1905 and regular services held thereafter.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST

The development of the First Church of Christ Scientist began about 1896, when those interested held meetings at a home on South Holliston Avenue. In the following year meetings were held in the G. A. R. Hall, and in March an organization was effected, the First Church of Christ Scientist being then organized with twenty-two members. On October 1st, 1899, owing to increasing membership, meetings were held in the Auditorium and a fund was begun. A reading room was opened in a building on the corner of Colorado Street and Raymond Avenue in 1901, and in the following year a lot on the corner of Colorado Street and Oakland Avenue was purchased and the first chapel built there and occupied, in March 1903. This becoming inadequate, it was enlarged in 1905, then being sufficient to accommodate over 500.

Then, in 1907, the present site was purchased and preparations for a new edifice begun in 1908, the corner stone being laid March 30th, 1909, and building occupied November 20th, 1910, free from debt. This splendid building of Greek Ionic architecture, is a notable landmark and cost over \$100,000. It will seat 1400 people.

LINCOLN AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN

This congregation was organized April 5th, 1914, under the guidance of Rev. J. G. Blue. The church was finished and dedicated April 19th, 1916, Rev. Robert Freeman conducting the services. Rev. J. R. Pratt was called to the pastorate and is the present pastor.

WASHINGTON CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Was the result of neighborhood meetings at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Ulrich in 1914. At first a Mission was established and supplied by Rev. W. C. Hull, meetings being held at Longfellow School. Funds being raised, a beginning was made upon a church building on North Mentor Avenue, which was sufficiently advanced for dedication of the Sunday school rooms in July, 1915; Rev. J. D. McKnight, who was killed in an accident in September, 1917, preaching the dedication sermon. Rev. W. C. Hull has continued as pastor to the present time. The membership is about 80.

CENTRAL CHRISTIAN
(DISCIPLES OF CHRIST)

Organized in 1884 and incorporated May 17th, 1886. First built a small church on Delacy Street, but it "went the way" in the 1891 wind storm, which had churches as its "first choice." The building was completely demolished and some of it widely scattered by the fury of the winds. But the "Christians" were not scattered, and continued to meet in a store building on North Fair Oaks Avenue until 1892, when a suitable church was completed on the corner of Fair Oaks Avenue and Mary Street with Rev. B. F. Coulter as pastor.

In 1907 they built a fine concrete stone edifice on the corner of Marengo Avenue and Walnut Street.

The present pastor is Rev. Frank G. Tyrrell, under whose ministrations it is liberal in its doctrines and broad in its policies.

CALVARY BAPTIST

This church was begun as a mission, in a store building on East Colorado Street in 1912, and developed into a church, a building being erected on North Holliston Avenue.

Rev. B. B. Jacques was the original pastor and has continued in charge of the pastorate since its beginning. It has a membership of 361.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN

This church had its beginning in 1895, an organization being effected in November of that year under the direction of Rev. E. S. McKitrick. Services were regularly held in the G. A. R. hall on East Colorado Street, but plans to build a church were made and carried out, Dr. McKitrick laboring assiduously to this end.

In 1896 the building was begun on East Colorado Street and carried to sufficient completion to permit services to be held in the Sunday School, beginning in June 1897. But the main hall of this building was not completed for occupation until May, 1903.

Dr. McKitrick resigned in June, 1902, on account of his health, but has continued since then in charge of the Sunday School and in other church work. The present pastor is Rev. J. W. Ashwood and the membership 175.

ST. ANDREWS—CATHOLIC

In 1886 the few Catholic families that then resided in Pasadena met for services in the Los Angeles House, owned by Isaac Banta and held mass there. This was the initiative of a church organization. At a later meeting held at the residence of G. T. Stamm on South Marengo Avenue, May 23rd, 1886, and later in the schoolhouse, it was decided to raise funds to build a meeting place, and with such success that a lot was purchased on South Pasadena Avenue and Belfontaine Street and a plain frame building completed upon it, the first services being held there December 18th, 1887, Rev. Father Hartnett officiating. It was named St. Andrews.

This building was sold—when a better church was built in 1895—to S. L. Addeman, who moved it to a lot on West California Street and remodeled it into a residence. The prosperity of the church increased, and in 1899 a larger and finer brick structure was built on North Fair Oaks Avenue, also a parish house adjoining.

Rev. P. F. Farrelly succeeded Father Hartnett and became popular in his public relations as well as in church affairs. He died during a trip to his home in Ireland in 1911, and was succeeded by Rev. Wm. F. Quinlan, who is the present pastor. The membership is now 2500.

FRIENDS MEETING

(FIRST ESTABLISHED)

The first meeting of Friends held in Pasadena that was of a formal character occurred at the home of William Sharpless on North Los Robles Avenue in June, 1882. This meeting was in charge of Adonijah Gregory of Sierra Madre, who had been holding such meetings at his own home there. Mr. Gregory was one of Sierra Madre's original settlers and with his wife (now living at the age of 87 in Pasadena), exercised much influence in that new settlement in its formative stage.

Mrs. Lydia Sharpless, wife of William Sharpless, died recently at Whittier at the age of 106 years. In 1884 a small building was built on North Marengo Avenue and was used by this organization. In 1886 a new building was built at Marengo and Mountain Street (East Orange Grove Avenue) which, in 1894, was moved to Villa Street and Raymond Avenue and enlarged. This church still enjoys its prosperous career in charge of Rev. Charles S. White.

ORANGE GROVE FRIENDS

(HICKSITE)

Belonging to the Concord Quarterly and Philadelphia Yearly Meetings, was organized December 8th, 1907, and met in homes of members, until they procured a meeting house at 520 East Orange Grove Avenue. The first meeting was held here February 28th, 1909. Levi P. Taylor is clerk; John E. Carpenter is elder and Ella M. Hunt, correspondent. Services are held each first day, and monthly meetings first day of each month.

FRIENDS MEETING

(VILLA AND GALENA)

This body of Friends was regularly organized January 19th, 1895, but the members had been meeting at various houses for two or three years previously—originally at the home of Wm. Penn Evans on Los Robles Avenue. In 1894 a meeting place was built at Galena Avenue and Villa Street, Mary Lee being first minister and Abram Cowgill secretary.

The records show that the official date of organization was January 19th, 1895. The membership has grown to about 150 and is led by Minister Nathan Pinson.

CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN

(MISNAMED DUNKARDS)

Organized April 14th, 1905. First pastor and general overseer, W. E. Trostle. This church body has built a church at the corner of Herkimer Street and Hudson Avenue and has a membership of about 100.

NAZARENE UNIVERSITY CHURCH

Was organized May 27th, 1917—having now a membership of 275. Its first meetings were held in the Tabernacle Hall of Nazarene University on Hill Avenue with Seth C. Rees in charge and is still under his pastorate.

FIRST CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

Located on North Fair Oaks Avenue and Mary Street. In charge of Rev. A. O. Henricks, pastor. The date of organization is October 9th, 1905; first pastor Rev. J. W. Goodwin. The house of worship was purchased from the First Christian

congregation when it built anew in 1905. Prior to that meetings were held in a room in South Fair Oaks Avenue. The membership is 300.

SCOTT CHAPEL METHODIST EPISCOPAL
(COLORED)

Aside of its own attending interest, this church possesses historic association on account of the building occupied by it. This building was, over 30 years ago, located on Columbia Street on its South Pasadena side, and owned by the Calvary Presbyterian Church, now out of existence. The Scott organization purchased the little meeting house and moved it to its present location on South Fair Oaks Avenue.

The present pastor is Rev. E. W. Kinchen.

MEXICAN M. E. MISSION

Was built in 1916 to carry on missionary service among the Mexicans who mostly reside in its vicinity at Broadway and Ritzman Street. Regular services are there conducted by Rev. Francisco Olazabal, the pastor in charge.

GRACE TABERNACLE
(COLORED)

This church was organized and built by Nazarenes in 1914. In time differences ensued between members on theological grounds, and the congregation was divided, the Nazarenes seceding. The church has a small membership but is prospering fairly under the pastorate of Mrs. M. E. Palmer, assisted by the Rev. R. H. Hunter.

METROPOLITAN BAPTIST
(COLORED)

Was organized June 5th, 1916, with Rev. J. B. Bushell as first pastor. Members first met in Turners Hall and in 1911 succeeded in building their own church building on Waverly Drive. The Rev. W. H. Hughes is pastor at this writing.

FIRST AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH

The story of the founding of the first church built by the colored people in Pasadena, is of more than passing interest because of the difficulties that beset the little band of earnest men and women engaged in the endeavor. Many obstacles

and much hostility had to be overcome, one instance of which was an effort to burn their house of worship, and also efforts to prevent attempted purchases of sites. These attempts were met with determination and frustrated, happily, and the first church is now a prosperous congregation with property valued at more than \$10,000, free from debt. Some of those whose efforts made this success possible are William Prince, Joseph Burch, Silas Carnahan, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Holmes, Mrs. Sadie Wright, Mrs. Cora Campbell, Mrs. James Coleman and others just as active.

The first place of meeting was in the house of Joseph Holmes at 140 South Vernon Avenue, and the little congregation met there for three years. Then, in 1888, the meeting place was changed to the home of Silas Carnahan at the foot of Raymond Hill.

The first pastor was Rev. J. R. McLain. Meetings were held in various homes, vacant stores, and halls, until finally, a lot was purchased on North Fair Oaks Avenue and an old barn was also purchased and moved to the lot and made habitable. This was in 1892—the church had been incorporated in 1889. Services were continued here, some improvements and enlargements having been made to the building, until 1910, when the property was sold at a handsome profit, and the present site on North Vernon Avenue purchased and a substantial church building erected upon it. The Rev. W. S. Dyett has been successfully ministering to the congregation since 1912.

FRIENDSHIP BAPTIST (COLORED)

Organized in 1893 with Rev. J. M. Fowler as first pastor and Reuben Scott as first deacon. A church was built on South Vernon Avenue, where services are in charge of Rev. J. M. Riddle as pastor.

THE PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL

Holds services in a hall at 31½ North Fair Oaks Avenue under the leadership of Rev. B. F. Austin, who is the pastor. A fair sized congregation is under this charge.

PENIEL MISSION

The Peniel Mission has for years performed its humble work and in its unostentatious way accomplished much Chris-

tian and altruistic work. Its headquarters are at this time located at 1295 North Fair Oaks Avenue. Originally in a store room on South Fair Oaks Avenue, its zealous followers preached their gospel until trade forced them elsewhere.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN

This church held its first service July 1st, 1906, and was organized with 51 members, June 14th, 1908, under the pastorate of Rev. W. E. Dodge. Its first meetings were held in a building at the corner of Lake Avenue and Claremont Street. A church building was erected at the corner of Lake Avenue and Woodbury Road soon afterward; that now pleasantly houses its 247 members. The present pastor is Rev. C. A. Spaulding.

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST

Organized June 1888 in a tent on Villa Street by Elder Briggs. In the same year a small church was built on Waverly Drive. In 1893 a larger one was built on the corner of Mountain Street and Summit Avenue. The present pastor is Volney H. Lucas.

EMMANUEL LUTHERAN (FORMERLY GERMAN LUTHERAN)

First meetings held in 1893 and organization completed November 17th, of that year. The first pastor was Rev. George Saager. In 1894 a church was completed at Walnut Street and Vernon Avenue, which was afterwards moved to North Marengo Avenue. The present pastor is Rev. W. H. Seeger.

FIRST DAY ADVENT (FIRST ADVENT CHRISTIAN)

This church organization was effected in October, 1894, when Elder Wilkinson began services in a tent on North Fair Oaks Avenue, later preaching in the G. A. R. Hall. The church was regularly organized April 19th, 1895, and built a church on North Marengo Avenue. The present pastor is Rev. Miles Grant Nelson.

PENTACOSTAL ASSEMBLY

Was organized in June, 1907. Meetings were first held in a tent on Fair Oaks Avenue under the ministrations of Rev.

A. H. Post. When the Lake Avenue Methodists vacated their chapel on South Lake Avenue, it was rented, first to another church body, then to the Pentecostal Church, which organization meets there now. Rev. O. P. Tingle has been pastor of this church for the past four years.

ST. MARKS EPISCOPAL

Originally a Mission of All Saints, organized as such June 3rd, 1906, in charge of Rev. Harry Thompson, Assistant at All Saints; it became a separate parish March 6th, 1914. Rev. A. L. Hall, who had succeeded Rev. Harry Thompson as Assistant in All Saints, became rector of St. Marks and still continues in charge of this parish. The church building was completed in 1915. There are at present 130 communicants.

HOLINESS CHURCH

The worshipers in this faith began meetings as early as 1884 in a plain little building they had erected on North El Molino Avenue, later moving to a building on South Fair Oaks Avenue. Rev. J. H. Clark was their first pastor. A new building was erected on South Pasadena Avenue with Rev. E. A. Ross pastor.

TRINITY EVANGELICAL CHURCH

Located at Los Robles Avenue and Walnut Street and progressing in a favorable way. Rev. W. H. Dew is pastor. The membership is 125.

CHRISTIAN AND MISSIONARY ALLIANCE*

Hudson Avenue and First Street. Rev. Geo. W. Davis, pastor.

FIRST EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN*

Located at 375 E. Orange Grove Avenue. Rev. A. P. F. Hansen, pastor.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN TRINITY*

Located at 560 E. Orange Grove Avenue. Rev. Luther N. Dahlsten, pastor.

ST. JOHNS GERMAN EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN*

On E. Orange Grove Avenue. Rev. G. F. Brink, pastor.

* Information not furnished.

CHAPTER XXXVII

TRANSPORTATION—RAILROADS AND TROLLEYS



THE pioneers from Indiana and Iowa, and other far-away places, did not come to the new settlement in de luxe trains and in coaches of steel and mahogany draped with silk and damask and velvet. There was no way to its gates direct. One must come by way of San Francisco, if by rail, thence transfer southward by a dinky little steamer to San Pedro, where even that little boat couldn't land at the wharf, because the water was not then deep enough! I speak of 1874, and even for years thereafter. Now, a splendid harbor garners great ships from across deep seas. But the day of the prairie schooner was passing even then, and the Santa Fé trail was becoming grass grown through disuse. Steamers plowed their way from Panama and brought their passengers that way also.

So the traveler, seeking the Indiana Colony, in time found himself in San Pedro, and, if persistent, in Los Angeles. Then—somehow—by buggy or any sort of vehicle he could commandeer, to the pioneer land.

In time the Southern Pacific, ever looking for new business to conquer, "discovered" the sleepy pueblo of Los Angeles—in 1876—and wakened it to its manifest destiny. That little, somnolent burg was scarcely known then to the outside world, and was regarded as a mere spot on the map. But the Southern Pacific reached out its extending fingers from its San Francisco stop and gave it a new impulse. Again, in 1883, the same railroad, with foresight and growing ambition, forged another link in this band of steel and crept up from the deserts of Arizona; spanned the lonesome sand plains and desolate valleys, and gave them pulsing wakefulness. With the coming of these forerunners of civilization, activity and improvement began which later transformed some of these desolate places into areas of development and gardens of wealth. By the Midas touch of the Rio Colorado a new empire was founded and nearby where the western sun dipped into the waters of the Pacific an Eden bloomed.

When this transformation began Los Angeles boasted a population of 10,000; mostly Mexicans, "noble" red men, and a growing number of "Americanos," some of whom had left their "home town" for reasons satisfactory to themselves, if not to the officers of justice. Los Angeles, once a "tough" town, had been slowly acquiring civilized methods, certainly the daily murder was out of vogue, and the bandit and highwayman stood less in the esteem of his fellows. Vasquez—the last of noted outlaws—had met his just deserts at the end of a rope in 1874, and no one was ambitious to succeed him.

Affairs were assuming a more modernized appearance, the bad man and the bandits retiring gradually, as the proper thing to do, the gringo asserting his arrogant way. After the beginning of the Indiana Colony, the tourist who, having heard some mention of it, desired to arrive there, was impelled to hire his own conveyance; that was before 1876, when D. M. Graham put his ponies into action and established the first stage line. When Graham tired of this occupation he sold his outfit to W. T. Vore (February, 1879). Vore operated the line, at first three times a week, then daily, going over to Los Angeles in the morning and back in the afternoon. The fare was 50 cents one way, or round trip 75 cents. When a daily mail route was established in 1880 Vore secured the contract. C. H. Killgore began a mail line in 1884, putting on a tally-ho. Vore afterwards purchased this line and continued both, business then warranting it. Of course this business was given up when the railroad came in.

The growing colony was quite satisfied with a stage for a time, it was safe and it was picturesque; but better and quicker service was hoped for. To Stanley P. Jewett, a young engineer, there came the idea of a railroad communication between Los Angeles and the fertile valley of the San Gabriel; tapping its settlements and growing with them—that was the expectation. Jewett lived in the Indiana Colony, where he had come in 1879, and had pondered much over this idea. It was in 1882 that he broached his plan to J. F. Crank, then vice president of the First National Bank of Los Angeles, and who lived upon his Fair Oaks Ranch, east of the Colony. Through Crank, E. F. Spence, J. E. Hollenbeck and C. H. Simpkins, all of Los Angeles, were induced to consider the matter. But after meeting together and going into particulars

of the scheme, these men, excepting Crank, withdrew from further participation in it, but Crank believed in it, and supported Jewett, agreeing to go ahead with the project. Sherman Washburn, A. Brigden, W. R. Davis and W. P. Stanley, also agreed to engage in the undertaking, and arrangements were made for preliminary work, discovering the best route, right of way, etc., all of which required time and money. The necessary money for beginning the work was raised among themselves.

On August 30th, 1883, the road was incorporated as the *Los Angeles and San Gabriel Valley R. R. Co.*, with a capitalization of \$450,000, and the following first Board of Directors: J. F. Crank, President; S. P. Jewett, Vice President; S. Washburn, Treasurer; W. P. Stanley, Secretary. Stanley shortly withdrew and was succeeded by J. D. Bicknell of Los Angeles. It required courage, and much of it, to undertake such a project at that time, as it was not then contemplated that this road would become the terminal of a great transcontinental line. But these men had the courage and put up the capital that was required to make a start. The plans were ready in 1884 and a right of way partly secured. In July of that year the first contract was let for building the road from its starting place in Los Angeles to Pasadena. Operations proceeded vigorously for a few weeks. Then the contractor failed, leaving his affairs tangled and his labor bills and supplies unpaid. This was a setback, serious enough; but Jewett himself then took charge of the construction, settled the accounts, and work was resumed. There was delay of course pending these changes. Up to this time, no right of way had been acquired into Pasadena, only to the Raymond Hill; and the residents began to fear that their town would not appear on the folders. In consequence of this apprehension, a public meeting was called by the exercised people, who passed very urgent resolutions voicing the loudly expressed sentiment declaring "the importance of bringing the locomotives to our very doors, etc.," all of which is somewhat different than some of the expressions now heard, which declare that this road is a menace upon our streets and must be removed! Much different—but perhaps correct. The meeting referred to was held May 27th, 1885. A committee consisting of H. W. Magee, C. C. Brown, J. H. Baker, W. H. Wiley, S. Townsend, J. P. Woodbury, James Craig, Abbott

Kinney and J. W. Hall, was appointed to secure right of way and raise some money to aid in this—where a free right of way could not be obtained. Messrs. Magee and Kinney were made Trustees to hold this right of way until it could be conveyed to the coming road. All of which was in due time performed according to agreement, and the road, by donation and by purchase, secured entry in and through the Colony of Pasadena and it was so built. On a certain day in September (11th), 1885, the whistle of the first locomotive to enter the good town, echoed in every household and sounded its new note of progress. The citizens hurried with one accord down Colorado Street, to view the iron horse, the first to enter, and bid it a merry welcome. Morris W. Reeder, who died in 1917 at Lamanda Park, held the throttle, and enjoyed himself sounding the shrill jubilation loud and often, until the most distant and most inattentive must know that something unusual was afoot—as indeed it was. This was preliminary only, to *the* important day—the sixteenth of the same month—which was duly set aside to make formal opening of the desired railroad, and give fitting welcome to it.

On that gala day, everybody, which meant the women folk too, entered into the spirit of the occasion with zest and enthusiasm. The track had been laid as far as Colorado Street,



Celebrating the advent of the first R. R., Sept. 16, 1885

a slice of the library lot having been taken for the right of way. The Central School lot, adjoining, was the place that was fittingly chosen to hold the ceremonies heralding the advent of the first "iron horse," and upon this lot a pavilion was formed of cypress boughs, and under this green harbor long rows of tables were arranged, at one end of which a place for the president of the day was established. The sylvan boughs protected the guests from the hot September sun and gave much attraction to the affair.

Upon the tables was spread a fine luncheon, provided by the purveyors—the ladies of Pasadena—flowers and fruits of all kinds gracing the board in splendid profusion. A floral emblem in the form of an engine was conspicuous and appropriate. The committee on reception was Hon. H. H. Markham, H. W. Magee, P. M. Green, J. E. Clarke, Jabez Banbury, O. H. Conger, O. S. Picher, N. C. Carter (of Sierra Madre), R. Williams, James Craig, B. T. Smith and G. W. Wilson.

Headed by the local band, this committee proceeded by train to Los Angeles, and there met a trainload of guests, with whom it returned; after which the luncheon was served by the ladies. Conspicuous among these were Mrs. Sherman Washburn, Mrs. Edson Turner, the Misses Stratton, the Misses Ball, Mrs. E. W. Giddings, Miss Clapp and Mrs. Rosenbaum. After the collation, Hon. H. H. Markham opened the ceremonies by delivering an address of welcome, which was responded to by Mayor E. F. Spence of Los Angeles. A response for the railroad was made by S. P. Jewett, who had done such strenuous work in its behalf, and an address in behalf of the Los Angeles Board of Trade was made by George H. Bonebrake, its president. "The Press" was the subject of Jos. D. Lynch's talk, he being the editor of the Los Angeles *Herald*. "The Produce Exchange" by Eugene Germain, and also a talk by H. H. Boyce, editor of the Los Angeles *Express*. Others, also, were called upon and made interesting remarks. Good humor and happy anticipations was the keynote of all addresses, and the confident prophecies that Pasadena had begun a new and important era, prevailed. A street parade, informal and impromptu, participated in by nearly all of the men present, was the conclusion of the ceremonies on that eventful day.

Traffic on the road began on that day also, James Clarke being the first customer for business, receiving a consignment of grain.



CELEBRATING THE ADVENT OF THE FIRST R. R.—PARADE SEPT. 30, 1886
Colorado St. looking West. Martin block. Prominent building in center Pasadena's first saloon. The Lumber Yard was J. Banbury's, the Carpenter Shop Rideway & Ripley's. Williams' Store and Masonic Hall in right distance.

With the opening of business as far as Pasadena, the road building did not cease, but was continued eastward and was open for business as far as Lamanda Park by November 7th. But at this point construction was suspended for a year for want of funds; after which it was completed to "Mud Springs" (now San Dimas), a total length of twenty-eight miles. Mud Springs was "nowhere" then, but is now in the heart of the Orange Empire, the great citrus producing section of California. At this time, the officers of the road were as follows: President, J. F. Crank; Treasurer, Sherman Washburn; General Superintendent, S. P. Jewett; General Passenger Agent, for Los Angeles, Louis Blankenhorn; Road Master, W. E. Davis; Paymaster, W. B. Stewart. With the development that generally accompanies railroads, came that of the Valley and the business of the road grew with fair satisfaction to its builders. Looking at it now, it would seem to have been a hazardous undertaking for its day, for the whole county of Los Angeles (which included Orange County then) did not have 30,000 population; while the territory traversed by the S. G. V. R. R. did not contain 10,000 persons (outside Los Angeles) that could give tribute to the road. But the Atlantic & Pacific road, the predecessor to the Santa Fé, was heading westward, and needed a seaboard terminal on the Pacific. It was the rival of the great and powerful Southern Pacific system, which had recently established its lines in Southern California and which was jealous of rivalry. Each of these roads had farseeing heads and anticipated the enormous freight business that the rapidly developing orange industry, alone, would mean to the road getting it. The Southern Pacific's president, Leland Stanford, was able and astute, and when the Los Angeles & San Gabriel Valley road was building, had interposed all kinds of obstacles to it. Material for its construction, rails, tools, cars, etc., were necessarily brought over the Southern Pacific. It was a matter of common occurrence to "lose" a carload or more of material, and, after weeks of investigation, it would be "discovered" perhaps in New Orleans, sidetracked and "overlooked." These delays and "mistakes," as they were politely termed, naturally occasioned much wrath in the breast of the builders of the new road. And it was this treatment probably that, in the end, cost the Southern Pacific the ownership of the San Gabriel Valley road, and thereby, for a time at least,

barring any rival in its own field. This is how it happened, as related to me by J. F. Crank. Upon an occasion J. F. Crank was in New York. The president of the Sant Fé (Strong) was in Boston, and the president of the Southern Pacific (Stanford) was attending his senatorial duties in Washington. On the same day—a Sunday—there came to President Crank an invitation from Senator Stanford to visit him in Washington, and from President Strong of the Sante Fé a request to visit him in Boston. Crank surmised the object of these invitations, and he also remembered the obstacles that had been put in the way of building his line by the Southern Pacific, and the many discouragements resulting therefrom; and this gave him then his opportunity to “get even.” He went to Boston instead of Washington. In an hour after meeting President Strong he had sold the San Gabriel Valley R. R. to the Sante Fé. This is how the little San Gabriel Valley railroad became the “Southern California Railroad,” as it was first called by the Santa Fé, for certain business reasons, and ultimately the terminal link in that splendid system. J. F. Crank, after selling the road, turned his attention to building a street cable car system in Los Angeles, the second of the kind in the world; and lost much money in the venture. The advent of the railroad in Pasadena, was the first real impetus toward the great boom days which followed. Pasadena was on the railroad “map” of the country now—no mere “Colony,” remote from the rest of the earth, but getting ready for the settler and the tourist. And the miraculous two and a half days from Chicago, and three and a half from New York was accomplished, which means a neighborliness and close relationship with East and West; a pleasant journey, direct and easy, and a constant invitation to the denizen of the frozen East to come and repose under more benignant skies, play golf instead of snowball, and motor over splendid highways, instead of lounging within the confines of overheated clubs. The East had really, at last, discovered California!

THE TERMINAL

The Terminal Railroad, now the Los Angeles & Salt Lake R. R., was primarily the outcome of a land speculation.

The Pasadena Improvement Co.—composed principally of John P. Woodbury, Fred J. Woodbury and E. C. Webster—

was responsible for it, or at least its Pasadena beginning. This land company had purchased from the Woodbury brothers 1,200 acres in Altadena, including holdings of Col. Jabez Banbury and Byron O. Clark. They appropriated from Byron Clark the name he had bestowed upon his own lands—Altadena. Altadena was set out to groves, and orchards, and vineyards largely, and made attractive and desirable residence sites, lacking but one thing—accessibility. This drawback the syndicate proceeded to overcome by building to it a railroad, hence the incorporation of *The Altadena Railroad*, which was to have its beginning at Raymond Station, connecting there with the Sante Fé. Its projectors had even greater dreams, or at least one of them had, for I have heard John P. Woodbury, its president, express them in tangible terms. It was his expectation that this little road would, sometime, find a tidewater terminus at Rattlesnake Island, near San Pedro, and then become a transcontinental line with this, its great trans-Pacific port. With this great ambition, terminal facilities were acquired, and today this dream has in some measure come true. But the projectors did not live to see it, and, as a fact, were overwhelmed financially by this undertaking and others incident to it. However, the purpose of the local road was realized, for this land company sold quickly its Altadena lots, and profited much thereby. This occurred in 1887-88. About the same time, a little narrow gauge “dummy” road was built from Los Angeles to Garvanza, Eagle Rock Valley and Glendale; being operated in a feeble way for a time by some land speculators, and was about to give up the ghost—if railways have ghosts. This defunct road, with its belongings, was purchased by one Captain John Cross, a railroad builder of experience, who re-equipped it and extended it as far as the Raymond Hill. What more natural than that Cross should obtain control of the Altadena Road, now a white elephant and money losing concern? Captain Cross did, in fact, in pursuance of his plans, first lease the Altadena line (and finally purchased it for \$80,000)—obtaining formal ingress into Pasadena, March 11th, 1890, whereat Pasadena rose to acclaim its new enterprise with the usual celebration. A banquet was given the worthy Captain at the Green Hotel, at which Governor Waterman was a guest and the most conspicuous speaker. There was a parade of citizens also, for the good people believed that they now had

in prospect the hoped for cheap and frequent means of transportation to the sister City of the Angels—a popular prospect. At this time the Pasadena terminus of the road was on West Colorado Street, where Clune's Theatre stands, a little brick building being leased there, with John S. Mills agent in charge. The franchise for the *Terminal*, as it was later called, was actually granted to extend from its West Colorado Street end, eastward, just north of Colorado and parallel thereto, to Fair Oaks, down Fair Oaks to Green, thence west to its main line. The part of the line on Fair Oaks and onward was never built. Years ago the spur running into Fair Oaks Avenue was abandoned, the company being contented with the station on its main line on West Colorado Street. It also practically abandoned the Altadena Line, excepting a spur running into the Arroyo Seco, although the tracks still remain. The fare to Los Angeles was fixed by City Ordinance, when the franchise was granted, at thirty-five cents each way; but in course of time the attorney of the road, Thomas E. Gibbon, petitioned the City Trustees for an increase of fare to fifty cents, whereat the town arose in wrath and a bitter fight was waged before the City Fathers. It was adduced, in behalf of the terminal, that it was losing money and, in spite of protests, the increase was finally granted. I believe Captain C. M. Simpson was the people's champion on this occasion and made a sturdy fight to retain the original fare. Alexander R. Metcalfe appeared for the road. In 1898, E. C. Webster appeared before the Council, during the Terminal fight for increased fares, asking for a franchise for the Los Angeles Electric Railway, to enter Pasadena. In return for this privilege he offered to sell six tickets on local lines for twenty-five cents, and also, in addition, would light all business streets with electricity and keep the tracks sprinkled (there was no paving then). Or in lieu of lighting the streets, would pay \$1,000 per month for this franchise. This offer was refused, and the Council granted the Terminal's request for an increase in fare! It was a poor business transaction.

Captain Cross conducted his road for a year, giving generally good service, then sold it to a syndicate of St. Louis capitalists headed by R. C. Kerens of St. Louis; E. F. Leonard of Springfield, Ill., and T. Leighton, also of St. Louis, were associated with Kerens. Kerens was a noted figure in politics in his home state, at one time becoming a prominent candidate for U. S. Senator, and was also Minister to Russia.

This purchase was made in July, 1891, the title of the syndicate being "The California Investment Co." When the lease on the Altadena Road expired, that road was absorbed in the purchase. The *Terminal* railway continued in business under that name until purchased, in 1900, by Senator W. A. Clarke, of Montana, who changed its name to the "San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake R. R.," and extended the line to Salt Lake City. Subsequently, the Southern Pacific, proving a too powerful competitor, Senator Clarke found it convenient to sell half interest in his road to that corporation. In 1917 the name of the road was shortened to the "Los Angeles & Salt Lake R. R."

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC ENTERS

The Santa Fé, with its local offices seeking business, and its main line passing through the city's gates, became the popular transcontinental tourist line of travel. Hence the desire of the Southern Pacific to compete for some of this profitable business. Under an agreement, the Santa Fé had not been permitted to complete the connection of its trunk line from Barstow to the coast, moving its trains under lease from that junction over the Southern Pacific line to Mojave, thence into Los Angeles. When at the termination of this agreement, the intervening gap was completed, and the rails, laid via the Cajon Pass, connecting with its local line through the San Gabriel Valley, the Southern Pacific was compelled to meet this rival everywhere in its own territory. The last connecting rail was laid on the Santa Fé at Mud Springs (San Dimas) in 1886, tapping the heart of the citrus fruit industry, and giving a desirable route for the Eastern tourist, so many thousands of whom came into Pasadena.

In 1894 the Southern Pacific did apply for a franchise to enter Pasadena from Ipswich Street, near Raymond Hill, thence into the city. The franchise was granted by the board of trustees, January 29th, 1895, upon condition that the road be completed within one year from date, and that a depot building, costing not less than \$5,000, be built at its terminus on Colorado Street. Through the agency of J. S. Torrance the Colorado Street frontage was purchased. The company also purchased a strip of land from the rear of the entire tier of Marengo Avenue lots abutting on Broadway in order to widen Broadway sufficiently for trackage. The fear

that efforts would later be made to cross Colorado Street prevailed, and considerable opposition was made to giving the company a franchise to enter the city at all, but the opposition was not maintained and the company carried out its part of the pact, thus giving Pasadena the third transcontinental railroad. The great tourist business of this city has justified the efforts of the railroads, as the annual thousands of tourists and settlers attest. Rivalry for this business has become keen and results in most excellent service; indeed, a trip overland is both expeditious and attractive and many luxuries are offered to persuade the traveler to attempt it often.

HORSE CARS, MULE CARS, "DUMMIES" AND TROLLEYS

THE LUXURIES OF TRAVEL MULTIPLY AND EXPANDING CONVENIENCES COME APACE.

The need of better intercommunication with Los Angeles, and more convenient ways of reaching the expanding limits of Pasadena, was being discovered by 1885. The archives show that no less than thirty-eight applications have been made to the city for franchises for railway lines within its limits. Some of these franchises, it is true, were merely for the purpose of connecting old lines, or for making communication between different detached points. Some of these never materialized beyond the City Clerk's office. But some of them have been built and survived, only to eventually become part of the great Pacific Electric system, now monopolizing the entire local passenger traffic, excepting that afforded by jitneys. A journey via the Arroyo Road or the "Adobe" Road, with the family equine as the motive power before 1885 meant almost a day's time, from start to finish. Pasadena was then reaching into the country, and needed better facilities. Stephen Townsend was the first man with "nerve" to undertake a street car system for local uses. In October, 1885, he applied for a franchise to operate a "horse or mule car line" over the following streets. Beginning on Fair Oaks Avenue near Raymond Hill, up Fair Oaks to Walnut Street; with as yet an undetermined extension farther. But it seemed to many as premature, and Townsend received little financial or other material encouragement, for at the end of three months, wherein it was required that the

road must be begun, nothing had materialized, and the franchise automatically expired.

But the idea was only languishing, not deceased, and to revive it, a meeting was called February 15th, 1886, at which C. C. Brown was Chairman and numerous inter-

ested citizens were present. Townsend narrated his endeavors and failure to induce financial and other interest, and agreed to contribute his own money and efforts. The plan being discussed, it was decided to effect an organization, and that a corporation be formed with a capital of \$50,000; 500 shares at \$100 each, to be offered to subscribers. Also, it was decided, that the proposed line be extended as far as Chestnut Street, thence via Summit to Illinois Street. At this meeting \$22,000 was subscribed—or promised—and the following Directors were named: S. Townsend; Wilhel Thomson; F. M. Ward; R. Williams; P. M. Green and P. G. Wooster. Ten thousand dollars of the promised funds materialized at once, and the active construction work was shortly begun, and carried forward.

It was September 30th, 1886, that the first street car line was opened for business in Pasadena. That day was momentous, and was celebrated with noise and jubilation. At high noon the first car came rolling down Fair Oaks Avenue—it was labeled "Pasadena and Raymond" in prominent letters, then back again to the corner of Colorado Street—just an exhibition hike, as it were. The car was loaded inside and out with guests invited by the management. A photograph taken of that car shows an enthusiastic overload. Prominent upon its roof—for the roof was crowded also—stands, in the photograph, a man smiling widely and waving an American flag. That was G. Roscoe Thomas in action. Other well known citizens surround him, and upon the streets there is a crowd of enthusiastic people acclaiming the advent of the first street car. The invited guests were entertained in the Webster Hotel with luncheon, where many speeches of con-



First Street Car into Pasadena, Sept. 30, 1886

gratulation were made. Alas for the expectations of the projectors! The horse and mule feed—the motive energy of that time—cost more than the financial return; the mules languished in the tracks. The “force”—one driver-conductor combination—rang the bell loudly and ostentatiously all along the way, and offered to stop his car anywhere and be ever so accommodating. But it was no use. There was not enough population interested in the “hoss” cars, and walking seemed to be pretty good, anyhow. The entire receipts for the first year’s operations were only \$2,470. Notwithstanding these meager returns, the stockholders decided to continue “cutting down expenses” to the minimum! They did continue operating in a reluctant, intermittent way until 1894, when the equipment, franchise, and *mule*, were sold to the Pasadena and Los Angeles Electric system—now the Pacific Electric. Fourteen thousand dollars was the stipend paid—the losses were charged to that great and voracious mogul, Experience.

THE PAINTER LINE

The next ambitious railroad builder was Alonzo Painter who, October 4th, 1886, was granted a franchise “to lay a single line of iron street railroad track and run cars thereon, moved by horses or mules, or wire ropes under the passengers,” etc. Thus reads the franchise. No wires were ever “run under the passengers” in the meaning of this legal phraseology, but Painter did build and operate a road—from Colorado Street, north on Raymond Avenue (Raymond Avenue was in part opened to give this accommodation) thence on Chestnut Street to Fair Oaks Avenue, and on Fair Oaks Avenue north to the city limits. An additional franchise was granted January 12th, 1888, permitting the use of electricity (then becoming known as a motive power for railroads) “from storage batteries,” this being then thought the coming method, by some engineers. But storage batteries were never tried on the Painter line. Mule power was the main reliance, for a time at least. When Painter received his franchise, a corporation was formed with A. J. Painter, J. H. Painter, Delos Arnold, George D. Patten, C. W. Buchanan and W. J. Holland, as its first Board of Directors.

Work was begun at once, and February, 1887, the rails were laid as far north as Washington Street, and soon there-

after to the Mountain View Cemetery. Later on continued to a point near the Devil's Gate, in the Arroyo Seco. On this last part of the road, a "dummy" engine, of Painter's invention, was used, and Painter was often seen running this engine and experimenting with it to demonstrate the efficiency of gasoline as a motive power. He was successful in this, and it is claimed by his friends that he was, in fact, the discoverer of the alleged "Selden patent," having pre-dated Selden in the application of gasoline in this way. But Painter never knew how nearly he missed becoming a millionaire inventor by thus making the automobile a success. It was while making these experimental runs that he one day invited his friend MacD. Snowball, to accompany him on one of these trips to the Arroyo. Pleased to go was friend Snowball. Everything went fine for a time, but presently something went wrong with the machinery, and the engine started, unchecked, toward the Devil's Gate. Painter got pretty busy, and Snowball clung to the rocking engine, softly praying. While Painter was tinkering with things, bending over the "works," there came a bang! The engine blew up, landing Snowball on a grassy bank, and Painter in a tree, with hair and eyebrows singed and face blackened like a chimney sweep! Picking himself up, and examining himself carefully, to ascertain damages, Snowball was glad to discover nothing more serious than torn trousers. He assisted his fellow voyager out of the tree, asking him, casually, "if he was hurt?" It was the only time in his life that Painter forgot his early, Quaker, training—and swore! (he denied this afterwards) but a gasoline explosion with such results might be considered good excuse for such forgetfulness of early precepts, and Painter stands absolved. The Painter line was only another example of over-confidence, and was not more successful, financially, than its predecessor. It, too, was taken over by the Pacific Electric and finally drove its last car into the barn, sold its mules, and went out of business as the "Painter Railroad."

THE HIGHLAND RAILROAD

A RAILROAD EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED

The next venture in railroading came when G. A. Swartwout, then a banker, on December 31st, 1886, obtained a fran-

chise to build a line "operated by horses or mules" or "wire ropes," from the corner of Colorado Street and Raymond Avenue, thence on Colorado Street to Euclid Avenue, thence out Walnut Street to Los Robles Avenue, thence north on Los Robles to Villa, out Villa to Lake and north on that avenue to "The Highlands"—a large subdivision lying upon the northeast slope, which Swartwout was promoting. It was also Swartwout's design to continue his road to the foot of the Sierra Madre Mountains, with the ultimate probability of connecting with a mountain climbing railway, a scheme which was actually carried out some years later by Professor Lowe. But Swartwout built his road only as far as the Highlands, eventually extending it down Broadway to the Raymond Station of the Santa Fé; from thence across to Raymond Avenue and up that street to Colorado Street, where the road began, making a loop of the last part of it. This road was operated in a desultory way, at a loss, financially, and together with the land operations, occasioned Swartwout's retirement from the field of speculation in Pasadena. C. C. Thompson, having a large body of land on Lake Avenue, was Vice-President of the road for a time, but it is only a reminiscence of unhappy venture to him now. This road also was sold to the Pacific Electric in 1894 and is now a part of that system, some additions and extensions having been made to it.

THE COLORADO STREET R. R.

MORE RAILROAD "MAGNATES"

Railway systems were "in the air," and common topics. Non-success did not seem to deter other efforts. Therefore, it was not unexpected news when it was learned that on October 15th, 1885, just after the first (Townsend) road had been given the right to build, that Messrs. H. W. Magee and George E. Meharry for themselves and others, had been given a franchise by the Supervisors to build a line out Colorado Street—from Fair Oaks Avenue to Hill Street—then a mile beyond the limits of the Colony. The Directors of this enterprise were George E. Meharry, T. P. Lukens, H. F. Goodwin, C. C. Brown, S. O. McGrew, Samuel Stratton and S. P. McLean. Magee was Attorney for the company. Meharry was selected as its President, Stratton as Treasurer, and Lukens as Secretary. Behold seven perfectly level

headed citizens—who knew nothing, practically, about railroads other than riding in the upholstered seats—going into such an enterprise as this! But that was the way then, and the sort of spirit that animated the builders of Pasadena—they feared no risks, and faced them nonchalantly.

At all events, they were not disturbed by the probabilities of the future, and went ahead, built the road, and at its opening celebrated it. An invitation was extended by the founder of Olivewood, who was the son of a bishop, with a brain of a general—C. T. Hopkins—who had 150 citizens as his guests on that auspicious day to celebrate the new undertaking at his Olivewood home. He gave them a fine lunch under the olive and orange trees. Speeches were made by Hopkins, O. S. Picher, H. W. Magee, and, of course, C. C. Brown, who had been appointed Superintendent of the new road.

The old-fashioned mule and horse was the motive power, and soon they were merrily engaged in the task of hauling the little dinky cars on the bright new rails. Colorado Street was, as now, the main artery of trade, and with the outlying districts should have made much traffic for the little cars. It was doing very well indeed, until the fatal boom burst; this unhappy event being death to so many enterprises, as will be found stated in numerous places in this veracious history.

The Colorado Street line found in this downfall, the usual disaster of departed nickels—no, I believe it was six cents—that was charged, or “six fares for two bits.” With every other business affair, the railroad business flagged and retrenchment became, of necessity, the order of the day. I am not aware that the directors themselves drove any of the mules, though the Superintendent oft substituted for the absent regular driver, who acted also, as conductor and conversationalist extraordinary. The trip out Colorado Street was a “personally conducted” one, in which it was expected the “Conductor” would make himself guide, counsellor and friend, to chance strangers; and even messenger to the fair patrons who lived along the line! If, for instance, Mrs. Smith hailed the driver, as he drove the melancholy mule by her abode, and requested him to fetch a “few pounds of sugar,” or “a package of butter” from the grocery, it was up to him to be accommodating. He must know the latest price of eggs, too. Then, if a lady passenger requested him to “wait a

minute" while she ran into the post office, or bought a slice of ham, far be it from the polite and gentlemanly conductor to refrain; and not infrequently the car would stop "a minute" while the beseeching lady would perform her brief errand and return, smiling! Then "all aboard" would awaken the somnolent mule and off it merrily pounded down Colorado Street, the car bobbing up and down as it passed over the undulating rails, and the conductor cheerfully whistling. Oh, those were the halcyon days! That was the "accommodation" line for a fact, for it tried to "accommodate" everybody who rode on it, or who did not—except the man in a hurry! It was hoped that a "country extension" of this line might induce settlement and reciprocal business, so it was extended down Hill, to San Pasqual Street. Then the little car with the lonesome mule would, now and then, jog down the extension—there to tarry for the possible passenger or two from the country roundabouts. On warm summer days, the mule was turned loose for the hour interval between trips, to browse upon the adjacent greensward, while the driver took a nap! Not yet satisfied, these nervy railroad builders next built a branch down Los Robles Avenue to California Street, and out California to Wilson Avenue; also another up Lake Avenue to Illinois Street.

But the railroad business was not what it had been cracked up to be to these enthusiasts who built it, and a gentleman from Maine—George F. Foster—became practically sole owner of the whole system in 1890. Notwithstanding his energetic labors and the expenditure of some money, he was glad to "pass the buck" to the Pacific Electric in 1894—joining company with the rest of "experiments" and being quite willing to surrender his opportunities of being a "mag-nate."

THE WEST PASADENA R. R.

PARK PLACE AND LINDA VISTA LINE

In 1896, speculators, noting the scenic beauties of Linda Vista and the land west of the Arroyo Seco, became attracted thereto, and purchased several tracts of land for subdivision in that section. Prominent amongst these were Prof. J. D. Yocum and "Nate" Yocum; I. N. Mundell; H. W. Ogden (a Congressman from Louisiana); "Tom" Flynn, and others. But to make this land available, railway communication was

essential; thus was projected the railway whose name captions this article. A bridge was built across the Arroyo (it has been replaced with a better one) and the road built west on Colorado Street, up Vernon to Kensington Place, through Millard Place to Walnut Street, to north Orange Grove Avenue, thence around Park Place. Park Place was another desirable tract between North Orange Grove Avenue and the Arroyo bank adjoining the Orange Grove reservoir. A hotel, the Park, was built where the Nash mansion stands. The little narrow gauge track wound around this subdivision as if desirous of passing every lot, as indeed it was almost intended to do, and then ran down the hill, across the bridge and out to Linda Vista. But the subdivision failed in attracting many buyers and, eventually, the mule was withdrawn from its struggles and the rails sold to Professor Lowe for his mountain road, in 1890. Some day this section will have a trolley line which will extend out through the Canyada and to the beautiful country beyond.

THE PACIFIC ELECTRIC

THE PASADENA & LOS ANGELES ELECTRIC

This "octopus" of the trolley system, as it has been irreverently called, reaches out its tentacles for business from Los Angeles, and feeds upon the travelling centers of this and the three adjacent counties. From the ocean on the west to Redlands, Riverside, San Bernardino and intervening places on the east, it has intrenched itself, and it has built one of the finest trolley systems in the world. I am writing no brief for the P. E. when I assert that no better roadbeds, no better cars, and no better service is given anywhere, under similar conditions. Pasadena has long clamored for quicker service and may yet have it, but to get it, it must be by a road passing through an unsettled territory, to eliminate danger to life, while permitting rapidity of transit. The tremendous travel—several million fares yearly—between Los Angeles and this city, denotes this necessity, and means that "rapid transit"—such as has been demanded—unless by an elevated system, or through a subway, is a practical impossibility if the element of constant danger must be eliminated to a degree commensurate with public safety.

The first electric trolley system of Pasadena had its inception, when, in April, 1894, was incorporated the "Pasadena &

Los Angeles Electric R. R." The directors and prime movers of this enterprise were E. C. Webster; P. M. Green; L. P. Hansen; A. W. Roche of Pasadena; and E. P. Clarke and Wm. Lacey of Los Angeles. Its capital stock was \$500,000. E. P. Clarke was the genius behind this enterprise. The first piece of strategy was to purchase all of the local line, as has been recited in separate detail, thus forming a web that embraced the coming passenger traffic of the city of Pasadena, and which now forms the feeding system to the trunk line. For local purposes, E. C. Webster was made president; L. P. Hansen, vice-president, and Clarke, general manager. The line to Los Angeles was built and in time the whole system was reorganized and electrified into a modern trolley system and into a condition of high efficiency. But this was accomplished by new and experienced hands.

The first electric car into Pasadena came up Fair Oaks Avenue February 19th, 1895, although the road was not yet completed, from Garvanza to Columbia Street a transfer by bus being necessary to complete the trip.

The "P. E.," owner of all the trolley lines in Pasadena, began its career when in 1902 Henry E. Huntington came down from San Francisco with a large increment of treasure and purchased the various street railway systems in Los Angeles and consolidated them all (excepting the present L. A. Railway), calling the new company the "Pacific Electric." The L. A. & Pasadena Electric Railway had become involved financially and upon the request of the bondholders—(large holders were G. G. Green, Andrew McNally, E. P. Dewey, M. H. Sherman, J. W. Hugus and F. C. Bolt). These bondholders engaged the services of Charles Warren Smith—who had earned a reputation in railroad circles by the rehabilitation of the Santa Fé system in Southern California, also the L. A. Railway—and gave him charge of the road, making him, in effect, the receiver for the lines. Mr. Smith's son W. H. Smith, was secretary to the reorganization body. This road was consolidated with the Los Angeles systems aforesaid, and under Mr. Smith's able management, the new corporation was brought into good business shape and he left it in this happy condition when he relinquished it to the general management of his son, W. H., in 1902. The Mt. Lowe system had also been purchased from Valentine Peyton at the same time, and included in the combination.

It was the energy and foresight of H. E. Huntington who planned with such perspicacity the great interurban system that now comprehends three great counties, and whose genius made him a notable figure in Southern California.

THE CALIFORNIA CYCLEWAY Co.

This was the promise of a road, elevated and on grade, as circumstance required, between Pasadena and Los Angeles for the use of "bicycles or other horseless vehicles," as the franchise stated. It was organized by Horace M. Dobbins, in 1897, who secured rights of way for about six miles of the required distance and made a beginning, building an elevated way, finishing it as far south as the Raymond Hotel. It was a stock company, and because of lack of support, and the bicycle enthusiasm declining, the project was abandoned. When the city purchased the land for Central Park, this elevated road traversed it. Dobbins exchanged his right of way for other rights as far as Glendale Street, with the city. Then, in 1909, this corporation was transformed into the Pasadena Rapid Transit Company, proposing to build a narrow gauge rapid transit railway to Los Angeles. W. R. Stevenson was the engineer of this enterprise and much detail work was completed. But the required financial aid was not forthcoming for this project and it was halted until, when in February, 1917, the City of Pasadena, conforming to a popular demand for a municipal railway, paid \$5,000 for an option to purchase all the rights of way, etc., of the Dobbins corporation, for the sum of \$156,425. At this writing, appraisers are at work securing data on a complete right of way into Los Angeles, with the object of submitting the proposition to the voters and asking their approval of a bond issue for building and equipping such a road.

A RAILROAD TO THE SKY

THE MT. LOWE RAILWAY.

A ladder to the clouds! A railway to the sky!

This is in effect, what the incline, and its continuation far up steep mountain sides, means. It is Pasadena's pet spectacular scenic achievement, made possible by the engineering genius of a quiet man, fathered by the enthusiasm and daring of an inventor, whose patents had ranged from gas stoves to

war balloons. A railroad that would climb into the canyons and seek the peaks of the Sierra Madres had been discussed for years. As early as 1884, or 1885, Clarence S. Martin, an enterprising boomer, had considered it and even escorted, as his guest, an eastern engineer named Horn up the Mt. Wilson trail, and obtained from him some data bearing upon mountain railways and their practical possibilities. That engineer believed a road to the top of Mt. Wilson feasible, and recommended that it commence in Eaton Canyon and be constructed in the manner of the Pike's Peak road—a cog system. But the cost seemed, at the time, too formidable to make the undertaking easily financed, or profitable to its builders, hence no active steps were taken to promote it by Martin, or his friends who had been impressed by his idea.

Then came D. J. McPherson, an engineer of experience. McPherson began the contemplation of these peaks and of a means of attaining them, and made several trips to the summits in the determination of a plan. He essayed several possible routes in this quest, and, being of Scotch lineage, he just "hated to give up" a problem, until it was satisfactorily solved.

McPherson's plan was to build to the top of Mt. Wilson; as he considered that the most feasible, and the finest from a scenic point of view. In pursuance of this idea he laid his scheme before P. M. Green, president of the First National Bank, and J. W. Vandevort, who was interested in the Mt. Wilson trail, and an owner of property there. Neither of these men were much impressed or disposed to give financial backing to the scheme; and McPherson was recommended to see one Professor T. S. C. Lowe, who had achieved some reputation as an inventor and balloonist during the Civil War, and who was a recent arrival in Southern California. Owners of Brady's Civil War pictures may see, in one of these, a photograph of Professor Lowe's balloon which was used at the battle of Fair Oaks, Va. That balloon did signal service in the battle of Fair Oaks in reconnoitering above the field of battle. Communications with the field were maintained by telegraph. Thus recites history.

Professor Lowe was fired by McPherson's scheme and agreed to finance it. But difficulties met him in the start. The owners of the trail to Mt. Wilson would not agree to his requirements. This is why that summit was not the terminus

of the Mt. Lowe railway. Failing to come to terms, as stated, Lowe and McPherson began looking for another route, and in pursuance of the object McPherson set out in January, 1890, accompanied by some chain men, to discover another route that would be desirable scenically, and be practical from an engineering point of view. The result of many difficult trips was the choice of the route adopted, and over which the road was built.

It was at first believed that a cog wheel system must be used to negotiate safely the steep ascent, but McPherson devised the cable incline, supplemented by the electric trolley now in existence, and began work upon the problem at once. Upon the completion of the engineer's plans work was begun April 12th, 1892, at the foot of Echo Mountain in Rubio Canyon. At the same time, preparations were made to continue the trolley line up Lake Avenue and into Rubio Canyon, which was necessary to carry supplies for the project. Many engineering difficulties had to be overcome in doing this, but all were surmounted and that part of the work completed in quick time. Work upon the cable was rushed and it, too, was completed and made its first revolution about the ponderous wheels supporting it, June 21st, 1893. These great cables, for they are duplex, form a continuous unit composed of steel strands interwoven and each has a length of 5,000 feet. The length of the incline from the beginning in Rubio Canyon to its final landing on Echo Mountain is 2600 feet (or just half a mile) and the grade from 48% to 63%, the variation being due to a "drop" in the last section, owing to change in perpendicularity of the peak. This cable is carried over a steel cylinder at each end of the incline, supported by grooved wheels, set at intervals, and is said to have been the first of its kind in the world. Each of the cables conveys a car resting upon steel rails, one car descending while the other ascends, thus counterbalancing. Safety attachments prevent accident, if by any chance the cable should break, but during the twenty-four years of its operation this has not occurred, nor has there been any serious accident upon the entire road.

The first ascent by this cable for passenger service occurred July 4th, 1893, with fitting services at the completion of this part of the great project.

At Echo Mountain—named because of the fine repetition of echoes that are heard in the canyon—a hotel was built for

guests; a post office, telephone, and express service also installed. For a time, a little paper called the Mt. Lowe Echo, was published to advertise the wondrous place to the world outside. The great 3,000,000 candlepower searchlight that had been on exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair, was purchased by Prof. Lowe and installed at Echo Mountain. When this light is flashed, the mariner at sea, or the resident at Catalina Island—60 miles distant—may find himself wondering the wherefore of that brilliant pillar of light that suddenly smites him, and the birds and animals hidden in secluded mountain nooks are startled and alarmed by its blinding rays.

In 1894, an astronomical observatory was built, and placed in charge of Prof. Lewis Swift. A fine 6-inch telescope was one of its instruments and through it some planetary discoveries were made by Prof. Swift and by Prof. Larkin, his successor. The elevation of Echo Mountain is 3500 feet above sea level and 2650 feet above Colorado Street, Pasadena.

The completion of the cable was but the beginning of more difficult problems. To reach the summit of the highest peak was the final aim; work was begun on this part of the plan, and within a year it was completed to Alpine Tavern—its final stop within a few hundred yards of the actual summit. This line is on electric trolley system, one of the most spectacular of its kind, and producing many thrills in the passenger as it climbs its careful journey to the summit. Great care is exercised to reassure the timid, and no accident has ever marred the interest of this journey. Sometimes the car seems to be actually suspended above canyons thousands of feet in depth, and as it creeps around dizzy looking mountain sides the magnificent prospect makes the traveler forget his fears. Alpine Tavern, the end of the line, is reached and a tempting menu is set for the hungry. This hotel is located in a picturesque glen a few hundred feet below the actual summit of Mt. Lowe.

The rise from Echo Mountain has been 3000 feet and the grade nowhere exceeds 8%. The height of Mt. Lowe is 6723 feet above sea level. From its summit one may, indeed, have the world at his feet, for the beautiful San Gabriel Valley with its clustering towns, cities and villages lays before him like a splendid canvas, while farther westward is seen the Pacific with Catalina in its misty robes.

Mt. Lowe, as it is now called, was originally known as Oak Mountain, but in honor of the builder of the steel trail to its peak, was rechristened September 24th, 1892, by a party of the Professor's admirers, who had accompanied him to its summit. Unhappily, from this enterprise Professor Lowe did not benefit financially. In fact, it was the beginning of financial difficulties, for he exhausted his entire resources in the undertaking, and lost the property afterwards. The road was sold under bankruptcy proceedings in 1900 to Valentine Peyton for \$175,000, probably half its cost; but it will remain a lasting monument to his perspicacity, and to D. J. McPherson's genius and skill.

Creighton, the new owner of the road, was a successful business man and capitalist, but did not undertake the management of his new enterprise, instead he engaged J. Sidney Torrance, a Pasadenan, to manage his business for him. Thus it was conducted, its financial entanglements being straightened out, for several years, when it passed into the hands of the Pacific Electric system. It is a popular trip, summer and winter, in summer because of its attractiveness as a mountain resting place and for its picturesque beauties; in winter because, when heavy rainstorms bring to that altitude snowfalls until the summits are clothed in white, the Easterner, far from his familiar winter scenes, delights to find here the usual home surroundings. "From Oranges to the Snow" is a miraculous transformation; and many thousands enjoy the pleasures of snow by a ride of an hour or two from their sunny homes in the valley below.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE WATER QUESTION

THE STORY OF WATER IN PASADENA IN ITS VARIOUS PHASES AND ITS FINAL ACQUIREMENT BY THE CITY.



It has been well said that the wise man first buys the water and then the land when he contemplates establishing his lares and penates—or in plain words, begins home building, in California. This is, indeed, a necessary truth in any of those Western states, where nature in providing its rainfall is a patron of somewhat uncertain temper. The habits of Jupiter Pluvius, that mythical being upon whom so much depends, are at times coy and erratic, therefore it behooves the pioneer to be prepared for a full acquaintance with his customs. The rainless summer demands careful advance preparation for our household needs, and for crops, especially the tremendous citrus product of Southern California. So, therefore, when the land is attainable, the mountain arroyos must usually be looked to for streams that live through the long and practically rainless summer. Sometimes artesian wells are at



THE DEVIL'S GATE. Original source of water supply

hand—a rare occurrence along the mountain base, or on the mesa lands.

Land worth from \$100 per acre down to almost nothing, as “dry” lands, are worth up to \$500 or even more, with a plentiful water supply for fruit growing or gardening purposes. Water is valued at from \$1,000 to \$2,000 per miner’s inch. It will be seen how important it was for the first settlers in Pasadena to find land with an ample and perpetual water supply as its ally. It was an essential these men did not overlook; and so we have the Arroyo Seco, Millard’s Canyon, Los Flores Canyon and others of minor importance, sending forth streams of splendidly pure water that has been so important in the development of this community. As has been noted heretofore when the San Gabriel Orange Grove Association purchased from Dr. Griffin the original 4,000 acres that became the Colony lands, it included approximately three-tenths of all of the waters of the Arroyo Seco.

The law of riparian rights vouchsafed the purchasers of these lands and their appurtenant waters their rights thereto forever. Not only the waters in sight, but those underground. The term “Arroyo Seco” means “dry river,” and, as its name indicates, may have little or no water in sight in mid-summer, but beneath its then dry surface may percolate a current important and valuable. The waters that flow down the Arroyo and form the supply upon which Pasadena relies, rise in distant canyons or more distant summits—perhaps hundreds of miles away. Winter rains and snows store these waters in subterranean depths, to find their outlet in summer as sparkling rills and pellucid springs, which are taken up and piped for our convenience.

With the Colony formation a Board of Directors was named, which not only managed the affairs pertaining to the land, but also its water system. The first President was B. S. Eaton; Vice-President, Thos. F. Croft, and Secretary, D. M. Berry. Eaton having had experience as an engineer, was given charge of the water and was employed to build flumes, lay pipes and build a reservoir. Colonel Jabez Banbury was given direction over the distribution of the water to consumers, and was therefore Pasadena’s first *Zanjero*.

The first capital stock of the San Gabriel Orange Grove Association was \$25,000, divided into 100 shares, but this capitalization was later increased to \$50,000 and the number

of shares doubled. This increase was to pay for the cost of water development, reservoirs, pipes, etc. The Colony lands had been platted and surveyed by N. R. Gibson, an engineer, with the supervisory services of Calvin Fletcher, one of the Colonists, who gave his services gratuitously; but the water distribution was planned by Eaton. Incidentally, it may be said that P. M. Green, W. T. Clapp and A. O. Bristol, assisted in surveying the lands of the association. A site for the reservoir had been selected, the very spot where on that eventful 27th of January the pioneers had met to select their holdings and initiate home building. The reservoir is there yet—improved with cemented walls, and a cover to protect it from the sun's rays. *The Devil's Gate*, the real gateway through which must come the accumulated waters of the Arroyo, is, as its name indicates, a natural gateway between the rocky banks of the Arroyo—here narrow and deep—a gorge through which, after torrential rains in winter, rush the turbulent stream in a mad and noisy struggle, but in summer may be but a mere dry way with a tiny thread of water escaping from its catchway above. Surveys were made under Eaton's guidance, and a bulkhead built to catch the stream. From here a thirteen inch steel pipe was laid for a few hundred yards to a sandbox below the Devil's Gate, the sandbox being, in effect, a filter to screen out the floating refuse of the stream before it entered the distributing pipes. From the sandbox a mile of eleven inch pipe was laid, and thence continued in a seven inch pipe to the reservoir, a total distance of about three miles, with a fall of 60 feet. From the reservoir the water entered into eleven and seven inch steel pipes which extended down Orange Grove Avenue to the lower end of the Colony lands. From this main lateral pipes conveyed the water upon the settlers' lands. Before this system was completed, the pioneer must needs convey the water he used from the Arroyo in barrels or buckets, as needed for household uses. No small task, as the Arroyo was from half to a mile distant from the settled lands. The reservoir was of 3,000,000 gallons capacity, and at first had no lining, but in 1875 a contract was given I. N. Mundell to "Pave the sides of one half of it (it was divided in two sections) with boulders" and bottom with gravel, "well tamped," these being the first steps for a purer water.

Increasing demands for water, due to the settlement of the

Lake Vineyard Colony's lands brought about a controversy regarding the rights of the colonies in certain springs of the Arroyo, above the Devil's Gate. When the Orange Grove Association made its purchase, it was supposed that one half of *all* the waters of "Tibbets" springs was included therein, and until 1879 the waters were divided pro rata upon this basis, with the Lake Vineyard Colony, without question. The contentions that followed were finally adjusted and developments made by mutual agreement.

In 1886 J. D. Schuyler, Assistant State Engineer, was employed to measure the water flow in the various springs above the Devil's Gate and reported as follows—March 18th, 1886:

Total flow from Tibbets Springs		56.6	miners' inches
“ “ “ Ivy	“	10.9	“ “
“ “ “ Flutterwheel	“	26.5	“ “
Total		94.00	“ “

Flowing into west side pipes, 34 inches, or approximately one-third.

The then rather crude method of separation of the waters did not add to the amiability of the situation, and in 1888 the two companies determined to settle this contention for once and all. To this end H. W. Magee and Judge O. S. Picher were appointed a committee to ascertain the relative proportion of waters due each company, and to fix upon a plan of division. Their report determined that the West Side company was entitled to three-tenths, and the Lake Vineyard company to seven-tenths of all of the waters running through the Devil's Gate or in springs rising above it. In accordance with this report, Col. J. E. Place, engineer, devised a method of dividing the waters which was put into operation November 9th, 1888. This included in its plan bringing these waters into reservoir No. 1 of the Lake Vineyard Company and separating them there into their proper delivery pipes.

Then the remaining ownership in the Lake Vineyard Colony lands yet owned by Wilson and Shorb were purchased by a syndicate. This purchase included 200 shares of water, and \$75,000 was the price paid. The water rights thus obtained were afterwards sold to owners of "dry lands," and gave the purchasers the right to convey water to said lands.

This practice was afterward stopped as prejudicial to the Colony's interests, and the distribution of their water restricted to the Colony (now City) limits.

Further development of the water supply was prosecuted—the West Side company especially making developments upon their own property. Thus came the developing of the so-called “Sheep Corral Spring”—located near an abandoned sheep corral (just beside Brookside Park). Long before the Indiana Colony had settled here the previous locators on the land had been accustomed to corral their sheep at this place, there to shear or dip them. Part of the waters of this spring were pumped into the reservoir 160 feet above, and part conveyed through pipes to a reservoir on the South Pasadena lands, from whence it was distributed over about 500 acres of that section. In addition to this supply, another spring called the “Adobe spring” furnished water to the lands called the “Live Oak Park Tract” which had been sold to some speculators for subdivision into home sites. The information above given refers only to the San Gabriel Orange Grove Association's lands and their water supply. In the earliest years this supply was deemed sufficient for all anticipated purposes. By regulation domestic water was given to each land purchaser as a part of his purchase. In fact, he became actual co-owner of water in proportion to his acreage. Water for irrigation was allowed upon request—at stated intervals—and by fixed quantities, and paid for accordingly. In the early years the water rates were sometimes lower than today, but the supply not so generous. In 1879, for instance, the rate was \$1.00 per month for domestic service, again increased to \$1.50, back to 75 cents and then again within two years, \$1.00. It would depend upon the supply. Hours for sprinkling were also fixed. These conditions prevailed until 1882, when increasing demands, through the coming of new settlers, and growth of the groves, necessitated more water. It was the real beginning of a water shortage which later became something of a menace. In 1882, primarily because of the expiration of the Orange Grove Association's first charter, a new company was formed to take charge of the water system in behalf of the owners. This incorporation was effected March 18th, 1882, under the name of the Pasadena Land & Water Company, with the following Directors: O. R. Dougherty, President; P. M. Green, Vice-President; Henry

G. Bennett, Secretary; Sherman Washburn, Treasurer; C. H. Watts, Edson Turner, and A. K. McQuilling (who later became Zanzero). Of these men only Bennett, Washburn and McQuilling survive and it is worth stating that most of them retained their positions in the company while they lived, or until it became a part of the City's water system. When the new company was formed there was a total of 100 miners' inches of water in the entire supply, measured in November, prior to the winter rains. Scrutinizing the minutes of the early meetings of the Orange Grove Association, one can find many interesting, if seemingly unimportant, entries in those records. They, in fact, reflect the occurrences connected with the progress of the Colony and the difficulties associated with its development, especially connected with the water. Some who had always before looked upon a water supply as theirs for the taking, found themselves hampered by conditions that sometimes chafed. One prominent settler had his supply cut off for tampering with the pipes and refusing compliance with regulations. An entry for \$125.00 cash for "sheep pasture" denotes that the city was built on a once sheep pasture.

LAKE VINEYARD WATER COMPANY

When, in 1876, B. D. Wilson subdivided, for sale, the 2,500 acres adjoining the Indiana Colony on the east (Fair Oaks Avenue was the dividing line), he conveyed to the Lake Vineyard Land & Water Company—the name under which the tract was organized—his remaining interests in the waters of the Arroyo Seco, pertaining to these lands. This supply came from the Arroyo stream and various springs—the Flutter-wheel, Tibbetts and Ivy, so called; all, in fact, having their origin in the Arroyo Seco and its tributaries. A reservoir was constructed at Fair Oaks Avenue and Mountain Street, not then cemented, but only mud-lined, as had been the Orange Grove reservoir, and to this the water came, at first, in a mere muddy furrow. Of course this kind of water was obnoxious. A ditch, in time, succeeded the furrow, which was not much better, especially when a gopher or snake gave up the ghost in it and was for a while undiscovered. A pup might there find a watery grave. Then again, a gopher would tunnel into the bottom of the ditch and give a new direction to its waters, providing indeed almost a bottomless pit, much to the annoy-

ance of the settlers. But in course of time these catastrophes were checked and a cemented ditch and iron pipes made the sufferers forget their tribulations.

The Painter & Ball Tract had its own separate waters which it acquired with the land, and spent much money in developing them. These rights consisted of "developed and undeveloped waters" in the Arroyo Seco, in section 5, township 1 north, range 12 west, Government lands; water in the Negro Canyon, and in Brown Canyon, confluent of the Arroyo Seco. The Painter & Ball corporation organized in 1885 the *North Pasadena Water Company*. B. F. Ball was President, and M. D. Painter, Secretary. B. O. Clark, John Allin and J. H. Painter were additional Directors. This was a "mutual" company, the water going with the land as its necessary appurtenance, its business being conducted by the stockholders for their mutual interest, no dividends being paid, as was also the case with the two larger companies. An assessment was, in fact, levied upon the stock of this company of \$5 per share, at the time of its incorporation in 1885, to pay for certain improvements that were required to be made. Prior to this the Painter & Ball interests, being superior, governed the corporation.

THE WATER QUESTION—CONTINUED

THE FEUD BETWEEN THE EAST AND THE WEST AND ITS FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Owing to continued, increasing demands upon the water supplies, the resources of these several companies were at times taxed. The laying out of new streets and the draft upon the water supply to sprinkle them, was another severe drain. "More water" was the constant cry, and a more systematic use of it was the echo. Water experts differed as to the water resources, some claiming that there were large underground streams flowing beneath Pasadena which it was only necessary to tap to obtain any amount needed, now and in the future. Others, with just as strong arguments, opposed this theory and advised purchasing outside water bearing lands, or living streams, and adding them to those in use. In the meantime, the several companies were striving to increase the flow of the springs and to discover new supplies, and with some success. The "Ohio Well," the "Copelin Well," and the "Painter Well" are evidences of this success. A "dry"

winter or two accented the situation, especially when there came a time when the West Side Company, which had been buying some surplusage from the Lake Vineyard Company, was unable to regularly obtain its extra supply—there being none to spare. In consequence, there was a time when Orange Grove Avenue, the “show street” of the town, could not be sprinkled, much to the disgust and discomfort of all who traveled on it.* It was as yet but a “dirt road,” not the fine macadamized boulevard it is now. As the source of nearly all the water from the Arroyo Seco, for both Colonies, was primarily the same, except in instances stated, an equitable division upon the ownership bases was a matter of jealous exactitude and gave rise to considerable controversy. Yet it is doubtless true that both companies endeavored to fairly divide these waters upon their ownership basis. The difficulty was to come to an agreement whereby development work and distribution could proceed, but this was finally accomplished.

The West Side Company had reorganized and reincorporated as stated, and became the “Pasadena Land & Water Company” and took steps towards a better understanding with the Lake Vineyard Company to the end that development proceed.

In 1884 the Lake Vineyard Company also proceeded to reorganize. Up to that time its waters were divided into “shares,” a “share” being 1/500th part of all the waters belonging to that company, and in its proportion to the entire tract; a theoretical division, so far as it had been carried out in practice, yet an ownership tenaciously insisted upon by some, even after the company had changed into a stock corporation. The purpose of this reincorporation was hastened by serious storms in the spring of 1884 and the need of money to repair damages. Judge Magee was active in promoting the change. It was brought about at a meeting of stockholders, or rather “shareholders,” where the plan was discussed and a board of directors elected consisting of S. Townsend, C. C. Brown, C. C. Thompson, S. Stratton, James Clarke, G. A. Stamm and J. W. Wood. Townsend was chosen as President, Magee as Secretary and Attorney, and Brown, Treasurer. There were to be 5,000 shares of a par value of

*At one time money was raised by subscription to pay for sprinkling Orange Grove Avenue.

\$50 with an assumed paid up value of \$30. In this manner two shares of stock would represent one acre of land instead of one "share" representing five acres. This plan was presented to the shareholders and they were invited to exchange their "shares" for the new stock issue pro rata. Many did so at once, but there were some opponents to the plan. C. C. Brown, for instance, who, notwithstanding he was a member of the board of directors, did not favor the plan, fearing that, ultimately, the owners of the land might be deprived of their vested rights. The fear was never justified, and in time Brown came in with the others. An assessment of 45 cents per share was levied at once, and again one of 12 cents in December of the same year (1884) for repairing damages, etc., caused by the torrential rains of that season. Notwithstanding the apparant advantages of the new scheme, it became a contentious issue and led to many discussions. These discussions and meetings resulted in bringing new converts to the plan, and the stock was gradually being exchanged. In the election for directors on January 25th, 1886, a new board was chosen—after a sprightly contest—consisting of C. C. Brown, M. H. Weight, Justus Brockway, Thos. Banbury, H. F. Goodwin, R. Williams and Oscar Freeman. This new board labored to bring about a consolidation of the Lake Vineyard and the Pasadena Land & Water Company into one working organization. The stockholders, by vote, May 4th, 1885, and by a large majority, approved this plan. By this election the strife came to an end between the two companies. Each company had its separate board of directors and conducted its own affairs, but they met in amicable spirit, settled all differences and proceeded to make the much desired developments and improvements in both tracts. The outcome was soon apparent in the largely increased supply of water and its improved system of distribution. Several miles of new pipe was laid and other important improvements inaugurated.

The rapid developments incident to the boom period and the subdivision of acres into town lots necessitated the division of water stock into fractional parts corresponding to the exact area of the lots; it being thought essential to do this in order to protect the lot purchaser and insure his rights to water. In this plan very much inconvenience ensued and the amount of bookkeeping was burdensome. This policy was

eventually suspended, and it thus happened in the course of a few years that this stock was sold—independently of the land—at a low price and gradually absorbed by speculators who foresaw its future value. As low as \$10 to \$15 per share was paid for this stock which was later sold to the city for \$115 per share (for Lake Vineyard stock), when the company became part of the municipal plant. Many believed that the water companies were negligent of their duties when they permitted the stock to be separated from the land in this way. The directors defended their action by pointing out the advantages that had accrued by attaching this floating stock to heretofore “dry” land, thus giving it, according to practice, a “water right,” a custom also abandoned very soon as it was seen that the stock might in this way be used to the distribution of the water supply to limits that could not be taken care of. The directors of the Lake Vineyard Company, in office at the time the City purchased, were as follows: C. M. Parker (President); James Clarke; Oscar Freman; George A. Durrell; C. C. Brown; E. H. Royce and John Allin. George Durrell was Secretary. These men managed the affairs of the corporation carefully and economically and gave satisfactory service to its customers.



HENRY G. BENNETT
Long Time Secretary Pasadena
Water Co.

THE PASADENA LAND AND WATER COMPANY

The Pasadena Land and Water Company after its organization as such continued along conservative but progressive lines. Henry G. Bennett had been secretary of the company almost from its beginning and so continued until 1904, when he retired to devote himself to travel and recreation. Wm. McQuilling succeeded him as secretary and so continued while the life of the company existed. Other officers came in at various periods to fill vacancies; Walter Wotkins and W. R. Staats among the number. O. R. Dougherty, President, resigned in 1891 and was succeeded by A. K. McQuilling who had been Zanzero for many years, and was an authority on the affairs of the company. Washburn remained as treasurer until the company was sold to the city.

Bennett, Washburn and McQuilling were examples of long and faithful years of service for the "good of the cause." In 1885 the company increased its capital stock from \$50,000 to \$75,000, increasing its shares to 3,000. From 1887, when the two companies came to an amicable agreement as to development and ownership, their history was an earnest effort to supply the city with an ample water supply of the purest kind. At the time the agreement was effected, the Pasadena Land and Water Company had 750 consumers and an income of nearly \$30,000 per annum. It had 10 miles of water pipe and was valued at \$250,000, with a bonded debt of \$50,000. At the same time the Lake Vineyard Company had 1,200 customers with an income of about \$40,000. It had 58 miles of pipe in its distributing system, and no debts. This company had at this time a total of 178 miners' inches of water—summer measurement—The Pasadena Water Company having 100 inches, a total of 278 miners' inches. As there were about 2,000 users at the time, each were thus entitled to about 400 gallons per capita daily, based upon the then estimated population of the city. During the past few years both companies had prospected for water in various localities tributary or probably tributary, to their supplies. In 1894 the Lake Vineyard Company paid \$4,500 for certain lands known as the Elliott & Richardson tract which gave them joint ownership with the Pasadena Land and Water Company. This enabled them to do development work in co-operation.

The various presidents of the Lake Vineyard Company were: Stephen Townsend; C. C. Brown; Justus Brockway; C. T. Hopkins; R. Williams; Geo. E. Meharry; John Allin and Charles M. Parker. G. T. Durrell was secretary of the company when it was sold to the city.

CHAPTER XXXIX

MUNICIPAL WATER



AS Pasadena spread its wings and took into its fold the lands contiguous on its north—the Painter & Ball lands—and an enlarged area beyond its eastern boundaries, the desire for a uniform water system—uniform in price and equitable conditions controlling its use, and avoidance of undue waste—became urgent. The price of water charged by one company, as, for example, the North Pasadena Water Company, was higher than the others because the cost of maintaining the system and distributing the water was relatively greater. The Lake Vineyard Company had more water per capita, and charged less, than either of the other companies. Meters had been installed and wastage checked, and the Lake Vineyard Company would at times give “rebates” to consumers—in effect, dividends. Year by year the streets required more and more water, or at least did until the oiling practice came into vogue and many of them were macadamized or surfaced with asphalt.

There is no doubt that all of the companies furnished water as cheaply as could be done under prevailing conditions. But the municipal ownership of public utilities idea had been germinating: it had become popular in other places and was a growing idea here. Why not consolidate the three corporations now furnishing water, rehabilitate the entire plant and reduce the cost to the consumer? But there arose the question, who owns the water? Why the owners of the land, of course! Why then assess ourselves to pay ourselves for what we now own? Why, indeed? “But,” said the man who had bought water stock and carefully laid it aside for just this opportunity, “I must be reimbursed for the stock I hold.” A conundrum that now showed the impropriety that had been permitted when this separation of water stock and land was allowed. Some real estate agents sold lots to customers who were unfamiliar with the conditions, and retained the water stock, quietly pocketing it; the owner not being aware of the trick, or not caring. Owners, also, sold the land and retained

the stock. This thrifty practice resulted in much stock becoming secluded for just such a situation as now arose. So the speculator in this stock demanded his "rights," and in the end profited by the demand. Of course, the purchaser of such stock in the open market was not subject to criticism. The question of what the city should pay for the water properties became a vexing and difficult one—an issue upon which many contenders differed. Public meetings were held and the question fought out with earnestness, not to say acerbity. The directors of the several companies expressed a willingness to come to terms which would be agreeable all around and were ready to meet proposals with due regard to every interest affected. The Board of Trade, at a largely attended meeting held in the Green Hotel banquet room July 14th, 1898, had pledged itself to municipal ownership of water in unmistakable terms. At this meeting C. D. Daggett made a strong and earnest plea in favor of the proposition and was seconded by H. Geohegan and others equally earnest. This was the beginning of a concrete movement in this question. A committee, of which George A. Gibbs was chairman, was appointed to take up the question with the water companies, and with citizens generally, in order to "ascertain the trend of sentiment," and also to procure the co-operation of the City Council. Gibbs did appear before the Council, September 5th, presented the resolutions adopted by the Board of Trade, and besought that body to secure options upon certain lands on Glenarm Street in the southern section and on a piece of land near the well of the Painter & Ball corporation for experimental wells. The action was duly taken, resulting eventually in the "Ohio" well.

Despite the general desire that the "water question," as it was called, should be permanently settled somehow, and the inclination towards municipal ownership, it was some years before a definite program was reached. Finally the sentiment became concrete, and when W. H. Vedder became mayor it was his determination to put it squarely to the voter. With this end in view, the water corporations were urged to submit proposals for consideration. The companies secured expert advice and finally submitted propositions to sell as follows: From the Lake Vineyard Company, \$382,500; from the Pasadena Land and Water Company, \$245,000—a total of \$627,500 from the two main companies. The North

Pasadena Land and Water Company (Painter & Ball company), \$80,000. The East Pasadena Land and Water Company (the Franklin wells, a private company that had developed water in the southeastern section of the city), \$68,750. To purchase "The Narrows" (the fifty acres of land supposed to be "water bearing" in the valley below), \$25,000. Also for new construction and betterments, \$198,750, a total of \$1,000,000. These six propositions were unanimously agreed to by the Council on March 8th, 1905, and submitted to the voters at an election on March 23d. The result of the vote was as follows:

Proposition No. 1, for \$627,500—Yes, 1,389; no, 577.

Proposition No. 2, for \$80,000—Yes, 1,413; no, 543.

Proposition No. 3, for \$68,750—Yes, 1,136; no, 804.

Proposition No. 4, for \$25,000—Yes, 1,459; no, 515.

Proposition No. 5, for \$198,750—Yes, 1,412; no, 540.

On the final proposition, for \$1,000,000, which would embrace all preceding ones, the vote was: Yes, 1,333; no, 574. As it required a two-thirds vote to approve, it will be seen that all of the propositions carried excepting No. 3, which failed by a close margin. There was a great feeling of satisfaction expressed on every hand that this important issue had seemingly been settled. I may here say that the mayor and his Council worked laboriously to the coveted end, F. E. Twombly, chairman of the water committee of that body, doing much intelligent instruction work to enlighten the public. Also, a Board of Trade committee, which had been appointed to promote the campaign, put up as usual great effort under the direction of Harry Geohegan, its chairman.

THE VOTER IS DEFEATED

Now it came to pass that, whereas, the voter, who had urged personally, and who at the polls had given his assent to the acquisition of the water plants, feeling now assured of the attainment of his hopes, went his way rejoicing that the administration that would succeed the presently retiring one must, perforce, carry out the sentiments expressed at the polls by such large majority. But he discovered to his dismay, and very soon, that it was not fair sailing for municipal water. The election, which occurred in April, placed William Waterhouse at the helm of affairs, and with him certain mem-

bers of the Council who had opposed the purchase of the water plant or, at least, the proposition as had been presented to the voter and approved at the polls. Particularly was this true of C. J. Crandall and W. T. Root, Sr. Mayor Waterhouse was also believed to be antagonistic to the plan. It was up to this new administration to carry out the details of the water bond issue, for as the Vedder administration expired within a month of the bond election, it had insufficient time to carry out the necessary details. Under Mayor Waterhouse's instructions, City Attorney Fitzgerald took up the matter with Messrs. Dillon and Hubbard, noted bond experts of New York, and submitted pro forma certain alleged facts connected with the late water bond election. Mayor Waterhouse went to New York on this business, and in a short time the people were astounded to hear that this eminent firm of New York attorneys had declared "on the question as submitted" that the election was illegal, and therefore the whole transaction null and void! So the water propagandists were knocked out and the hard work was to be done over! It may be true that a legal loophole for this action existed; anyhow, it was not worth while contesting this eminent opinion while a mayor and Council were unfavorable to the plan, so the situation was acquiesced in, though unwillingly.

When Thomas Earley succeeded Waterhouse as mayor, in 1907, the purchase of the water plants was taken up once again. Earley's campaign was made largely upon that issue, and his election seemed to assure its approval. But by this time the water companies refused to sell for the same price as before, claiming that betterments had increased their values. But they did submit offers to sell on the following basis:

For the Pasadena Lake Vineyard Land and	
Water Company	\$ 492,990.00
For the Pasadena Land and Water Company....	297,000.00
For the North Pasadena Land and Water Com-	
pany	120,000.00
For the Franklin Street well.....	55,000.00
For betterments and extensions.....	160,000.00
Grand total	\$1,125,000.00

The increase shown over previous prices was due to betterments that had been made since the election of 1905. But the

voter was by this time unsettled in his convictions by reason of conflicting statements and an unprepared feeling, and was waiting to be educated.'

The consequence was that many did not vote at all and the proposition lost by a vote taken September 24th, 1908, whereby, in a vote of 3,563, the entire five propositions were beaten by an average of about 200.

YET ANOTHER DEFEAT!

Still another defeat was suffered during Earley's administration for these bonds. This time the propositions included only the purchase of the Lake Vineyard plant, the Pasadena Water Company and the North Pasadena Water Company for \$568,000, \$301,000 and \$131,000 respectively—a total of \$1,000,000—and also the additional sum of \$200,000 for improvements and extensions. This election was held January 26th, 1910, and again defeated, lacking an average of less than 300 votes in the 3,227 cast to carry. So once again the municipal water proponents were doomed to disappointment. Personal disputes and rancor, engendered through some blighted ambitions and carefully nurtured animosities, were the chief causes of this result. And it was true, also, that many persons, well satisfied with existing conditions, the cost of water and its good management by the various boards, preferred that no change be made. Others, also, opposed the municipal ownership idea, believing that a powerful political machine would ultimately prove subversive of civic good and civic advancement. Aside of these objections there was a feeling that the prices asked were too high, for while engineers' estimates had been their basis, these estimates were obtained from engineers only under direction of the several companies.

MUNICIPAL WATER A FACT

Mayor Earley was deeply chagrined at the third failure of this his pet project, as were his friends who had induced him to become their candidate for a second term largely to insure its success. The differences that grew out of the water question had drifted into serious controversies and created a bitterness that became a matter of much concern to those who had heretofore boasted with indulgent affection of the "get together" spirit of Pasadena. Many other matters of

importance demanded attention, but were submerged in this endless squabble. Some members of the Board of Trade decided to make one more earnest and concentrated attempt to harmonize these differences, and once again endeavor to agree. The term of Mayor Earley was to expire in May, 1911, and it was proposed that a candidate who might be acceptable to both factions be selected, the rancor that had characterized the past buried and some common ground of agreement found. William Thum was proposed by some of the opponents in past fights, such as E. H. Lockwood and George F. Kernaghan, and he was accepted as the proper man by many. Thum was retired from active business and stood well in the community. On August 22d, 1910, the Board of Trade had created a water committee of twenty-five to take up the water question in all of its details, ascertain the real value of the plants, and, in fact, go into the primal question of the source and amount of water in use, wastage and possible ultimate supply. H. W. Magee was made chairman of this committee (afterwards succeeded by F. E. Wilcox). Subcommittees were created to investigate all questions pertinent to values, ultimate needs and supply, Owens River, consolidation of companies, and, in fact, every question bearing upon the whole matter in issue.

William Thum, as chairman of the committee on the amount of water available and necessary, gave the subject of this committee much attention and rendered a number of reports in relation to its work, which became the basis of future statistics, and, also, it may be said, some controversy. But these exhaustive reports which Chairman Thum prepared directed attention towards himself and formed the basis of his acceptability as a mayoralty candidate.

The proposition, under the purvey of the Board of Trade committee, was entered into thoroughly, every feature of it. The committee engaged Burdett Moody, an engineer of reputation, to make an appraisal that would at least give the citizen a fair idea of what he was asked to pay for. Engineer Moody reported the following values:

The Lake Vineyard Company.....	\$ 621,622.31
The Pasadena Land and Water Company.....	353,312.75
North Pasadena Land and Water Company.....	194,217.89
A grand total of.....	\$1,151,152.89

The committee recommended that a bond issue of \$1,250,000 be asked, the difference in amount being regarded as necessary for immediate improvements and overhead expenses incident to acquirement by the city. It may here be said that the suggestion that Pasadena purchase its water supply from the Owens River supply going into Los Angeles was met with the information that Los Angeles would not (or could not, legally) sell to outside communities unless they consolidated with that city. (Later determined to be a legal fact.)

William Thum was elected mayor, April 3d, 1911, by a vote of 2,265 over R. L. Metcalf, who received 1,724. He at once began careful consideration of the supreme issue, and on June 27th, 1912, it once more came to a vote and carried, the vote standing 4,581 for and only 457 against—a highly satisfying consummation of a desirable object. Not only was this dispute settled, but the public mind became attuned and forgot very largely past animosities.

In due time the final details were worked out and the Council took steps to carry out the transaction and take over the various properties. According to the existing charter, a water commission was required to have charge of this work. The mayor appointed the following as such: George F. Kernaghan, Thomas D. Allin, J. M. Harvey, Fred E. Wilcox and William Thum. (Kernaghan later resigned and C. P. McAllister succeeded him.) These appointments were effective December 8th, 1911, and on that date the entire water systems were turned over to this board in behalf of the city, and were operated by it until the commissioners elected under the amended charter took office in May, 1912.

MUNICIPAL WATER

THE COMMISSION ASSUMES CHARGE.

As has been stated, the water commission took possession of the various plants, and under direction of the Council proceeded to operate them. Not very much was done except to mark time, as a change in administration was anticipated, and, in fact, occurred in the following spring (1913), when the commission form of government was adopted. Then Commissioner Salisbury was chosen to take charge of the water system as part of his assignment of duties.

Fortunately, Salisbury had been for many years connected

with the Lake Vineyard Company and therefore had just the abundance of experience required.

S. B. Morris was appointed chief engineer, and William Selbie business manager—both capable men.

The primary object of the purchase of these various plants had been to equalize rates by avoiding duplication of work and to systematize work and improvements. Many pipe lines were about in their last stages of usefulness, and other improvements imperative. An equitable distribution of water was also demanded.

After the commission took charge these matters received attention and gradually the entire system is being brought to a desired state of efficiency. The Woodbury wells were purchased for \$35,000, and the Franklin Street well for \$20,000. The Atlanta Street well, a new well, was constructed and equipped at a cost of over \$15,000, and the Sheldon Avenue reservoir completed. A 24-inch main, for fire protection, was laid on Colorado Street between Fair Oaks and Euclid avenues, at a cost of \$25,000. On July 1st, 1917, the conditions prevailing were very measurably superior to what they were when the system was taken over.

During the fiscal year ending with that date, the gross revenue was \$239,186.55 from a total distribution of water of 210,913,300 cubic feet, distributed at a cost of \$57,312.57 for maintenance and operation, which, with various other expenses, aggregated \$165,182.21, leaving a net profit of \$74,004.34, which after deducting interest on bonds and sinking fund, showed a net profit of about 4 per cent *on value*.

During the same period a total of ninety-two gallons of water per capita per day was consumed in the city. The present cost to the consumer is 60 cents per 300 cubic feet; or, if in excess up to 1,000 cubic feet, 8 cents per 100 feet. The system embraces nine pumping plants, and ten reservoirs with a capacity of 60,338,000 gallons, all weather protected and concrete lined. There are in use about 1,000,000 feet of piping, 12,555 meters for domestic and 183 for irrigating uses.

On July 1st, 1917, the assets of the plant reached a grand total of \$1,672,356.69, including \$158,500 for water value, this being the same value allowed for it when the original purchase was made.

As an offset to this valuation there is accrued estimated,

but not yet realized, depreciation to the plant of \$162,336.47, which would give real value as \$1,510,020.22.

The main items making up this value are:

Water value	\$158,500.00
Real estate, includes reservoir lands, water right lands, pump lands and all other lands.....	192,319.91
Water collecting system properties, including dams, supply mains, tunnels, etc.....	132,601.17
Pumping system plants, equipment and tools.....	147,168.31
Distribution system street mains, gates, services, reservoirs, etc.	920,779.32
Office and general equipment, tools and vehicles...	25,490.24

There is no doubt that the municipal water plant is a success. One must not judge by the cost alone, but to the satisfactory distribution and the improved conditions obtaining. Extraordinary expenses that have been incurred will be eliminated in future reports, and in time cost to the consumer will be less as new demands cease.

It must be borne in mind also that considerable areas have been added to the city during the past three years—Linda Vista, San Rafael Heights and Pasadena Heights, thus adding to the cost of distribution, etc.



CHAPTER XL

MUNICIPAL LIGHT



MUNICIPAL lighting plant was Pasadena's first experiment in the conduct of public utilities. Its origin came about through the obstinacy of two factions, and the refusal of each to acknowledge the other's attitude as being either just or reasonable.

The Edison Company had grown from the Pasadena Electric Light and Power Company, a corporation plodding along and taking slow toll as grew the city, and finally becoming part of the more powerful Edison Company which now dominates the electrical energy field in Southern California, with enormous resources of power and tremendous facilities for doing business. The Pasadena field was important enough in its day, and is still of account, but compared with its main field it is but a small unit. The Edison Company became owner by purchase of the local company and, uncontested, for many years, gave the only source of electrical light and energy in this city. Perhaps it grew careless, perhaps it lacked a knowledge of conditions, or it may have needed a good diplomat to smooth over difficulties and a willingness to correct defects in the system. At all events, there was some complaint about the quality of the light furnished and also the price paid for city light. The result was that the usual monthly demand for payment upon the contract for street lighting by the company was in time refused by the mayor and Council upon the advice of their legal counsel. Under the law the price could be regulated by the Council, but no effort, seemingly, was made upon either side to effect an understanding and adjustment of differences. It is not essential that this history lay the blame or plead for either faction; it is sufficient that because of the lack of friendly entente the Council and many people clamored for a municipal lighting plant—and got it. It was claimed that upon the “advice of an expert”—name withheld—that a plant sufficient to light the streets and business houses, as well as a large proportion of residences, could be installed for \$125,000. And this was

the sum that Mayor Waterhouse and the Council desired to have voted for the purpose.

Experts opposing the proposition, asserted that this sum was absurdly inadequate, and pointed to the investment of four times that amount by the Edison Company in proof of their contention. A public meeting called to consider the project, resulted chiefly in accusations and recriminations. But the Council passed a resolution calling for a bond election for the sum of \$125,000, and this election was held May 3d, 1906, when the proposition was carried by a vote of 944 for and 451 against. As a two-thirds vote was required, the necessary majority was but fourteen more than sufficient—so close that a good campaign could have easily changed the result! But the Edison Company did not have the politician at hand. The astute leader was not in evidence on either side of the contest, but hot-headed disputants were in plenty. Under the direction of Charles M. Glass, a young electrician who was supposed to have furnished the data for prior estimates, the work was begun and finished sufficiently to begin operations July 4th, 1907. Before the work had progressed far it was realized that the amount of \$125,000 was insufficient, as predicted by its opponents, and a special tax levy was made in 1906 to raise the sum of \$52,332 required. Then began the natural business rivalry of the Edison Company in its endeavor to retain its old patrons and at least share the new business. The first essay was in the reduction of price. Prior to the bond election it had been 15 cents per kilowatt hour, but had been reduced to 12 cents just at the time when competition from the city became imminent. Each retaliatory reduction by the municipal plant was undercut by the Edison Company until the city was selling light for 5 cents per kilowatt hour; then competition offered a rate of 4 cents. At this point the city invoked the law, and appealed its case to the state board of railroad commissioners, which is a board of referee in cases of unjust competition. This board sustained the contention of the city that the rate of the Edison Company was an "unjust restraint of trade" "and destructive of competition," and ordered the Edison Company to raise its rate to that of the municipal rate.

Charles M. Glass was superseded as manager of the lighting plant by C. W. Koiner in 1907. Koiner has given entire satisfaction by his capacity as an electrical expert and his

business management of the enterprise. As was predicted, the first bond issue, together with the tax levy following, proved inadequate to establish a plant and deliver light throughout the city. Additional territory annexed to the city made a still further demand upon its resources, so that on February 20th, 1908, the additional amount of \$50,000 in 4½ per cent bonds was voted; and in 1909 \$150,000 more (4 per cent). So that today the total bond issue for this purpose has been \$325,000, which, together with the \$52,332 tax levy, makes a direct cost of \$377,332.

Also the sum of \$40,000 was "borrowed" from the general fund in 1906 to tide over urgent needs for immediate demands to carry out improvements which the bonds had not taken care of. The last installment of this sum was paid back to the general fund in June, 1917, from the surplus profits of the company. The total bonded indebtedness outstanding, as per balance sheet July 1st, 1917, was \$250,625.

Many extensions and improvements have been inaugurated from the earnings of the plant during the past ten years. The system now covers almost the entire corporate limits. In December, 1916, a contract was made to supply a portion of Los Angeles with power from the surplus now manufactured. It is interesting to note that when the system was installed the needs of the city demanded 300 arcs, 966 40-candlepower Tungstens, 53 32-candlepower carbons and 17 60-candlepower Tungstens. The total candlepower in use at that time was for street lighting, 50,000. There are now in use 550,000 candlepower consisting of 1,811 80-candlepower Mazda lamps, 30 100-candlepower Mazda lamps, 44 250-candlepower Mazda lamps, 82 400-candlepower Mazda lamps, 145 600-candlepower Mazda lamps, 1 1,000-candlepower Mazda lamp, 14 40-watt red signal lamps, 35 60-watt alley lights, 7 100-watt alley lights and also 1,603 ornamental street lighting posts equipped with lamps of various kinds and design.

At this writing (1917) the city plant is supplying over 9,000 customers, lighting the streets of the city and also furnishing considerable commercial power. According to Superintendent Koiner's official report, the total appraised value of the municipal plant, including real estate, generators, lines, meters, etc., was on June 30th, 1917, \$685,681.55, which allowed a depreciation account to date of \$239,359.80. The total earnings from all sources for the fiscal year according

to same report was \$248,614.17, while the total operating expenses on all accounts was \$130,453.66, with a gross surplus from beginning to date of \$208,767.46, or a net surplus of \$195,517.46 as per same statement, also showing a net return of 10.41 per cent for the current year on investment. The cost of street lighting and city department was \$142,853.23. Upon some streets nitrogen lamps are being used in place of the old style "arcs" with superior effect.



CHAPTER XLI

THE POSTOFFICE

UNCLE SAM HAS ALWAYS BEEN CAREFUL OF PASADENA'S MAIL AND
THOUGH SOMETIMES SLOW, TREATS HIS CLIENTS WITH FINE CON-
SIDERATION.



THE history of the postoffice is a fair replica of Pasadena's general growth and prosperity. One of the first needs of a new community is a postoffice, and it was not very long after the settlement, known as the Indiana Colony, discovered that mail coming through the Los Angeles office, and dependent upon the casual and irregular calls of neighbors who might happen over there, was an unsatisfactory situation. As long as little Morton Banbury was able to go on his pony to school in that town, and, in his neighborly politeness and good nature bring back with him his neighbor's mail, no serious complaints were made, or a better service demanded. But one day Morton became ill and ceased his trips, and finally died. Then it became urgent that the Colony must have its own mail service. Then the first movement was made by the settlers to obtain a postoffice, and a petition was accordingly forwarded to Washington to this end in 1875. In conformity with this request, the postoffice department authorized such an office—named *Pasadena*—with Josiah Locke as its first presiding genius. The name *Pasadena* had been created by the settlers as the new name for the Colony, this action being taken because the postal authorities would not recognize such an appellation as “Indiana Colony.” But before the office was actually established, Mr. Locke died whilst upon a visit to his home city, Indianapolis; and no immediate steps being taken to renew the application, the office was discontinued before it had actively begun operations. It was not until the following year—1876—that the office was again established with Henry T. Hollingsworth as postmaster, who in due time qualified, and established the office in one corner of his father's store, which stood just where now stands the Pasadena Savings and Trust Company, on Colorado Street, near Fair Oaks Avenue.

Hollingsworth's appointment was dated September 21st, 1876—the exact date of beginning operations being shortly subsequent thereto. Pasadena's first postmaster yet lives and enjoys existence in Los Angeles.

Behold then, *Pasadena* was on the official map of the United States, and its first Federal official was drawing down a salary of \$12 per annum! True, Postmaster Hollingsworth diverted himself in the interim of official affairs by selling such trifles as sugar, a packet of tea—green or black—as might perchance suit the good customer's tastes; or mayhap, a garden hoe was the demand. Thus life went merrily, if quietly, in those primitive days. The postmaster was also the village watch fixer, having a bench in one corner of his father's shop. These were great days when the total output from that post-office perhaps equaled a dozen or two pieces of mail daily! After the date above mentioned, with a real postoffice at home, no more obligation was due our neighbor, Los Angeles, for mail service, except as its custodian in transit. The mail was received a la Hombre el Caballos, which, literally, disentangled into plain English, means that an equine steed, plus man—to-wit, that D. M. Graham, with his horse and buggy—consented for the benefits of the drive to go daily to Los Angeles, ten miles away, and fetch over the mail. An exceedingly satisfactory arrangement. Thus our first mail carrier was also, in fact, one of our subsequent "first citizens," a prominent and influential one, too.

Presently W. T. Vore began a stage line to the City of the Angels, and by virtue of this became Mr. Graham's successor as mail carrier.

MAIL BY RAIL

This method prevailed until 1886, when the Southern California Railway, now the Santa Fé, came and revolutionized things, and soon obtained the contract for carrying our mails. Hence, with this bettered service, instead of receiving but one mail daily as heretofore, we now received two or three.

But it was quite an event in those days to go down to the postoffice about the hour when that stage was due and there await it as it came scurrying in. The waiting patrons kept their eyes turned to West Colorado Street, and when at last the stage appeared on the top of the hill—the four horses swinging gaily along as if aware that the home stretch

brought them near their evening meal, the driver flourishing his whip and chirping cheerily to his prancing team—there was cheerful excitement for all. When, finally, the stage drew up at the platform, the mail thrown out and quickly retrieved by the waiting postmaster, all thoughts became centered on the contents of that pouch. Those getting mail were the envied ones, for likely it came from the far off home folks “back East”—Indiana, Iowa, Illinois—and farther still! And it was with eager hands that they received the craved missive from the dear ones there. It is certain that no time was lost in getting at the contents.

When Hollingsworth, Sr., sold his store business to S. Washburn, the postoffice continued in charge of young Henry T., but in 1879 he resigned, and his brother, Arthur S., was appointed to succeed him, his appointment being dated June 18th, 1879. When R. Williams bought out Washburn's business he found Arthur Hollingsworth quite willing to give up the meagre income that went to him as postmaster and then we find it officially read, “R. Williams, Postmaster.” Arthur S. Hollingsworth is now a retired resident of Pasadena.

Here is the order of appointment from beginning to present date (1917):

Office first established March 15th, 1875, and Josiah Locke named as postmaster. Office discontinued, December 30th, 1875, by neglect to rename postmaster in place of Locke, deceased. Office re-established September 21st, 1876. Henry T. Hollingsworth, postmaster.

Arthur S. Hollingsworth, appointed June 18th, 1879.

Romayne Williams, appointed April 7th, 1880.

A. O. Bristol, appointed July 21st, 1885.

B. T. Smith, appointed October 25th, 1886.

Frank H. Oxner, appointed March 25th, 1887.

Willis U. Masters, appointed June 20th, 1887.

George F. Kernaghan, appointed March 19th, 1891.

Webster Wotkins, appointed January, 1896.

J. W. Wood, appointed January 14th, 1900; reappointed twice to 1914. (A fourth appointment failed of confirmation by democratic Senate.)

Clark McLain, appointed January, 1914 (incumbent).

When Williams moved into his new store building in 1883, he appointed Charles A. Sawtelle assistant postmaster, and Sawtelle performed this service for several years.

In Bristol's term came the boom, and poor Bristol was swamped—overwhelmed—with mail his inadequate force couldn't handle. The department at Washington was slow to understand the situation, no additional allowance was made for clerk hire and Bristol was reduced to despair and soon had spent out of his own pocket all he cared to for an unheeding government. Volunteer assistance proved inadequate, and Bristol resigned by Western Union, locked the door and quit! Then came Bayard T. Smith, the budding democratic politician, who believed he was the man of the hour. He got the appointment and went manfully to work. He, too, began spending his own money, trying to clear up the premises of mail, now covering the floor in every direction—yet unopened pouches and sacks. The office had been removed the year before to a room on North Fair Oaks Avenue, and here volunteers worked night and day to straighten out the muss. Smith, after exhausting his efforts to obtain help from Washington, began to believe that republics were indeed ungrateful—and him a good democrat at that! But patience was at end, and the continued drain upon his purse finished Smith's self-sacrifice, and he resigned in favor of his deputy, F. H. Oxner. But Oxner, probably in fever of apprehension, died before receiving his official notice. Then Willis Masters stepped into the breach, June 20th, 1887. He knew the troubles in store and their probable cost. But he took hold pluckily. He, too, found much accumulated mail. But he was no luckier than his predecessors in obtaining the required allowance for additional clerical hire. In six months he was minus over \$2,000 of his own funds, which he had spent in anticipation of a generous government repaying. I believe that money was never repaid to him! Or at least not all of it. A fund of nearly \$600 was raised among business men to pay for extra clerks, and an extra room was hired where the unopened mail could be handled. Finally, after extraordinary efforts and repeated wires, the situation was in a measure relieved. But Masters had an experience that was costly. Under Masters, Charles A. Smith, now cashier of the Bank of Savings, Oakland, was assistant postmaster. The late W. B. Clapp was also a clerk under Masters.

It was on July 1st, 1889, that a free delivery service was inaugurated, the first carriers being Alexander C. Drake, L. T. Lincoln, A. L. Petrie, Charles R. Dillman and E. Watson.

Lincoln has the distinction of being Carrier No. 1 and Petrie No. 2. Both Dillman and Lincoln are yet engaged in their plodding rounds, but Petrie chose to retire in 1914 on his pension as a Civil War veteran—after forty-three years' service with Uncle Sam in connection with the postal department and more than three more as a soldier! A long and honorable record, whose scars he bears bravely—does Alexander Petrie.

With constantly growing business it was not long before better quarters were needed, and in March, 1888, the office was moved to the Morgan Block on South Raymond Avenue. Again for the same reason to West Colorado Street and Ward Place in 1898. Despite two enlargements of the premises, still another move was made in 1907 to the corner of Raymond Avenue and Holly Street, whence its final progress ended in the new Federal building on East Colorado Street.

THE NEW POSTOFFICE

Pasadena should be proud of its Federal building. Despite urgent requests made at the time, it was not set back from the street line, as it should have been; nevertheless it is a building fine enough to brag about, and its lobby is a thing of beauty and good taste. It is fitting that due honor be given in these pages to the man to whose urgency we are indebted for this edifice. That man is James McLachlan, who represented this congressional district for six terms. Pasadena was his home town, and he labored years to secure a proper appropriation, refusing to accept a lesser one than he believed fitting for a city like Pasadena. At last he obtained \$50,000 for a suitable lot.* Then again obtaining \$200,000 for a building, the new edifice was finished and occupied September 20th, 1915.

At this writing there is a force of thirty-eight carriers and thirty-four clerks regularly employed in the business of handling mail in the main office and its two substations—one at North Pasadena and one at East Pasadena. Besides these substations there are lettered stations located on North Lake Avenue and Washington Street and in a store at 21 West Colorado Street.

As an exhibit of the business transacted I quote from the official report for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1917:

*This lot cost \$93,000, but the difference was raised among property owners in the vicinity,—C. V. Sturdevant being assiduous in this canvass.

Receipts from sale of stamps, etc.....	\$170,845.00
Domestic money orders issued (42,521).....	298,433.12
Domestic money orders paid (30,800).....	318,683.26
Foreign money orders issued and paid (3,698).....	61,235.32

Henry Ramel has been the efficient assistant postmaster since 1904; Frank C. Robinson, superintendent of mails.

W. S. Laurie, clerk in charge of Station A.

G. B. Tuthill, clerk in charge of Station B.

Frank C. Robinson, superintendent.

Walter R. Chambers, money order clerk.

H. A. Vallette, foreman of carriers.



CHAPTER XLII

THE BOARD OF TRADE, CITY PLANNING ASSOCIATION AND MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION

USEFUL ORGANIZATIONS WHOSE LABORS HAVE BEEN SIGNIFICANT TO PASADENA.



BEGUN when the town was struggling with the serious problems of a real estate smash-up, which had destroyed the equilibrium of business and changed a prosperous outlook to an appalling one, the Board of Trade nourished one paramount idea then which was to introduce into this community opportunities for labor and employment. For there were at the time many men out of employment, and many more leaving the community in order to maintain themselves elsewhere. Much concern was manifested over these conditions. True, there were others who, with far-seeing vision, believed manufactories introduced here would, with their attendant drawbacks of smoke and noise, destroy the very features that must in time draw to Pasadena the seeker for quiet homes and beautiful surroundings. But notwithstanding these opposing opinions, it was deemed important that some immediate movement be made to induce capital as well as people to come and to remain—a gospel of rehabilitation and permanency. So the name *Board of Trade* was agreed upon, even though trade was not the ultimate slogan advocated. After thirty years' experience it is now conceded that the chief labors of the board have not been devoted to securing trade, but to propagating its more esthetic capital, of climate, of home building and of such civic problems as enter into the physical and intellectual well being of the citizen and his community. In doing this it has through its direction and influence sustained and cultivated the "get together" and "pull together" idea, which has done so much in making of communal integrity and progress. At a recent meeting of this Board of Trade a resolution conferring the distinction of "honorary" membership upon those who were "charter" members of the organization or who have been continuous members for

twenty-five years, it was discovered that there were yet living twenty-six men who were eligible to this honor, and it may be in place to name them here, in the order of their joining and dating back to April, 1888:

T. P. Lukens, J. W. Wood, John McDonald, M. E. Wood, W. R. Staats, Heman Dyer, George F. Kernaghan, Frank S. Wallace, Frank C. Bolt, J. W. Woodworth, M. H. Weight, Calvin Hartwell, W. B. Loughery, G. A. Gibbs, N. W. Bell, A. K. McQuilling, Byron Lisk, C. M. Simpson, F. R. Harris, Reynolds & Van Nuys, Robert Strong, C. D. Daggett, H. C. Hotaling, F. E. Twombly, Blinn Lumber Company.

Certificate No. 1 was issued to E. F. Hurlbut, now deceased.

The conditions above referred to, having impressed themselves upon the leading men of affairs in the city, caused, in 1888, a call to be made for a meeting to take steps toward some concrete plan. Previously—in 1887—at the height of the boom, a real estate exchange had been organized and comprised many members. But the principal purpose of that body was to regulate transactions in real estate and protect the innocent purchaser from the wiles of possible guileful and irresponsible dealers. As the words of its by-laws expressed it, "To throw safeguards around inexperienced owners or purchasers!" Also to fix the rates of commission charged (5 per cent on the first \$1,000 and 2½ per cent on balance). W. L. Carter was president of the exchange, which survived the B. B.—"busted boom"—but a short while, expiring with heartrending groans over the late defunct.

But it was felt that there must be a body of performers whose interests extended further than the mere real estate deals naturally concerning a real estate exchange. Hence, on March 9th, 1888, a few well known men met in Williams Hall to discuss the new idea, at which time the proposition was fully considered and debated. The outcome of this meeting was the adoption of a resolution which read as follows: "Resolved, that the citizens of Pasadena, in meeting assembled, acknowledge the necessity of an active *Board of Trade*, and herewith subscribe our names for the purpose of said organization." Colonel W. A. Ray, who was president of the San Gabriel Valley Bank, was chairman of this meeting, and E. E. Fordham was secretary. The membership fee was fixed at \$25. The committee appointed to solicit members

were B. A. O'Neill, J. Banbury and Stephen Townsend. A committee on by-laws, composed of B. A. O'Neill, J. Banbury, J. W. Wood, J. H. Painter, F. W. Martin, Judge Enoch Kioght, G. A. Swartwout, W. U. Masters, W. L. Carter, Henry Bennett and W. A. Ray, was appointed and the meeting adjourned. Then, on March 13th, a meeting of this last committee was held in Judge Knight's office in the Fish Block, and selected the first board of directors, as follows: W. A. Ray, Enoch Knight, J. Banbury, W. U. Masters, J. H. Painter, G. A. Swartwout and B. A. O'Neill.

On April 2d the first regular meeting of the board was held in room 12 in the Fish Block, which had been secured for the temporary headquarters of the board, and an organization was effected by electing W. U. Masters president; W. A. Ray, vice president, and E. E. Fordham, secretary, the secretary's salary being fixed at \$25 per month, his duties not being then very onerous. These selections were confirmed at a meeting of the organization held May 1st, 1888. This meeting was held in Judge Knight's office. At this meeting report of the membership committee was presented which showed that 154 names had already been signed to the agreement. But it should be said here that out of the 154 only 51 qualified by paying the required \$25 annual membership dues—a rather discouraging falling off between promise and performance. But the financial conditions became pretty bad in 1888.

An address to the public was prepared and published in the local newspapers, which read in part: "The purposes of this organization are to arouse public opinion upon all matters of vital importance to Pasadena. To gather and disseminate information concerning the resources of Pasadena for the benefit of immigrants, capitalists and business men seeking homes or investments therein; to aid and encourage the establishment of such manufactories as may be essential to utilize the various products of the soil, and to stimulate the establishment of other industries as may be requisite and necessary for the wants or necessities of the people, * * * and to procure for the city of Pasadena such privileges and concessions from railway or other corporations or individuals as may be suggested by the wants and necessities of our people * * * *to watch over and aid the business of the city government,* * * * and to bring to bear the true sentiments of the people in behalf of wise, energetic and comprehensive municipal legislation."

That was quite an extensive job the little Board of Trade of 1888 cut out for itself to perform! In 1889 the board had not grown in numbers; on the contrary, the membership had fallen off when the time for collecting the annual dues came on again; and in order to induce a continuance in the charter ranks the dues were reduced to \$10, and again to \$5, in the year 1893. That was when a strong effort was made to popularize the board.

Almost immediately, in pursuance of one of its stated objects, efforts were made to secure the establishment of "industries." A proposition was submitted and taken under advisement, at a meeting held May 4th, 1888, from one Simpson, who desired to move his "foundry" from Huntington to Pasadena. The project was sponsored by F. D. Stevens (yet in the hardware business), who vouched for said Simpson's standing and reputation. But Simpson wanted a lot no less than 80x175 feet in size and \$1,000 cash as a bonus. Efforts to obtain this by public subscription failed of success and nothing real came of it. Then the board went on political record when an invitation was extended to the Democratic State Convention, then in session at Los Angeles, to visit "our city." This was the first practical "glad hand" exercise of the Board of Trade, precursor of the many more to follow, and in which it has exceeded the fondest hopes of its founders. Next a fruit-canning project was proposed; one L. J. Bennett offering to establish the same, if given a lot 200x200 feet and \$1,500 cash. This, too, waned for want of the wherewithal. For cash was a comparatively scarce article at that period. In the dull years following numerous projects met with similar fate to these named. Meetings were held in advocacy of railroad projects, boulevard to Los Angeles (repeatedly attempted) and especially to raise \$100,000 for the purpose of building a road to Mount Wilson, and otherwise aiding in the construction of the telescope on Mount Harvard. A cannery, a watch factory, and not the least—a proper site for a *coffin* factory! In 1900 the records show a membership of 174—not a bad showing considering the population was less than 10,000; in fact, just about the proportion it is today. It grew to 500 in 1905, when D. W. Herlihy became its president and D. W. Coolidge secretary—both of whom devoted much energy, as is their constitutional bent, toward livening up the board and the town generally.*

The energies of the Board of Trade have been synonymous with the greater growth and prosperity of Pasadena, and every movement in the greater projects connected with the city's welfare have been "fathered," if not in fact, actively waged, by the board through its directorate and members acting in committees, great and small. So, in fact, the board has represented the concrete expression of our citizens in public movements—excepting politics; politics and religion being the tabooed issues. Thus it has heartily engaged in campaigns for: A woman's college, school bonds, parks, publicity, good roads, the Colorado Street bridge, and, above all, made itself the public reception committee upon many occasions when bodies visiting the state, or in convention within it, were made welcome to the city and its hospitalities offered in the way that Pasadena has almost all of its own. Automobiles by the score, or even hundreds, have been freely proffered wherewith to convey the visitors about the city, with the usual appendage of luncheon on hotel piazza or upon some fair greensward amid flowering bowers. This is the glad Western way!

Every year there is an annual banquet when the members—now nearly 700—gather about a festive board in the happy "get together" spirit, listen to the voice of the orator, revive the spell of good fellowship and rekindle the spirit of new resolves. Also, the frequent midday luncheons, when the men get together and discuss live topics of current interest and purpose, to still further strengthen the binding ties and promote the spirit of fraternity and forwardness.

In the course of its work the Board of Trade has sent out tons and tons of literature, publishing at intervals handsome volumes or folders, or of illustrated descriptive material, showing the remote homeseeker the charms and resources of

*Past Presidents of the Board—W. U. Masters, 1888-1889-1890-1891-1892; C. H. Keyes, 1893-1894-1895; Colin Stewart, 1896; H. R. Hertel, 1897; Walter A. Edwards, 1898; Charles D. Daggett, 1899-1900-1901; Frank P. Boynton, 1902-1903; D. W. Herlihy, 1904; D. M. Linnard, 1905; A. J. Bertonneau, 1906; C. D. Sargent, 1907; E. T. Off, 1908-1909; Harry Geohegan, 1910; R. D. Davis, 1911; L. H. Turner, 1912; William F. Knight, 1913; T. P. Lukens, 1914; Fred E. Wilcox, 1915-1916-1917, incumbent.

Past Secretaries of the Board—E. E. Fordham, 1888; Enoch Knight, 1889; John G. Rossiter, 1890-1891; Webster Wotkyns, 1892; William H. Knight, 1893; M. E. Wood, 1894-1895; Frank P. Boynton, 1896-1897-1898; Theodore Coleman, 1899; J. M. Sickler, 1900-1901; W. R. Clark, 1902; D. W. Coolidge, 1903-1904-1905-1906-1907; A. J. Bertonneau, 1908-1909-1910-1911-1912; E. R. Sorver, 1912-1913-1914-1915-1916; J. H. Pearman, present secretary; Miss E. B. Hetherington, assistant.

the community. It is thus the practical interpreter of the things existent in this land of desire. It is a carping critic indeed who would cavil at the Pasadena Board of Trade or decry its splendid usefulness and necessity.

SOME OF ITS IMPORTANT PROJECTS

Mention has been made of many projects the Board of Trade has advocated and furthered. Notable among them, especially of later years, has been the highway bonds, when in 1909 the county supervisors asked a vote for the expenditure of \$3,500,000 for 300 miles of good roads in the county of Los Angeles. The Board of Trade got its members lined up on this project and made a systematic fight for it, winning it largely by Pasadena's enthusiasm and large vote. E. T. Off was president of the board at this time and signalized his capacity for arduous work.

THE COLORADO STREET BRIDGE

Perhaps the most notable achievement, outside the Polytechnic High School group, for which the Board of Trade labored was the Colorado Street bridge. It has not only contributed much to the popularity of the city, making it a link in the splendid automobile driveway that lures thousands of pleasure seekers along the great valley boulevard, but is in itself a thing of beauty. Constructed of reinforced concrete in a substantial way, it has not lost beauty of lines and curves in its substantiality. It is said to be one of the great concrete bridges of the United States, being 1,468 feet in length and 160 feet above the Arroyo bottom at its highest span. The cost was \$200,000, with something added for the land approaches. As this bridge was to be a part of the county boulevard system, the supervisors appropriated \$100,000 toward the cost of construction.*

A propaganda for bonds to pay for this project was undertaken by the Board of Trade. Harry Geohegan was president of the board and A. Bertonneau secretary. I must give these men the credit of organizing an effective campaign.

*Suggestive plans had been voluntarily made by the engineering firm of Williams & Nishkian and submitted by them for approval. Mayor Thum, however, appointed Fred E. Wilcox as his architectural adviser and Waddell and Harrington was employed to make others. These differed little from the Williams & Nishkian plans, however, but were accepted by the Mayor, and everything arranged for a vote upon the project.

President Geohegan appointed a committee of twenty-five members of the board to determine whether this bridge should be built on a level with Colorado Street or at a lower level. Some objections had to be met, for certain residents near by believed their property would be damaged by the nearness of the bridge. These urged the "low" structure, but the committee decided upon the "high," and determined, with the assistance of the engineer's office and architect, the place of beginning, its course and landing spot. Its completion vindicated their judgment. W. F. Knight was chairman of the campaign committee, and to his insistence and determination many opposing opinions were overcome and to his diplomacy belongs much credit for placating the strenuous ones. It required a hard campaign to induce the voter to accept the proposition, but it was accomplished by a vote of 5,270 for and 813 against. Upon the adjustment of a case where condemnation proceedings were found necessary the Colorado Street approach to this bridge will be widened to double its present width, and this approach will then be beautified and parked and made much more attractive than it is now. At this same election the purchase of Monk Hill and Carmelita for park purposes were beaten.

THE CITY PLANNING ASSOCIATION

In the year of our Lord 1914, it was believed, by a few men and women met in conclave that an organization for promoting high ideals in city beautification; which, broadly, meant cleaning up neglected lots, bettering neglected street parkings and eliminating many other unsightly obscurations of the artistic landscape, would be a desirable thing for Pasadena. An organization for this purpose was effected with W. S. Keinholtz, George A. Damon, Mrs. F. B. Wetherby, Arthur Noble and Walter L. Newton as a "committee" directed to develop a "Pasadena Plan." This was the beginning of a large and compact organization, representing every active organized club or association in the city—about fifty in all. As a further development, it was decreed that Pasadena had made some fundamental errors of beginning which must be rectified as follows: The widening of Colorado Street; the annexation of the Arroyo as a city park; the elimination of railroad crossings; the establishment of a "civic center," and also numerous other important things; all of

which, of course, must be done in co-operation with the city commissioners. But the paramount idea was never lost sight of; that was the beautification of the city and the *completion* of every undertaking, so that it would leave nothing undesirable in the whole community; in fact, a *perfect city*. Walter L. Newton, a Throop graduate of engineering, under the advice of Professor Damon, prepared a new city map in conformity with the projects in mind and has skillfully in this and many ways disclosed the aims of the City Planning Association. As an example of its good work, in one year no less than 3,000 vacant lots were metamorphosed from unattractive weed-grown, neglected eyesores to less horrid things for the pleased gaze. Half a hundred or more projects have been considered by the association during the past three years, and are being added to constantly by the fodder whereon it feeds. So Pasadena is finding in this association a clearing house, as Dean Damon calls it, for ideas upon problems of civic beauty and utility. The horizon is widening, and it is expected that this body will plan and help to realize many important undertakings for the welfare of Pasadena in the coming years. Its headquarters at the Board of Trade rooms is an instructive lesson in its ambitions. William S. Keinholz is president and Mrs. Marta Carr secretary of the association.

MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION

The Pasadena Merchants' Association was a sort of Dun or Bradstreet in its purposes when instituted, but in time assumed a broader scope, until now it has become a business organization with fraternal instincts.

It was organized May 7th, 1896, as the Merchants' Protective Association, when about seventy-five merchants got together in the Board of Trade rooms and formulated their plans. Its first president was J. R. Greer, Jr.; vice president, David F. Gilmore; secretary, F. P. Boynton.

Its board meets at regular intervals to consider business that affects the merchants of the city, most of whom are in its membership. Aside of this the fraternal spirit between business houses has grown into that of friendly co-operation. Once each year there is held a banquet by the members.

The present officers are: President, E. Perkins; vice president, A. S. Hadley; secretary, J. T. Sumner; A. D. Wood, S. T. Emmons, E. R. Sorver, W. T. Hall, directors.

CHAPTER XLIII

PARKS

THE glory of Pasadena is its arboreal beauty. Its homes are built in gardens, each by itself, and each having its park, its lawns, its flowers, trees and shrubbery. The streets, also, have their parkways of velvet grass and with shade trees perpetually green. Because of these facts there have been many who failed to believe in the need of public parks as necessities, as "lungs" for the city, as they are sometimes called in densely built cities of stark and staring brick walls and desolate areas of unattractive streets and yards. There is some truth in this, yet the good people of Pasadena agitated the sentiment for parks until parks were an accomplished fact and more yet to come. The lungs must be large and lusty.

In pursuance of this agitation came an election in 1902 when the sum of \$25,000 was voted to purchase of Charles Legge that tract of land containing 5.32 acres on North Raymond Avenue, now known as Library Park; and at the same time the sum of \$127,000 to purchase a tract of 10.37 acres, known now as Central Park. These parks were purchased



A VILLA GARDEN

during the regime of Mayor M. H. Weight, and to his efforts must be ascribed much of the credit that belongs to their acquirement. Of course, he was ably seconded in this by his Council and by other public spirited citizens. These tracts of land were duly laid out and gradually beautified with trees and shrubbery, and are now charming and attractive adjuncts to the beauties of the city.

LA PINTORESCA PARK

In 1915 the city commissioners purchased a small tract of land in North Pasadena, the site of the burned La Pintoresca Hotel, and transformed it into a sightly little park. It contains about three acres, and may, it is hoped, some time, have built upon it a branch library for the convenience of the residents of that desirable section. This park cost \$15,000, and was paid for from the general funds of the city.

ARROYO PARK

At its very doors Pasadena has always had one of the most beautiful and picturesque natural parks to be found anywhere—the Arroyo Seco. The entire bed of the “dry” stream and its adjoining banks, in places as much as half a mile wide, and extending from the canyon’s mouth in the mountains at the north to the city limits at the south, and beyond into the precincts of our sister city, Los Angeles, lies this splendid demesne, comprising 600 or more acres within the limits of Pasadena. These slopes and shallows, these verdant wooded banks and intervalles, are fitted by Nature for their final dedication to just this purpose.

Sturdy sycamores spread their giant arms and bow in neighborly greeting to live oak, alder and willow that form these charming glades. On the rugged arroyo banks opportunity is offered for attractive arboreal effects in the hands of the landscape artist. Down these umbrageous retreats the arroyo trails its sluggish way in summer or may sweep in torrential turbulence after winter’s storms, tearing boulders loose from their resting places. At the Devil’s Gate, whose open portals permit the outflow of accumulated mountain streams, is soon to be built a retaining dam whose top will also serve as a bridge for La Canada traffic. The Arroyo waters gathering behind this dam will form a pond several

hundred acres in extent, which may thus add a charming lake to the many other beauty spots of Pasadena.

Strange to say, the voter once refused to bond the city to purchase this magnificent bit of natural park. The time was not auspicious then. But the city commissioners, in conjunction with some public spirited men, have been quietly acquiring this land and have purchased, from the city's general funds, no less than 400 acres already. Incidentally Messrs. Myron Hunt, T. P. Lukens, Mrs. Louis Best, William Mason, William Thum and S. T. Williams, who have been thus engaged, are also engaged upon beautification plans for these grounds. It is certain that before long Pasadena will have another park, one of unequaled natural beauty.

In 1915 forty-five acres of Arroyo lands above the Devil's Gate were purchased for \$22,296. This land is a natural park, being covered with fine live oaks scattered in picturesque profusion over it, and is being gradually improved.

An election to vote on a bond issue of \$81,000 to purchase a six-acre tract for a playground and convention hall project was defeated in March, 1913, much to the regret of many. This tract of land, formerly part of the Carmelita property, was well adapted for the purposes intended, but the mood of the voter at the time did not correspond with the moods of the children who had played upon the grounds for some years. At the same time a bond issue of \$54,000 for the purchase of Monk Hill, also for a city park, was defeated with the other projects. A poor year for bonds!

BROOKSIDE

The need of a children's playground, larger, better equipped and other than the usual school grounds, and the defeat of the Carmelita purchase, led the city commissioners to set aside sixty acres on the bank of the Arroyo Seco for playground purposes. These grounds had been part of the Pasadena Land and Water Company's property and were included in the purchase by the city when it acquired the water companies in 1912. The grounds are well suited for their purpose, having baseball, tennis and other outdoor sporting facilities. A generous and benevolent woman, Mrs. E. W. Brooks, donated \$5,000 for the purpose of building a swimming pool and plunge, which has been done in harmony with her wishes. The multitude of children who meet on these

grounds attest their popularity and their need. It is "the old swimmin' hole" of the modern city boy, in fact, or at least its nearest approach for the city boy to get.

Very appropriately, the commissioners honored this playground by calling it *Brookside Park*, both an attractive and a fitting name, in honor of the donor who made it immediately possible.

The parks of the city are under the management of one of the commissioners. A superintendent has actual charge of the work upon these parks and under his attention the labor is performed. Jacob Albrecht has held this position for a number of years.

Prior to the inauguration of the commission system a board of commissioners was appointed by the mayor, whose duties included the care of the streets and parks; these duties included the planting, care and protection of street shade trees. Each street not already planted with shade trees had assigned for it certain varieties other than which none could be planted. The street trees are taken care of by the city, no owner of property aligning them having a right to do this. This insures protection and uniformity of attention.

BUSCH'S GARDENS

One of the loveliest parks that can be found anywhere and whose fame has added to the reputation of Pasadena's attractions.

Busch's Gardens is a private property owned by the heirs of Adolphus Busch, who died in 1916. But notwithstanding his death the people of Pasadena and visitors from all over the world have enjoyed its delights without any price whatever, his generosity survives.



A MODEST HOME

Because Adolphus Busch enjoyed beautiful things in nature, he reclaimed an unattractive Arroyo bed, and adding it to his private park, and with the genius of R. G. Fraser, a Scotch Pasadena gardener of ideas, gave us this splendid sylvan demesne. It covers seventy-five acres of dreamland, and is a joy to the eye and soul to see.

The thousands that visit this park each year testify to its charms and to the liberality of its benevolent owners.



CHAPTER XLIV

JUST POLITICS

PARTIES AND PARTISANS—"WHO WAS WHO" IN PASADENA POLITICS



OR many years partisan politics have been eliminated from "local" elections. The overwhelming republican sentiment gave little hopes of democratic aspirations receiving a reward, or more than casual recognition. Perhaps it was sympathy, perhaps the germination of the "Civic Virtue" spirit, that occasioned an early effort at the elimination of partisanship in local affairs. At any rate, when at a public meeting just prior to the city campaign of 1894 it was declared that "partisan" politics should be "taboo" the sentiment found, even then, many supporters. At that time a "Citizens" ticket for two members of the Board of City Trustees was named (March 10th) consisting of H. G. Reynolds and Chas. Wooster; also F. P. Boynton was named for Treasurer, Heman Dyer, City Clerk, and W. S. Lacey for Marshal. Reynolds, Dyer and Lacey were elected, but it must be said that the issues were largely outside of the "non-partisan" feature. In 1898 the republicans held a mass meeting, at which such prominent partisans as C. M. Simpson, J. A. Buchanan, H. J. Vail, "Billy" Arthur, Ed Lockett and Judge Weed took the partisan attitude, while "Father" Crawford, Dr. Eli Fay and others the opposing side. A republican ticket was named, and also a "non-partisan" one was selected—a petition containing 600 names requesting it. At the ensuing election Ed Lockett, George Patten, H. M. Dobbins, C. C. Reynolds and T. C. Hoag were elected, all of them being active republicans and favoring partisan politics, excepting Hoag, who, though a republican, was in favor of non-partisanship, locally. A coincidence of names was given as the cause of Hoag's election, another, T. L. Hoag, an old time resident, being confused by many with the real candidate. Hoag was elected over Dr. Sumner T. Greene by only three votes! This, however, was the opening wedge for non-partisanship, and by tacit consent

no great efforts were made after that to introduce "party politics" in city elections, although some irreconcilables for a long time held stanchly to their convictions.

I well remember, on one occasion, prior to a Democratic County Convention, "Bob" Furlong was seen sitting patiently and dignifiedly on an empty soap box on Williams' store porch. In front of him was a cigar box with perforated lid. Someone passing by inquired the reason of this lonesome state. "Why," said the genial "Bob," "I am holding an election for delegates to the Democratic Convention!" It was true even if it was funny. Furlong, Bayard T. Smith and A. O. Bristol were the candidates, and each received just six votes! Which was the entire vote cast. Of course there were more than six Democrats in Pasadena—even in 1888—but it was midsummer, and the other six were away! The first real political contest in Pasadena was the presidential election of 1876—Hayes and Tilden. Hayes received sixty votes and Tilden just five. Two of those five voters yet cast their votes in Pasadena for the same old party. In 1879 P. G. Wooster received a chest decoration from the county sheriff, being duly appointed a deputy sheriff, with a tin star to wear on his manly bosom! I haven't heard that Wooster ever arrested anyone, but I am sure he could catch him, even yet, if it became a sprinting contest.

The first election for state officials in Pasadena occurred in 1879, at which time P. M. Green was elected a member of the State Assembly. But Green was satisfied with one term in Sacramento, and J. F. Crank succeeded him at the next election for that office—in 1881. The first political club organized in Pasadena was in 1884, with Col. J. Banbury as its president and Ben E. Ward, secretary. It included every Republican in the Colony. In 1884 a candidate for Congress was to be elected. Pasadena was then in the Sixth District (now the Ninth) which at that time, embraced six counties, from, and including, Santa Cruz down to Los Angeles. A campaign over these six counties was an exacting and wearying affair, and left the candidate in no sweet tempered condition if he was beaten. Up to the year 1884 the District had always sent a Democratic Representative to Washington, but the time had come when the Republicans believed it was opportune to elect a Republican; therefore they began to cast about for the proper man. E. F. Spence, a Los Angeles

banker was announced, as was also W. A. Cheney (later elected superior judge). George H. Bonebrake, another Los Angeles banker, was also an aspirant.

Col. H. H. Boyce, who later was co-owner—for a time—with Col. H. G. Otis in the *Times*, had longings in the same direction. Boyce was a smart and astute politician and a formidable candidate, but had not a large following. Boyce discovered that he could not land the nomination with either of the other candidates in the field and looked about for a "dark horse." The dark horse was discovered in the person of H. H. Markham of Pasadena, living quietly on his ranch, and up to that time, perhaps not dreaming of political preferment. Markham was induced to become a candidate and his candidacy found much favor, especially in Pasadena—with the exception of Dr. O. H. Conger. Conger made the air warm with his opposition, but it apparently did not cut an important figure in the result, for Markham was given endorsement at a convention held in Los Angeles, July 23rd, 1884. H. W. Magee placed Markham in nomination with a stirring speech wherein the Colonel grew in military fame. His opponent was Hon. R. F. Del Valle of Los Angeles, an accomplished representative of an old Spanish family, and popular personally. At the County Convention September 24th of that year Judge Magee was nominated for the Assembly and Ben E. Ward for county recorder. Thus Pasadena had three candidates for important offices in that campaign. For local offices T. P. Lukens was a candidate for Justice of the Peace, as was also Otheman Stevens of San Gabriel.* Abbott Kinney of Kinneloa (now the Doge of Venice) was Magee's opponent, and a Democrat of superior quality. T. K. Buffkin was nominated against Lukens by the Prohibitionists. Harry Price and George Little also were candidates for constable. The excitement of the campaign



JAMES McLACHLAN
Representative in Congress for 12 Years

* Pasadena voted in San Gabriel Township at that time, and Stevens was the candidate for the township of San Gabriel, though also voted for in Pasadena.

was Dr. O. H. Conger's bitter opposition to Markham, and the discovery, a week before the election, that Magee was ineligible, because he lacked a few weeks of having resided the required three years in the state. Much lamentation by Magee's supporters, and disgust by Magee—because he hadn't started west soon enough! A hasty meeting of the county committee remedied the situation by filling Magee's place with Colonel Banbury. Banbury sailed into the office without an effort, after Magee and Kinney had been lambasting each other for weeks! It was a good Republican year, and Markham won by a majority of a few hundred. All local Republican candidates won but Ben Ward, Ben losing by a close vote (twenty-four I believe). It was the presidential year, and it was the Blaine year. Blaine was a popular candidate in Pasadena as shown by the vote cast at that election. The total vote in Pasadena was 365, of which Blaine received 270 and Cleveland only 59. Markham received 298 and his opponent 49.

In that year the first Prohibition political club was organized in Pasadena, with Stephen Townsend, president, and Lyman Allen, secretary. The Democrats, though small in numbers, organized also. I believe that L. C. Winston was chief Democratic hustler at that time. Referring again to Colonel Boyce, it was at this time that he became associated with Harrison Gray Otis in the *Times*—the Republican political organ. Anyone who knew Boyce and Otis may easily guess what could happen when two such doughty warriors, each with a military personality, got together in close communion. The partnership did not last long, and they parted avowed enemies. Boyce started the *Tribune*, which became the *bête noir* of Otis as long as it was controlled by Boyce, and for years thereafter, for the odor of his sanctimony still clung to it—in the mind of the gallant Colonel of the *Times*.

With the *Tribune* Boyce had a handy weapon of his own, and the editorial guns on both sides belched every morning, much to the joy of partisans on either side. The Arizona Kicker was outdistanced. The *Tribune* lost money and Boyce lost the *Tribune*; soon afterwards disappearing from the Los Angeles field of operations. Afterward, he was heard of in a political scandal in Ohio, and skipped from that bailiwick. He was killed by an automobile while crossing Broadway, New York, about the year 1910.

Charles A. Gardner succeeded Lukens as justice of the

peace in 1885, upon Luken's resignation. Gardner was in 1886 appointed police judge by the new board of trustees—being the first appointment of that body. Pasadena having incorporated as a city by the year 1886, was thereafter independent of its provincial political affiliations. Markham declining to again become a candidate for Congress, Pasadena had no candidates for any office that year, excepting for local positions which kept the politicians busy enough. In 1888 it was different. That was again a national election year, with Benjamin Harrison as the nominee of the Republican party against Grover Cleveland, who was then wearing the prestige of success by his election over Blaine in 1884. Colonel Banbury having received his "baptism of fire" politically, when he was a candidate for the Assembly, was now inclined to higher honors, and became, in 1888, a candidate for county treasurer, a position that had practically been controlled by the Hellman Bank of Los Angeles, then a powerful factor in politics there and also having had for years all the county moneys on deposit. It proposed to defend its own interests. Banbury was backed up by the First National and the Los Angeles National Banks, (of Los Angeles), which had a long-ling for at least part of these funds. So it was something of a bankers' contest. Banbury won by a good majority. The Democrats were strong enough, or at least important enough, to their party leaders to demand recognition in Pasadena in 1888. Such leading men as W. U. Masters; R. M. Furlong; Bayard T. Smith; H. W. Hines and Wotkyns Brothers, "made a noise" that sounded like a threat, if their home town was overlooked and a place on the county ticket was conceded them. The one chosen for the honor was George Herrmann, who was named as county recorder. Now be it known, that George was as dapper a gentleman as ever walked down Colorado Street on a sunny day, sartorially perfect and fair and smiling as a pleased canine any time one would meet him. Nevertheless, he was game, for it was a pretty sure thing that he would meet defeat, for a Democrat had little chance of election, even with Grover Cleveland heading the National ticket. George was not discouraged but began an active canvass. To get the rural vote was the problem. He had heard that the farmer was shy of the "city folk" askance upon fine clothes—this—
 automobile era

open collar, secured a straw hat of ancient vintage which he adorned with a few wisps of straw. His "sparklers" he carefully laid away and with a last defiant twist of his fine mustache sallied forth to get the votes he needed—a fine spectacle of a farmer's boy. Alas, poor George! He was beaten scandalously. The Harrison Club, an organization of 200 members was a noisy factor in that campaign in Pasadena. With long linen ulsters and "Grandpa Ben" hats, it was a picturesque crowd of active partisans. "Jim" McLachlan was president of this bunch, while Captain Simpson was Captain of the Harrison Cadets, a marching club which also added zest to the campaign. Oh that I could once more brew such enthusiasm and "pep," over candidates and campaigns, as then gripped us all! Once the Oro Fino Club of Los Angeles, just as noisy (or more so), just as energetic and just as ardent Republicans, came over to visit the Harrison Club and Morgan's Hall was the scene of an enthusiastic, even noisy, gathering. Many old fashioned political talks were indulged in. The Tippecanoe Club, composed of old men who had voted for the older Harrison in 1840 (Tippecanoe and Tyler, too!), were given places of honor on all occasions. An event of that campaign was a final rally (in the Tabernacle, I believe when one "Uncle Billy" Williams, an old fashioned, eloquent stump speaker from Indiana, gave one of his forceful addresses for which he had gained renown. Eliza A. Otis, wife of Colonel Otis of Los Angeles, recited an appropriate poem on that occasion also. The whole affair wound up with a street parade never before equalled in Pasadena. Hiram Staats, Will Glass and Harry Macomber composed a fife trio, while Park Michener led the "village band." Fireworks were burned in profusion on that occasion. It was the custom those days.

John S. Mills made loud noises when the boys marched, and was very patriotic indeed. It was during the Blaine campaign that Whit Elliott and Billy Clapp organized an equestrian club of about thirty members, which, now and then proceeded to Los Angeles and joined in the political outbursts there. As I recall these forays I almost yet feel the pangs of unusual exercise that lingered for days after these occasions! Leading politicians of the Republican faith were Harry Rose, Billy Arthur, John McDonald, "Mart" Weight, "Jim" Rossiter, Charley and Billy Swan, John S. Cox and

others just as classy, but too numerous to be here mentioned. Among the few Democrats I have mentioned Masters, Furlong and Bristol. I must add another, C. F. Harris, who was a good talker, to this group. But it was about 1890 that Joe Simons broke in and began to pose as a "war horse"; which means a man who looks wise, talks mysteriously, and hangs on persistently to his party—right or wrong, win or lose. All of these things Joe did, and won fame at it. It only needed a success, such as came with Cleveland's election in 1884, and again in 1892, to perk up the spirits of the faithful Jeffersonian disciples. Joe's brother Walter was of later vintage, but became a shining light, too.

It was in the year 1890 that James McLachlan first came into notice in California politics. "Jim," as everyone called him, won his spurs by becoming a candidate for district attorney and winning the race with a great majority, distancing all others on the county ticket. McLachlan was an attorney and partner of Alexander Metcalfe, and being a ready and impressive platform speaker, gained recognition in his first convention. When Jim pulled the "tremolo" stop in a speech, the front seats wept and pulled their handkerchiefs. His opponent at this time, Major Donnell, being a G. A. R. man was supposed to have a walk-over, but McLachlan's speech when he was presented to the convention won him the nomination.

THE SOUTH GETS A GOVERNOR AND PASADENA IS HONORED

The state had been making the pretense of recognizing the northern and the southern ends alternately, in choosing its gubernatorial timber. Thus, in 1889, when nominations for state officers were pending, the south looked for recognition, and claimed the right to the selection of its executive head. Stoneman was then governor and a Democrat. General Stoneman had been living the quiet life of a retired army officer on his ranch at San Gabriel for many years, when the Democrats, believing his distinguished services in the Civil War would be a good card, nominated him and proved their guess by electing him. The army had the call in politics then. Markham refused a renomination to Congress, which he could easily have had in 1886. He was a potential candidate for governor, when, in 1889, politicians in the South began to look about for the proper timber. Markham seemed to be the

right person, and, though he had not specifically announced himself, his close friends knew that he was not making any strenuous refusals. A County Convention in Los Angeles first endorsed him, and he went to the State Convention at Sacramento with nearly a "solid south" behind him. Dan Burns was the Republican state "boss" then, or at least that convention raised him to this shining pinnacle; for, being a master of political strategy he so marshaled his delegations there as to secure the nomination of Markham over General Chipman and Judge Morrow, though at one time Morrow had an actual majority of votes! Of course Burns was an important factor in state politics afterwards, and became a dominating figure, though he later failed to reach his much desired political goal—a seat in the U. S. Senate. Markham was elected by about 8000 majority and took his official seat January 1st, 1890. As governor, Markham did not forget his political friends when he began to make appointments. One of the earliest and most important was that of Judge Magee as a member of the State Bank Commission. Professor C. F. Holder was selected as Trustee of the State Normal School, which position he filled for two years. Upon his resignation, T. P. Lukens was appointed to succeed him. Professor E. T. Pierce was made head of the Chico State Normal School and J. W. Wood given a position as member of the State Board of Pharmacy. W. H. Wiley was appointed State Agricultural Park Commissioner and Professor T. C. S. Lowe, Yosemite Park Commissioner. Waldo M. York was selected to fill a vacancy, caused by death, upon the Superior Court bench of Los Angeles County. Besides these important appointments from Pasadena, several clerical positions were found for deserving young Republicans who had "fought in the faith," which means, had rustled votes, and otherwise made campaign noises. Among these were "Billy" Swan who went into the controller's office, and Charles Prince, who became a Capitol attache. Thus was virtue rewarded and the loaves handed to the faithful!

Another quasi movement to eliminate party politics in local elections was attempted in 1890. Strangely enough, the movers in this had been heretofore classed with the extreme partisans, and to the onlooker it was suspicious. Doubtless some of these men, like C. M. Simpson, James Clarke and Tom Banbury, were sincere, but they were hoodwinked by the

astute Willis U. Masters, who being a rock-ribbed Democrat, despaired of success for any of his party under the official label. So the Machiavellian Masters, together with a few other Democrats, and with his good Republican friend Arthur Conger to aid, endeavored to succeed under a different guise. "More liberality," was the undercurrent of argument applied. So a convention was called, and met March 26th, 1890, of which Masters was chairman, and proceeded to select a ticket for city officers. For trustees it named C. M. Simpson; A. K. McQuilling; Thomas Banbury and James Clarke; also T. P. Lukens "at large," Webster Wotkins was named for City clerk, S. Washburn for city treasurer, and Captain Wakeley for city marshal. It was a good ticket, and all Republicans but one. The opposition put up, as trustees: A. F. M. Strong, Elisha Millard, B. F. Ball, C. M. Parker and Delos Arnold—all radical anti-saloon, in sentiment. For city marshal, D. R. McLean; for city clerk, James Cambell, and for treasurer, W. T. Vore. This was called the "Peoples" Ticket. The result of this election, which took place April 14th, 1890, was a victory for the entire "Citizens" ticket nominees for council, but the election of the "Peoples" candidates for the other offices. The contest for treasurer resolved that issue into a friendly rivalry between the First National and the San Gabriel Valley banks, for securing the city money on deposit. Vore was the candidate of the former and Washburn of the latter. Washburn was defeated by the narrow margin of sixteen votes in a total vote of 1123.

It was in 1890 that H. H. Rose—"Harry" by his friends—was appointed to the position of city recorder, yecept "Judge" of the police court, in place of P. A. Van Doren. Rose had been an active politician and a brainy one. This was his first "offense" as an office holder. He remained at this post until his term expired April 10th, 1894, and was succeeded by J. G. ("Jim") Rossiter. Rossiter was called "Jim Blaine" Rossiter, because of his ebullient enthusiasm over the Maine statesman during the "Blaine year." Rose afterward became police judge in Los Angeles and then mayor of that city.

It may be said that the "no politics" slogan cut less figure in this campaign than did the liquor question; in fact, the liquor issue became entirely paramount, as the campaign progressed. In that year also, A. G. Throop, C. W. Buchanan

and J. W. Wood were elected school trustees. In this year, too, W. S. Wright was a candidate for the Superior bench, and McLachlan, again, for district attorney; C. M. Simpson for county clerk and Col. Banbury for county treasurer. There was a local contest for delegates to the Republican County Convention, on the ground that so many candidates from Pasadena would militate against any one of them receiving a nomination. Simpson withdrew from the race, but no compromise being effected between the others, the issue was carried to the caucuses which resulted in an agreement between the Wright and McLachlan forces, and they went into convention, pledged to both candidates. Wright received a handsome vote but failed of a nomination, whereas both Banbury and McLachlan were given places on the ticket. No Pasadena Democrats were honored by nominations that year. Local candidates for 1892 were John S. Cox and O. F. Weed, who were elected to the city council. Heman Dyer was elected city clerk, without opposition, and John Buchanan, city marshal. W. U. Masters was elected city treasurer over W. T. Vore by a majority of 29 in a vote of 611, and was the first Democrat elected to any office in Pasadena since Henry G. Bennett was elected school trustee in 1875.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-two being a National campaign year, there was the usual stir consequent upon this fact. But the Republican party of California, as elsewhere, was in a distressed condition owing to the unpopularity of the Harrison administration. His nomination came as a damper upon the Republicans. When the news of it arrived in Pasadena, there was not enough animation or joy to get up the usual ratification, until H. E. Lawrence, editor of a little weekly paper, got out his good American flag, and imbibing a little "wet goods" to cheer himself up, paraded the town with the flag held high. The old political veterans soon grew ashamed of their apathy and called a meeting in the Haymarket, where speeches were made by Ed. Lockett, J. A. Buchanan and others, which in a measure roused flagging interest. In this campaign C. M. Simpson, long time prominent in politics, a veteran and officer of the Civil War, became a candidate for the Assembly. At the same time "Billy" Arthur, a live young attorney who was earning his spurs in law, and in politics as well, thought the time was about ripe for a plunge in the same direction. Each of these candidates had a host of followers

and there was a hot fight at the primaries for delegates. Simpson won, and was afterwards placed in nomination by Arthur, who, in making the nomination speech, generously referred to his late opponent by saying, "I am going to nominate the winner; I know he will be a winner because he beat me at the primaries." Such was "Billy's" way. He was a good loser. A "Harrison Club" was again launched, with J. A. Buchanan, president; and earnest efforts made to fortify the spirits of the G. O. P. in local political circles. It was pretty slow business, but Pasadena did its share faithfully.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1894-96; JAMES MCLACHLAN IS ELECTED TO CONGRESS.
THE BRYAN FREE SILVER FOLLY AND ITS INFLUENCE UPON CALIFORNIA POLITICS. THE AMERICUS CLUB.

James McLachlan had acquired additional popularity during his term as district attorney, and prominence as a political speaker. It was a logical result that he was nominated for Congress in the year 1894. Pitted against him was George S. Patton of San Gabriel, just then becoming known politically. Patton proved himself a capable man on the hustings, and a keen opponent of "Mac." The Prohibitionists had named one Bowman "to fill in," but McLachlan won easily. He again became a candidate in 1896. Charles A. Barlow, populist, was in the field, the populists then being in some force. Henry Patten—not related to George—was the Democratic nominee. It was plain that McLachlan was a certain winner in a triangular contest. In order to beat him Patten and Barlow drew straws to determine which of them should step aside for the other. Barlow won, obtained the endorsement of the Democratic party, and was elected by the slim majority of 145 votes in the entire six counties! This was the "free silver" bunk year, with William J. Bryan to the fore. Barlow was also a free silverite and other things, hence in favor with the many "free silver Republicans," who swarmed, in that eventful campaign. The Republican Congress Convention had, with short-sighted folly, inserted a free silver plank in its platform, and McLachlan came home from it, practically pledged to this fallacy; for the West generally, at that period, was strongly inclined in favor of free silver. It was a stunning blow, therefore, to these Republicans, when the National Republican Convention, in August following, declared unequivocally for a gold standard. There was much side-

stepping, but 4000 Republicans of Los Angeles County deserted the G. O. P. and supported William J. Bryan, defeating also the Republican candidate for Congress.

Going back again to 1894: That year John S. Cox was again elected councilman, and with him H. M. Hamilton, T. P. Lukens and Sherman Washburn. Cox was made presiding officer of that body and was, in effect, "Mayor." Heman Dyer again trotted along and won an uncontested election for City Clerk, and H. C. Hotaling won the City Treasurership over P. G. Wooster, who was the candidate of the Prohibitionists, and made a good showing against a most popular competitor. Thomas J. Fleming, who was, finishing his first term of two years as County Treasurer, was again nominated and elected. "Tom" was a "Pasadena boy," having resided for several years in the Crown City. Captain Simpson was elected State Senator in 1894, thus graduating from the more humble office of assemblyman. Waldo M. York was this year elected Superior Judge.

The campaign of 1896 was the great McKinley campaign—McKinley vs. Bryan, and was notable in the West, where at its beginning Bryan was the popular favorite because of his free silver sentiments, or 16 to 1 propaganda. Had the election occurred within 30 days after the nomination, Bryan would have swept the West, including California. One of the most convincing stump speakers ever produced by the state developed in this campaign. He was Duncan McKinlay of Santa Rosa, a house painter by occupation, but who woke up to the fact that he had forensic abilities. He campaigned throughout the state, making practical, plain and convincing arguments against the free silver doctrine, and recalling thousands of wavering and deserting Republicans back to the ranks. He addressed an audience of 2000 in the Pasadena Wigwam, a tent auditorium erected where the City Hall now stands. Many rousing meetings of both leading parties assembled in that canvas auditorium. It was in the first McKinley campaign that Lee Fairchild also blossomed mightily as a spellbinder and became very popular, because of the convincing illustrations he used in his speeches, and also because of the large store of amusing stories he told—the orator's strong resource. Lee was a guileless child of nature, who grew up somewhere in the wilds of Oregon, and descended upon the political firmament with great success

and approval. Without possessing half the solidity of argument that McKinlay did, he drew large crowds and passed for an orator. After the California campaign he continued his activities in New York, where he died a few years ago. Duncan McKinlay died after serving two terms in Congress, in 1914.

THE AMERICUS CLUB—A ROMAN LEGION

The most effective and most spectacular political marching club that ever walked the goose step in the West, was the renowned *Americus Club* of Pasadena. It is my most confident belief that this club saved the state for the Republican party in 1896. It did this by reason of the quality of its membership, and because, through its activities, it awoke the then very apathetic Republican voters to their party duty, and replaced indifference or wavering fealty with a spirited renewal of enthusiasm, at a time when the political skies were very gloomy. The vote was so close in California that it went Republican by about 2000 votes only. Quoting from contemporary newspaper reports, and also from vivid memories, I am only doing justice to the Americus Club when I name it as the Roman Legion of politics. Many of the gallant three hundred who composed that legion still reside in this community, and it is but giving them their just dues, when I exclaim with pride at these recollections. Quoting from *The News* of that time, I will recount some history of this organization which is worth preserving.

On a summer day of 1896—says the article—Dr. W. C. Smith dropped into Wood's drug store, and in course of a conversation casually said that Pasadena "should organize a marching club for the campaign." The idea was well received by his hearer and names considered then and there of those who might be interested in the idea. It was agreed that a meeting should be called for the purpose, and such men as Newton S. Bangham (a National Guardman), H. I. Stuart, Edwin Stearns, H. M. Dobbins, Will E. Chapin, and a few more, were invited to be present. The response was eager and enthusiastic. The preliminary meeting resulted in others, and it was apparent that a good club of 50 members, perhaps as many as 100, could be prevailed upon to engage themselves for the campaign. The first officers were selected as follows: President, Edwin Stearns; First Vice-President, W. C. Smith; Theodore A. Simpson, Second Vice-President;

Herbert C. Holt, Secretary, and E. J. Pyle, Treasurer. Newton S. Bangham was chosen as Captain—a wise choice as was soon discovered. It was not supposed then that more than a single company could be mustered. The popularity of the club was so great, however, that more than 300 members were enrolled, and also about fifty associates, or “contributing” members. Three companies were formed from these members and officered as military organizations.

A battalion was eventually formed of these three companies, and Newton S. Bangham made major and its commander with the following staff: H. M. Dobbins, Adjutant; J. W. Wood, Surgeon, with rank of captain; John McDonald, Quartermaster; Edwin Stearns, Commissary Sergeant; W. E. Chapin, Ordnance Officer; J. G. Rossiter, Judge Advocate; G. A. Gibbs, Aide.

Then there was a non-commissioned staff composed of H. I. Stuart, A. L. Manahan, Heman Dyer, J. A. Stafford, W. C. Smith, Arturo Bandini, Calvin S. Hartwell, John M. York, George H. Frost, S. F. Bangham and H. M. Stone.

Every one of these had assigned to him his several duties in accordance with strict military usage; for the battalion's affairs were handled with military discipline. P. A. Collins was chosen as captain of Company A; C. W. Bell of Company B, and Henry Ramel of Company C. A natty uniform of white duck, trimmed with yellow stripes and gold buttons, and leggins of yellow, made an effective appearance. Each private and non-commissioned officer carried a silk flag, about 12x18 inches in size, upon a pole tipped with a gilded spear head. The staff and commissioned officers carried regulation swords. “Cal.” Hartwell headed the battalion as flag carrier, and his stalwart form loomed up when the boys paraded, like a grenadier of Napoleon's Guard. The club was drilled assiduously until almost perfect in its manoeuvres. Fancy drills and flag exercises were a striking feature of these movements. When these 200 to 300 fine looking, well drilled young men marched, the effect was imposing and attracted wide attention. Demands from various Southern California cities came for the club, which were acceded to, and thus it made many trips during the period of its activity. This club continued in active existence during three presidential campaigns, a period of about ten years.

Horace M. Dobbins succeeded Stearns as president in the second campaign, and James Cambell succeeded Bangham, when the latter was appointed Assistant Adjutant General of the state, in 1898, and in consequence removed to Sacramento where he died, in office, in 1912. Henry Ramel succeeded Cambell as major, and was such at the battalion's last exercises. One of the features of the club was the "staff," which always endeavored to look fierce and imposing, but sometimes failed, because some of them had long legs while others had short ones, thus marring, somewhat, the martial effect! Nevertheless, the Americus Club will live long in the memories of both rank and file who contributed their little part in its activities. In many attics or dark closets, may yet be found the discarded uniforms, furled flags, or other paraphernalia, dusty and retired reminders of this once famous marching club.

In sight, as I write, there hangs a rusted sword, which, upon numerous occasions, did foul execution upon the shins of its wearer, and of sundry companions in arms upon many a weary march. Happily, despite the uninvited intimacy, no sanguinary battles were engaged in, even if the occasion gave excuse for it. Brothers in arms, once again, I salute thee—A-M-E-R-I-C-U-S!

I cannot refrain from mention in connection with these events the importance of one attache—distinguished by his fidelity, his martial bearing, and his faithful attendance. I refer to the mascot of the organization, Will E. Chapin's Irish setter dog, Misery. Misery was duly invested with the battalion's colors, the regulation white and gold, and trotted along with the renowned staff upon every march, much to the delight of the battalion, and filled with exuberant pride! The club maintained headquarters and laid away its paraphernalia at the conclusion of each campaign, to duly reclaim them and rejuvenate them at the next one. After the second McKinley campaign its numbers decreased and interest dwindled. Efforts were renewed from time to time to revivify the club, but with little success. Members scattered and, in time, but memories remained of the once gallant corps and its oft hilarious charges upon inviting doughnut and pie counter. These and happy recollections of many a hard fought campaign and parade are all that now remain of the illustrious Americus Club.

TROOP D—COLORED

During the McKinley campaign the colored boys entered into the spirit of it heartily, for, at that time, they were all good Republicans. They organized a marching body of about fifty and equipped themselves with handsome uniforms. They were well drilled and presented a good soldierly appearance in parade. Their captain was Tom Johnson, and lieutenant, James Ridley. As a fact, the colored voter of Pasadena is by large majority Republican in politics and practices.

STILL MORE POLITICS

In the year 1898 Heman Dyer, though a Republican, was adopted by the "non-partisans," as they called themselves, though really ardently partisans on the yet rampant liquor question—and some other things. Heman wasn't looking for a godfather but did not care, so long as he wasn't compelled to eat crow. The Republicans being cheated of their own, brought out the popular Newton Bangham of Americus Club fame, and ran him against Dyer. It was a spirited contest, with Dyer's experience plus his popularity in his favor, and he won by just thirty-five majority in a vote of 1783. The local "Citizens' Party" was organized by B. W. Hahn, J. H. Merriam, A. A. Chubb and Fred C. Wheeler. A ticket was presented for Council, but was not successful. Calvin Hartwell, George S. Patten and George H. Coffin were the "regular" candidates for Council. George H. Coffin was defeated by H. G. Reynolds—the only successful candidate on the opposition ticket for Council. John McDonald was elected City Treasurer, and W. S. Lacey was elected to the office of City Marshal over John R. Slater. Both Coffin and Slater contested this election before Judge Shaw but failed in their contest. Lacey was declared elected by thirteen votes and Reynolds by sixteen. It was in 1898 that C. W. Bell made his first campaign. He, in that year, became a candidate for County Clerk against the incumbent, Thomas F. Newlin. Bell had been clerk of the county board of supervisors for several years, a position under Newlin, but resigned to make the contest. He was elected, after a spirited campaign, in which thousands of tiny bells played their tinkling part. There had been some protest against "bosses" which Bell took advantage of. John S. Cox and



THE AMERICUS CLUB—May, 1900
Receiving President McKinley at Los Angeles

George Downing were local candidates for a county office at this time—Cox for Recorder, and Downing for Sheriff. Both were eliminated before the convention met, at a preliminary caucus of the Pasadena delegates; they agreeing that but one candidate from Pasadena would be able to attain a place on the ticket, and upon a test vote Bell received the majority endorsement. The result was the occasion of much animosity between the Cox and Downing supporters and the Bell leaders, as the former claimed much outside strength which they hoped would prevail successfully, in convention. But that was the day when the unit rule prevailed in delegations, to a large extent.

The Waters Congress campaign, in 1898, was one of ease and comfort, of "Business man's talks" by the candidate, with the whole machinery of his party behind him. Even McLachlan, euchered out of a legitimate succession, joined the procession, and helped by his campaign addresses to elect his recent opponent. The Americus Club escorted Waters about, at times, and helped swell the chorus, for Waters was, personally, a popular gentleman.

"Billy" Arthur, who had seceded from the McLachlan camp, was made manager of Waters' campaign and managed to make it an expensive one. Arthur died November 20th, 1898, just after the election of his candidate.

This was the gubernatorial year, too, with the popular Henry T. Gage as the Republican candidate. Gage was the South's "Favorite Son" and as such he created much enthusiasm. Walter T. Melick, who had a little paper in the jackrabbit belt—Antelope Valley—had been elected to the Assembly from that end of the bailiwick and now seeking wider fields, came into Pasadena and purchased an interest in *The News*. Walter was not yet much known to the fame that was to be his. Big and awkward, neither the glass of fashion nor the perfection of form, yet he was of the true stuff that compelled friends to grow fond of him, and better still—to believe in him. H. H. Rose was a candidate against him in his campaign for a second nomination, as was also H. G. Weyse of Santa Monica, but Melick, with the able assistance of Rev. L. P. Crawford, won out.

It may here be said that Melick attained a high place during his second term in the opinion of his associates and strengthened himself in the hearts of his home friends. His

newspaper was just as frank and plain-spoken as was the man, and made itself an important factor in politics. Melick was appointed a member of the State Board of Examiners by Governor Pardee and died during his term, October 8th, 1904, just on the threshold of a high political career. Gage won and Pasadena was remembered by the appointment of Newton Bangham as Assistant Adjutant General and James Clarke member of the Board of Trustees at Whittier State School, a position he honored for fourteen years.

Captain Simpson, as a candidate for State Senator, had as his opponent this year one J. Noonan Phillips, a large and ponderous politician of the dead past. Phillips was a "silver Republican," with a Democratic nomination to travel on. But the ides of November removed him permanently from the political arena in Pasadena. Altogether, the year 1898 was full of political action—state, county and local. Offices to be filled brought out a full line of candidates who kept their friends busy erecting nice little fences for them.

In the local field there was a contest for township justice. Henry H. Klamroth, J. H. Merriam and John G. Rossiter were aspirants, each with sufficient backing to give him hope. Rossiter was earning his political spurs. Emerging from Metcalfe and McLachlan's law office, he took to politics like a gosling to the aqueous element. He would have won this nomination had it not been for the Lamanda Park delegation under guidance of Harley Newell, which cast its vote for Klamroth, who later was elected and filled the office continuously until his death. General Lionel Sheldon, who had distinguished himself in the army during the civil war and in politics afterward, had been an ardent Republican, but was one of those Republicans who was lured into the free silver ranks. He had been rather overlooked in California by his own party, and took up with his new friends avidly.

One of the spectacular occurrences of the county convention that year was the passage of a resolution demanding a reduction in salaries of department heads of county offices—in the line of economy. "Father" Crawford of Pasadena was a notable member of the convention, his towering frame, striking figure and facial resemblance gaining him the appellation of "Bismarck." Crawford headed the Pasadena delegation and was insistent upon the salary resolution, which passed with a whoop. It is historically correct,

however, that after the election was over, and every safe candidate had passed the rubicon, a purse was made up by the newly elected ones—who had so recently pledged themselves favorably to this resolution—to send lobbying delegates to the capital to use their efforts to prevent this very happening—and in a measure succeeded!

That year Morris M. Estee was the Republican candidate for Governor against "Jim" Budd. On the occasion of a political "blow out," at which Estee was to deliver an address, every preparation was made for a rousing time. Estee was coming down from San Francisco per Southern Pacific. Word was received in Pasadena about noon, that an accident had happened to the train on the other side of the Mojave desert which would prevent Estee's arrival. Martin H. Weight was president of the local Republican club and in despair called together his lieutenants for conference. James Clarke, and another, solved the difficulty by going into Los Angeles and hiring a special engine and one passenger car, in which they, together with two or three from Los Angeles, sped at a record speed to succor the gubernatorial candidate. That ride down the Soledad Canyon was one of thrills long to be remembered, but it got the candidate into Pasadena in time for a hasty dinner, a shoe shine, and a fine address. But Estee was never lucky in politics, and lost this election, the Prohibitionists making an assault on him at the eleventh hour, just because he lived in the "wine belt" (his home was in Napa) and owned a vineyard! It was in 1894 that the A. P. A.'s became, for a short time, political factors in California, and endeavored to mingle politics and religion, but this society did not last very long. A year or two later some candidates were making strenuous endeavors to disavow their connection with it.

The campaign of 1896 developed some new oratorical figures who filled the horizon, large and potent for the next four years. One of these was Frank Davis, the especial pet of the Americus Club. Davis was an orator of fine abilities and of good stage presence, who delivered a convincing speech, always. Will A. Harris was another orator but of a different type. Being from Kentucky, he had the usual southern florid style of speech, and having at one time been a Democrat, was now—in his reform days—the more ardent exhorter. "Tom" Fitch, the "silver-tongued orator," was,

in his halcyon days, probably the most famous orator that the coast has produced since Colonel E. D. Baker, who perished in the Civil War. I remember him in one convention making the nominating speech in behalf of a candidate who was shy of an arm. Fitch pictured the occasion when the missing member was lost, depicting the candidate leading a bloody charge of his troops to a glorious victory—at the cost of that precious arm! No one could resist either Fitch's oratory or the emotions that such bravery induced. The candidate was nominated with scarce an opposing vote, and elected. Then it was discovered that he never was in the army at all! Tom had "put over" a good forensic trick, that was all. Both Davis and Harris have paid their debt to nature, but Fitch yet lives in Los Angeles, contributing interesting sketches to *The Times*, occasionally; a picturesque figure and the last link with a past generation of orators whose like we now seldom hear.

Speaking of orators, I must not overlook some local Demostheneses who bloomed and flourished when the call was imperative—or seemed to be. McLachlan has been mentioned in his place. There was J. A. Buchanan, a veteran of the Mexican War, an orator by nature, whose effectiveness lay in his earnest and logical argument and the fine dignity of his manner. I have always believed that Buchanan would have ranked high as a speaker had his early day training been directed into this channel. He was one of that little band which met in 1856 in Indiana and laid the foundation of the great Republican party in that state. Then there was Ed Locket of the little Douglass class—small but tumultuous! Coming from Texas where he thrived when Republicans were not allowed loose without a body guard, he knew how to "get the hand" at any time he stood upon a platform. His was the old-fashioned rip and zip style, which sounded well in the open. "Jim" Rossiter was another Cicero of language who was something of a spell-binder when he got unlimbered. Magee, C. M. Simpson, Judge Gibbs and Billy Arthur were also often heard with admiration and pleasure. The Democrats seemed to be short of oratorical big guns, and generally imported their forensic talent from outside towns, when required. Of course, there was Joe Simons!

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S VISIT

A BANQUET AND ITS DISASTERS—WHAT CAME OF MINGLING CHAMPAGNE AND COLORED GENTLEMEN. PASADENA ENTERTAINS THE HEAD OF THE NATION. HOW IT WAS DONE.

When Benjamin Harrison, then the President of the United States, came to Pasadena April 23d, 1891, it was quite a distinction for Pasadena. For although President Hayes had once upon a time given Pasadena the honor of his brief presence, this time the President meant to make it a real visit, to stay over night! True to its reputation, Pasadena meant to do itself proud. In the words of the Maitre de Hotel Green, who was given charge of the banquet arrangements—"Don't worry, boys, I'll give 'em something that you'll not forget." He did! The affair was to be exclusive—\$10, and a spike tailed coat being the evidences of affluence and standing that admitted the owners to sit in the presence of His Excellency, with the privilege of gazing upon him as he ate! Of course, it was to be a champagne affair, that being deemed the arbiter elegantarium of an occasion such as this. True, there was gnashing of teeth by those who had not the price or other concomitants of the entrée; and there were vigorous protests from teetotalers who were convinced that bubble water was outré and inappropriate. Nevertheless, the "political push" were ruthless and discourteous enough to say to these, "Out upon you, this is *our* affair!" The fatal day arrived—as say the novelists—and the distinguished guests with it. There was the jolly "Jerry" Rusk, Secretary of Agriculture; there was John Wanamaker, P. M. General, and there was the son of his father, Russell Harrison—"Prince Russell." There was Mrs. McKee, the President's daughter and mother of the immortal Baby McKee, together with some other ladies of less exalted station. Also, there was the Staff and newspaper boys galore. The banquet was held in the Green Hotel (east wing), and 200 guests struggled to look at home while toying with several kinds of table cutlery, heretofore unknown to some of them. Willis U. Masters was the affable and courteous toastmaster. But woe was in the air! The genial and jolly Maitre, somehow, lost control of the situation. The colored gentlemen who had been garnered from Los Angeles to serve as waiters—there was a score or more of them—

got access to the champagne, and about the time when the second course was due, most of them were, as might be said, "hors d'oeuvres" and didn't know the difference between fish and pie! There was confusion in the kitchen trenches, and there were scrimmages in the pantry, and many guests never advanced beyond the fish. As for wine! The colored force confiscated most of it and left a trail of bottles from Pasadena to Los Angeles, as they wended their hilarious way hence. Perhaps, said some, all the better! The wiser ones of the reception committee scented trouble early in the evening and endeavored to straighten out the difficulty. Whether the guests of the evening knew of the trouble was never known. It was this trouble which disturbed the welcoming orator and "mixed his notes," but he managed artfully, notwithstanding. The Prohibitionists made much scandal over the affair, as might be expected. A reception to the general public took place after the banquet, when several thousand people shook the ennuied President's cold and reluctant hand. Next day a parade through the principal streets took place. To add to the gloom of the affair—it was "the morning after" now—one of the densest fogs that ever greeted Pasadena settled down like a pall. A splendid arch of callas spanned Marengo Avenue where the pupils of the public schools, in charge of Superintendent Hamilton, lined that street and acclaimed the President as he passed by.

THE COMING OF ROOSEVELT

Later, another President gave his presence to Pasadena, and for the time loaned his own enthusiastic exuberance to the crowds who greeted him and bade him welcome. It was on May 8th, 1903, that "Teddy" Roosevelt, in the course of a western tour, dropped in and gave a glad hand to our citizens. It was just after Mayor Vedder had been inducted into office, his first opportunity, in fact, to play the gracious host to any distinguished guest. Mayor Vedder and Congressman McLachlan welcomed the Honorable President at the Santa Fé depot and escorted him, accompanied by his secretary, George B. Cortelyou, through the town, together with other guests and some prominent citizens in carriages, to the Wilson School on Marengo Avenue. There the redoubtable Colonel and President, spoke with his usual vim to a large crowd. Afterwards, the procession moved through Colorado

Street to Orange Grove Avenue, where the President called upon the widow of the late President Garfield, who resided there. A short visit was made with this noted lady and a toast drank to her by the President. Then, after driving to Raymond Hill, the party was escorted to the President's private car—which had in the interim been transformed into a bower of beauty with Pasadena's celebrated roses.

This ended a happy occasion for Pasadena. Roosevelt again visited Pasadena, after his return from Africa, in 1913, and delivered an address upon his African experiences in a tent on the Maryland Hotel grounds.

A FORENSIC ENCOUNTER

Old timers will recall with much amusement a debate that took place in Williams Hall, between our own C. C. Brown and one Hopper of Antelope Valley, who I believe was a candidate on the Populist ticket, for something, or thought he was. Friend Hopper was fresh from the sagebrush and looked it, unshaven and unshorn. Who extended the challenge is not known, but the evening was fixed and the hall filled with men anticipating an oratorical carnival. While waiting for the principal event, a preliminary occurred not on the bills. Two mongrel dogs had found access to the hall, and not being pleased with each other's looks, engaged in mortal combat, occasioning much noise and confusion until they were finally dragged out, still in deadly clinch. When peace was restored and J. A. Buchanan, who was presiding officer of the evening, opened the meeting, the debate began. Just what the subject of the debate was, is immaterial, for it was not adhered to; the orators discussing everything that happened to be thought of, from politics and parties to jackrabbits and subterranean waters. Hopper wore a collarless shirt and much worn "galluses" which now and then slipped off. He had much to say about his "wife and gals" and life's sweet dream amidst desert sands. Whenever a "hit" was made by either speaker, the audience yelled in hearty approval, with enthusiastic suggestions to the orator, applauding each whole-heartedly; for they were there for the fun of it. As we all know, Brown is no coward, and Hopper was no quitter. The affair lasted until both men were vocally exhausted, and the meeting adjourned to everybody's satisfaction, including its two principals.

HOW THE PRESS KILLED A GOVERNOR

When Governor Gage at the end of his term of office, 1902, again announced his candidacy, he found opposed to him the three great newspapers of the state. The *Call* and *Chronicle* of San Francisco, and the *Times* of Los Angeles. Gage was mighty independent, and would accept no dictation even from a powerful newspaper; and it was said the proprietors of these papers endeavored to control certain policies and appointments, hence their opposition. At a banquet given by the Young Men's Republican League of Los Angeles, just prior to the meeting of the state convention, the Governor was guest of honor. On his right sat M. H. De Young, proprietor of the *Chronicle*, on his left General Otis of the *Times*. The fires of antagonism between Gage and the newspapers had not yet broken out but were smouldering hot, and ready. The five hundred guests at that banquet who were enthusiastic supporters of Gage listened with delight at the flaying Gage gave those newspapers. Every politician of experience who was present approved of the castigation but, knowing its effects, feared its results. The entente, just at a straining point, was sundered that night and the three newspapers began from that hour to plot the defeat of Gage at the Convention; and they succeeded. At this convention it was that "Bob" Burdette, the much beloved humorist-preacher of Pasadena, made his political debut. He was a contributor of essays to the *Times* and a personal friend of General Otis. He deplored the contest upon Gage and would not personally attack him, but he did support the candidacy of "Tom" Flint of San Benito for the nomination for governor; and in convention made the nominating speech for Flint—not the happiest one, it may be said, that he had made in his career. Neither Flint nor Gage was nominated but George C. Pardee was, as a compromise. Walter S. Melick, then in the Assembly, had a "grouch" against Governor Gage, and, as it happened, was the only member of the Pasadena delegation who had favored Pardee, thereby securing Pardee's strong friendship after his election. It was at this convention that Ralph Skillen, popular and prominent in Pasadena politics, was tempted to "cast his hat in the ring" as a candidate, and it came about this way. "Jim" Kelly, an astute, practical and far-seeing

politician from the North, was engaged in the cabal against Gage. He visited Pasadena and discovered that Ralph was popular and ambitious, and desiring to get control of the delegation here, quietly suggested to Ralph the desirability of becoming a candidate for the office of railroad commissioner. Kelly promised him certain influential backing. Ralph innocently fell for it, not perceiving Kelly's purpose. The result was that Skillen labored industriously in behalf of Tom Flint and secured the majority of delegates for him, which, according to the prevailing "unit rule," in effect controlled the delegation vote. The delegation, as a fact, later "fell down" on Flint, and supported Pardee, through Melick's influence and superior political acumen, for he was the only member of that delegation of babes in the wood, who "knew how"—this with no obnoxious meaning, however. When the head of the ticket was chosen Ralph Skillen was quietly informed that his case had lost out and there was no chance for him. Ralph, dazed and uncomprehending, dropped out and went home cussing the cute politicians. But it was long before he discovered that he had been a mere tool in a crafty politician's hands. Ralph Skillen did not lose his popularity as a man, but as long as he lived looked with shy askance upon politicians who gripped him by the coat lapel and whispered in his ear seductive compliments and alluring promises.

THE VENICE CONVENTION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

It was in 1902 that Benjamin W. Hahn first became a candidate for office. He believed himself fit for the State Senate, and with characteristic energy began a canvass for this nomination. Hahn had always been an extremely active laborer in the political vineyard, campaigning assiduously in behalf of the Republican party and generally getting accredited as a delegate to conventions of that party. Ben succeeded securing the nomination. His competitors at the primaries were Dr. Henry Sherry and Elmer I. Moody; one a popular physician who suddenly developed political ambitions, and the other an attorney then active in politics. Hahn made for himself a good record for attention to the duties of his office while in the Senate, but had, unfortunately, acquired some enemies at home who were not favorable to his renomination. At the convention held in Venice in the sum-

mer of 1906 the "regulars" were largely in control. Walter Parker, who was the conceded leader of that faction—the so-called "boss"—was holding the reins and making combinations. His enemies—and all the losers were—charged that he was but the mouthpiece of the Southern Pacific railroad. Knowing Parker pretty well, I feel called to remark here, that he rose to power because he possessed the faculty of leadership—a rare thing—and the ability to use it fairly, when he achieved it. He had that one quality without which no leader long survives—the ability to make no promise he couldn't keep, and to keep every promise he made. There was no guile in him, and when a foe he was an open one who showed no quarter while the combat waged. As there never was a successful party, or faction, without a "boss," Walter Parker was a successful leader—until the Santa Cruz and Venice conventions created a schism in the Republican ranks, which led to the elimination of the Southern Pacific from political influence, and the political obscuration of Parker. Returning to the Venice Convention and its important results: As was said, the Parker following was in the saddle. It eliminated Judge G. A. Gibbs of Pasadena, who failed of a nomination by a small margin, principally because of the lack of organizing astuteness of his manager. Gibbs had been appointed to the bench to fill a vacancy, and had served out his term with much dignity and credit, and was the logical nominee, therefore entitled to a renomination. But Parker was not for him, and the axe fell. Calvin Hartwell, who had made a good County Recorder for four years, wanted to be continued as such, but it did not suit the "slate," so he was compelled to be content with a nomination for Assessor. For Supervisor, Captain Manning, incumbent, was listed to go, but was saved by the loyalty of the Pasadena delegation, which stood for him solidly against a Pomona candidate. Good management could have saved Gibbs and retained Manning also, but it was not in evidence just then. Hahn received the nomination, despite opposition from his home delegation. The result of the defeat of the "independent" faction at Venice was a change in the political map of Los Angeles County, the forerunner of turbulence and party quarrels, which ever since have divided the Republican party of California into opposing factions. The nomination of Hart-

well was not accepted by the Independents with favor, and that faction put Ben E. Ward, former Pasadenan, into the race against him. Charles W. Bell became the nominee of the same faction against Hahn. Hartwell was beaten by Ward, and Hahn was beaten by Bell. The campaign was waged with much bitterness and strife between the friends of these opponents, especially of Bell, who, himself being a delegate to the convention, was accused of violating the usual convention ethics.

YET MORE POLITICS—THE SANTA CRUZ CONVENTION

THE RAILROAD IN POLITICS—ITS BEGINNING AND ITS ENDING. A CONVENTION WHERE BOSSES WERE ARROGANT AND A GOOD PARTY WHICH SUFFERED THE CONSEQUENCES.

The Santa Cruz Convention, as had none other, accented the hand of the "boss" in politics. Abe Rueff, the Republican political "boss" of San Francisco, cunning, crafty and able, had acquired for himself in his own city a notoriety and power as a "boss," which he mistook for reputation and leadership. Hence, when he came to the Santa Cruz Convention in August, 1906, he with his sixty-three delegates voting as a unit at his behest, believed he could dictate the nomination for governor. With Walter Parker virtually controlling the southern delegation, it was an easy matter to secure the nomination of James N. Gillette of Humboldt County, and representative in Congress, for the head of the ticket. There was no personal objection to Gillette, for he was an able man. The bosses then endeavored to go down the line, naming all other candidates. George C. Pardee—incumbent Governor—expected a renomination, and was naturally disappointed in failing to get it. That made Pardee a "reformer" at once, and he thereafter denounced, in his usual sulphurous way, the very powers that had previously been so useful to himself. It is the history of the political game. But the autocratic methods of the Santa Cruz Convention emphasized, as never before so clearly, the dominance of a few men who were said to be merely figure-heads of the Southern Pacific railroad, with its astute chief political dictator, Attorney W. F. Herrin.

But there had been a reason why the Southern Pacific was in politics. This reason originated when, in the early

history of the state, every cheap legislator and his associates in villainy believed it their bounden duty and pleasure to "hold up" that corporation, by introducing some "cinch" measure before the legislature that would be a costly thing to the railroad if enacted into a law. That was the day of "cinch" laws, when the success of a member—and his popularity, too—was often measured by his ability to "hold up" a corporation and especially the powerful Southern Pacific. It was their way of replenishing the bank account.

Many newspapers also shared in the spoils of this systematic robbery. But the railroads and other corporations paid their pound of flesh because they had to or have their business affairs destroyed. I might, were I so disposed, tell a surprising story of "a railroad and a newspaper" that would be nearly unbelievable. The later day railroad "pass" was mere kindergarten to the systematic brigandage once practiced by the legislator and some newspapers of California.

Well, the convention adjourned, the "independent" newspapers throughout the state grew indignant, then abusive. Lon F. Chapin of the *Pasadena News* was a delegate to the convention and he came home filled with wrath. He joined the chorus against Gillette and his associates on the ticket, although he did not directly support Gillette's opponent, Theodore Bell. Of course, I wish it understood that Chapin was animated by the best motives possible—nothing else.

Gillette and the rest of his ticket won, despite the hue and cry, but the scars of that campaign have never yet been healed, and with its schisms began the movement that resulted in the formation of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League which was to play such dominating part in California politics thereafter.

Abe Rueff—smug and successful—became dishonored and soon afterwards a convicted briber, serving his term in the San Quentin Penitentiary.* Rueff served his term and is now termed a "reformer" of prisoners and prisons!

So the Santa Cruz Convention and the Venice Convention, its forerunner, were the originators of the movement against the railroad in politics, resulting in the retirement of "rail-

* This was in connection with the bribery of the supervisors of San Francisco in procuring franchises.

road bosses” and the substitution of bosses of another kind, no less powerful.

FRANK P. FLINT, U. S. SENATOR

In 1904 California had to select a Senator and the South claimed the honor. Friends of James McLachlan, so long Representative from his district, believed him to be the logical candidate and moved—slowly—in his behalf. Furthermore, he himself was absent on duty in Washington and had not yet definitely decided upon his own course. When he finally came home he found the “props” were set for Flint and there was no chance for him.

Frank Flint was personally popular and had extensive connections in a business, professional, and social way. He received the endorsement of county conventions and other political meetings everywhere in Southern California, and was eventually elected U. S. Senator by the Legislature. Flint served his six year term, and came home with the realization like others before him—that the position might be an honorable one, but an unprofitable one financially—therefore he decided to stay at home and resume his legal practice. He also realized something else. The California Legislature had passed a direct primary law, which is one of the most expensive political burdens ever imposed upon aspirants for office. Theoretically right, in practice an obligation impossible for a poor man. No unknown aspirant, however capable, need unloose his ambitions now, unless backed by money and its congener, organization.

Office seeking under its impositions is no poor man’s game, as many have discovered, and good candidates retire appalled by the formidable expense account that confronts their aspirations.

Hiram Johnson has succeeded because he has a perfect organization behind him, built up by years of industrious accretion, and with many jobholders to keep it in perfect solidarity. This is not said in a spirit of disparagement but as an undenied fact.

John A. Goodrich had passed out of politics with the adjournment of the Assembly of 1904 and Dr. Gideon S. Case had succeeded him in 1906. Case, too, went down with the “bosses” and H. G. Cattell succeeded him in 1908. George P. Cary was the democratic sacrificial lamb against Cattell,

gallantly leading a forlorn hope—just for practice—he said. Well, he got the practice!

H. H. Klamroth and Robt. W. McDonald were elected township justices in 1906. Klamroth continued in office until his death, while McDonald is still holding down that judicial bench, solidly. McDonald has been twice a candidate at the primaries for a place as Superior Court judge—almost reaching his goal in 1916. Harley Newell and Captain W. C. Austin were successful candidates for county constable for several terms, Newell resigning in 1917 to become a candidate for city commissioner, in which he was successful—a well paid compliment to a conscientious and capable official. Austin relinquished official life for private business in 1914.

THE RISE OF THE REFORMER

THE LINCOLN-ROOSEVELT LEAGUE AND ITS SEQUENCE. EVOLUTION OF
HIRAM JOHNSON, A NEW POLITICAL APOSTLE.

It is not proper in this history to give much space to the story of the schism which divided the Republican party, gave prominence to some heretofore more or less obscure office seekers and patriots, and laid away on the upper shelf, the old time leaders who had fought in many campaigns for the Republican party in California. But a brief review will not be amiss. The "Progressive" or its precursor, the Anti-Southern Pacific movement, took form with the dissent from the dominance of alleged bosses at the Santa Cruz Convention. No doubt those "bosses" became arrogant and dictatorial. A convention is moved by leaders; the more capable the leader the more easily can he control a convention. But if he is not as wise as a serpent his dominion is short lived, his failure certain. It was rather the methods of the Santa Cruz Convention, than the quality of its nominees, that brought about the split in its party's ranks. Abe Rueff and Rueffism, was an offense in the nostrils of a large number of Republicans everywhere, and upon Abe Rueff's candidates fell the odium of his methods. His successes in San Francisco, where he lived, made him careless and arrogant. The party that he allied himself with suffered from his allegiance, and thus the curse of Abe Rueff was charged against the Republican party. Notwithstanding his reputation I saw him get upon the platform of the Santa

Cruz Convention, and, with eloquent appeal, place in nomination a good woman who aspired to high office, and, despite the fact that she was *not* the bosses' choice of that alleged boss-ruled convention, almost succeeded, by his specious oratory, in fetching about her nomination! If it was a bosses' convention it is a fact that at least one prominent state official, who is now a mouthpiece of the Progressive party, received his first nomination by that same convention and by the same methods that nominated the candidates for Governor and other offices. I refer to the honorable Attorney General for the state of California. When that convention adjourned, the disgruntled—those who honestly disagreed with the methods of it, and those whose friends had failed of success in securing a "bite of political pie," went home to begin their opposing agitation. From the opposition thus kindled there grew into concrete organization the "Lincoln-Roosevelt League"—borrowing the names and reputation of two phenomenally popular patriots—thus appealing to the popular imagination. It was fine political wisdom.

By 1908 the movement against the Southern Pacific became definite, widespread and popular. To the general public the "S. P." symbolized all that was unfair and degenerate in politics, and therefore must be suppressed; the railroad must be put out of politics and politics taken out of the railroad! And the Republican party was made to bear the onus of all political grievances.

ONE HIRAM JOHNSON

"Are you for the S. P., or are you against it?" That was the query put to the Republican who chose to remain faithful to his party. There could be no answer to that interrogation because it had neither sense nor logic in it, but it was the rock upon which the good old party stranded and was disabled. The new slogan sounded alluring and stirred to action the disgruntled of both dominant parties. It was the time for the opportunist. Came then one Hiram Johnson, the pulchritudinous. Plucked from the mediocrity of an attorney's office by a badly aimed assassin's bullet intended for Francis J. Heney, Johnson emerged from semi-obscurity in San Francisco, to become the chief performer on the political horizon of California. Champion of the new political dogma, he rode upon the topmost wave of its popu-

larity to the gubernatorial chair at Sacramento, then to be the appendix of the Roosevelt presidential kite. Governor twice; thence to the Senate chamber of the United States! Truly a meteoric career within the scope of eight years. His political beginning will bear telling here. It was during the Abe Rueff trial for bribery. Francis J. Heney was assisting the district attorney in the prosecution. A badgered venireman whose dark past had been viciously and unnecessarily exposed by Heney, became frenzied and took a shot at him. The bullet fell a trifle short of its purpose and lodged in Heney's jaw, temporarily disabling him. Hiram Johnson was employed as Heney's substitute. The opportunity was his, and he seized it with characteristic aptitude. The conviction of Rueff was Johnson's triumph and Rueff's finish, politically. Thus Hiram Johnson became the popular hero of the progressive proletariat, the autocrat and dictator of the new party, and a "boss" with power such as has been bestowed upon no other one man in the Golden State.

And thus do seemingly little things lead to tremendously important results. Yet to Hiram Johnson must be conceded high class ability as a political organizer, and a quality of leadership uncommon. As a speaker he holds his audiences to the minute, and as a debater he is unquestionably able. His future is in his own hands. Is the Senate the Tarpeian rock for him?

The Lincoln-Roosevelt party evolutionized into the "Progressive"—Johnson's party—for it was largely that, in fact. Johnson became Governor in 1912, and with him came to Sacramento a legislature controlled by his willing vassals. His tremendous majority of 80,000 gave him great prestige, and his accession to the high seat at the Capital obtained for him unqualified allegiance. A political autocracy was established, which was composed entirely of his own proven supporters whom he dominated absolutely. A. J. Wallace, formerly of Pasadena, was elected as Lieutenant Governor—a capable lieutenant, who, even if he had desired it, was impotent to protest against the domination of the new god. It was indeed a golden age for the "reformer."

It is not in place to discuss the varying angles of the Johnson administration—its virtues or its faults. The extreme partisans, on his side, proclaim for him merits that

he does not possess; his antagonists some delinquencies that he is guiltless of. One thing is certain, the railroad in politics became past history, for which no doubt its management is as devoutly thankful as the voter. The progressive party may claim credit for that. Whether the state has been bettered—aside from this one fact—may easily be a matter of conjecture. For a certainty, the burden of taxes has been increased, and the number of beneficiaries who wax happy and affluent at the public crib, has become a small army. The state has undertaken—through many commissions—to manage business, public and personal. The rights of corporations and the principles of ownership have been interrogated, and placed under the control of commissioners. Time is analyzing these prerogatives and assaying their value.

CHARLES W. BELL—CONGRESSMAN

THE SUFFRAGISTS COME INTO THEIR OWN, AT LAST

In this regenerative period Charles W. Bell, state senator, found his greater opportunity and shrewdly took advantage thereof. Bell was ambitious, and stood well in with the progressives of his district and by virtue of his official station at Sacramento. There came a time when circumstance aided his ambitions. The women of California, long pleading, for recognition, for the right to exercise the voting privilege, suddenly, with the advent of the new political conditions, arose in mighty acclaim and urged their rights. It was opportune, for although Governor Johnson was not friendly to woman suffrage, the faction that gained for them their demands might well hope to retain their allegiance. So it well became a progressive member of the Legislature to father a bill to permit such amendment to the Constitution as would fit the case. Bell was the lucky member chosen, and Bell's Suffrage Amendment—as it became known—and which was afterward to become a law, gave its sponsor the popularity that earned him a nomination for Congress in 1912. He secured the progressive nomination and defeated McLachlan, the republican nominee.

McLachlan had been a useful member in Congress during his twelve years of service, and was now almost ranking member of the rivers and harbors committee, therefore destined in a few years to be chairman of that important committee.

During this period he had secured many large appropriations, notably those for San Pedro harbor, for the Los Angeles post-office and—still more important to his home city—an appropriation of \$250,000 for a postoffice building—surely a monument to his influence and enterprise. This in itself should have assured him a continuance at Washington. But it was an era of change, and the voter forgot his obligation.

When Bell decided to become a candidate for representative he resigned his position as state senator. W. J. Carr, who was then city attorney, succeeded Bell and was again elected in 1914, being now incumbent. Carr is a hard and conscientious worker.

John Perry Wood, who made his debut by being appointed judge of the Police Court in Pasadena, had been appointed city attorney in 1907. Carr was his assistant then. Wood was elected superior judge in 1910, and again in 1916. When tendered the nomination for this office in 1910, at the time the progressive grabbag was being passed among the faithful, he accepted it reluctantly, preferring that of district attorney, for he was not confident of election to the bench. But it was a "progressive" year. Anyhow, Judge Wood is doing very well and can rectify a matrimonial entanglement with sagacious celerity.

Bell had the support of the entire progressive faction in his candidacy, and with it the prestige that came with the suffragists. It was no surprise therefore that he was elected representative.

In 1914 he was again a candidate. But he had two opponents this time, Charles H. Randall, who posed as a prohibitionist and a democrat also! For under that strange and extraordinary instrument, the direct primary law, an elector may seek office under as many aliases as he may care to claim, regardless of previous political alliances or predilections. Thus Randall, who heretofore posed as a republican, now sought the favor of democratic support, and, strange to say, received it! He was a candidate, therefore, on both prohibition and democratic tickets. What an amicable combination—bourbon and water! Frank C. Roberts, who was steering the *News* in turbid republican waters, also shied his chapeau into the political arena. But Frank was just one thing politically—a good old-fashioned republican—with no hyphens or appendices to catch opportune political winds. Randall beat

both his competitors. His vote was 28,024, Bell's 27,710, and Roberts' 24,425. And this is a rock-ribbed republican stronghold, the pride of the party!

By this time—1914—the schism in the G. O. P. was enlarging; in fact, it was seemingly beyond repair. Johnson had beaten his republican competitors at the primaries in 1909, thus becoming the candidate on the republican ticket. He was then elected by about 20,000 majority, largely from Los Angeles County—the hotbed of progressives. The Legislature was controlled by them and their contempt for the old-line republicans was outspoken. In 1912 their dominance was complete, and they felt as if they were strong enough to walk alone! Governor Johnson, despite his autocratic methods, had grown in popularity. The original alleged purpose, of putting the Southern Pacific out of politics, had been accomplished, and the progressives believed they had carried the right to dictate their own terms to their late republican associates and travel alone. They dropped the fetish party name they had used to conjure with, and both Lincoln and Roosevelt were relegated to the discard. It became the “Progressive” Party with a capital P.

As a side issue Francis J. Heney, one-time fidus achates of Hiram Johnson, thought fit, in 1914, to announce himself as progressive candidate for United States senator. Heney had been a great expounder of progressive doctrines and he had some reputation as a scrapper. But his candidacy did not suit Johnson and did not receive his support. It has even been charged that Johnson “swapped” that support to James D. Phelan, the democratic candidate, in return for like favors for himself, principally in San Francisco. No proof of this is obtainable now. But Heney lost—and does not speak to Johnson when they pass by!

Let us give Johnson his due. His arrogance was his strength, and his perspicacity has been a certain prophecy and kept his followers in leash, for man ever looks for a strong leadership.

A. J. Wallace, consistently, should have succeeded himself as lieutenant governor, but he never attempted it. John B. Eshelman was the popular kite-tail. When Wallace announced himself as a candidate for United States senator in 1916 it was a “feeler.” But a mysterious message shriveled his aspirations and he gave way to “influences.”

Came the great National Error—the climax of lamentable politics—and the urgent need of a strong man at the republican political helm.

Taft—President by choice of Friend Roosevelt—must again be the standard bearer. Roosevelt, with his unexampled popularity, and covetous for the seat of the mighty—each faction intolerant of the other. Johnson of California, still moving forward, now the appendix to the Roosevelt kite. History tells of that terrific contest and its results in California. The G. O. P. old dogs faithful, barred by political trickery of their rights, could not even freely vote for their own party's nominee! Resenting this injustice, many of them voted for Woodrow Wilson and split the California electoral ticket.

In the campaign of 1912 the local republicans did little; there was no hope for them and they remained somewhat quiescent. They had a club organization of which Judge George R. Davis was president. Davis had served with honor upon the Circuit Court bench in Arizona, having been appointed by President McKinley, and had been appointed to a vacancy upon the Superior bench in Los Angeles County by Governor Gage, but failed of nomination afterwards. But no particular campaign work was accomplished under then existing circumstances. The old-fashioned republican wasn't recognized.

The progressives had the floor that year in Pasadena. C. W. Rhodes was president of their club organization. Such men as Torrey Everett, F. S. Wallace, H. G. Cattell, Leo MacLaughlin, W. J. Carr and J. Perry Wood were the directors of the campaign here. Many capable women joined them in this their maiden political campaign, notably Mrs. Theodore Coleman, who was appointed a member of the state central committee of her party; Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, Mrs. Torrey Everett, Mrs. Leo MacLaughlin; in fact, the feminine fighting line was strongly progressive.

The more conservative on both sides deplored the strife, but for the time being at least, there was no attempt at harmony, nor desire for it by the leaders. The democrats formed an organization, such men as Dr. Malaby, Charles Grimes, Clark McLain and others got together, and J. Nelson Nevius was pitted against W. J. Carr as a candidate for the Senate. The democratic ranks had grown through the divergences in those of its opponents, and in 1912 it cut a respectable figure which has grown in proportions since.

The campaign of 1914—a gubernatorial campaign—found Hiram Johnson again a candidate. Pitted against him was John D. Fredericks, then district attorney of Los Angeles, popular, able and well equipped with platform eloquence. The Pasadena regulars organized with E. F. Hahn as their chairman and manager. Harry B. Pitcher sought the privilege of going to Sacramento as a representative in the Assembly, but Howard J. Fish contested his right to those political waters, and successfully. Rupert B. Turnbull, who two years previously had been the sacrificial lamb for that job, now, in 1914, became smitten with the idea of filching “Billy” Carr’s toga. He hadn’t a chance in the conditions prevailing, for the Appian Way led not to the capital for the dyed in the wool G. O. P.’s. But it is sometimes better to run and be licked than never to run at all—at least it is more expensive. Thus many good fellows may die distinguished as notable has-beens.

John D. Fredericks couldn’t, with all his popularity, stem the whelming tide of the Johnsonian Armageddon. He never had a fighting chance.

ONCE MORE, RANDALL

The congressional campaign of 1916 found Randall out for renomination. How to defeat him was the prayerful query of the old-line republicans. McLachlan was out of politics and devoting himself to a rehabilitation of his law practice.

L. L. Lostetter, assemblyman from the Pomona bailiwick, became a candidate, and Edwin F. Hahn was finally induced to enter the contest by his Pasadena friends. Hahn had no hyphenate to his political cognomen, nor had Lostetter. It was to be, for them, a straight contest, and a republican nomination or none. Bell again decided to enter the fight—as a progressive. Randall assumed the ownership of the prohibitionist party by virtue of his “record” in Washington, and that party accepted him as its apostle at his own valuation. The bloody conflict in Europe was not a circumstance in its importance to prohibition—in the mind of Randall—and his horoscope had only one vision.

So Randall bid for a nomination as a prohibitionist, as a progressive, as a republican and as a democrat! And by virtue of the absurd primary law, he attained all of them! So here was a hybrid politician, one that neither conscientious republicans nor democrats could approve. Then it was

that some of Bell's friends, and also some of his political enemies in the past, got together and made him an independent candidate against Randall. There are circumstances when most radical partisans can eat crow with assumed Epicurean rapture! But it was no use—the prohibitionists were powerful, it was their day, and besides, having the "regular" place on the ballot, gave their candidate prestige. Randall was elected by about 30,000 majority—that was all!

THE SENATORIAL CAMPAIGN

FISH—THOMPSON—JOHNSONⁿ

As had been foreseen, Governor Johnson became a candidate for United States senator in 1916. His prestige had grown and it was almost certain that he could be elected to any office the state had to bestow. But Willis H. Booth had the courage to ask for a republican nomination and made a telling and a popular campaign. But Johnson won the place on the ticket by about 25,000 majority and became the republican-progressive candidate. Against him George Patton made a hopeless contest. Johnson won by the prodigious majority of 300,000!

The republicans of Pasadena accepted Johnson with the best grace possible—making a virtue of necessity, even if with wry faces. A republican club organization had been effected in May, for the purpose of electing delegates to the republican national convention, with Harry Ticknor as its presiding officer. This organization had been maintained and its president, with other members, after the nomination, generously offered their support to the ticket, tendering the olive branch to their quondam opponents. Co-operation in campaign work, a division of responsibilities and honors was the proposition. It was a "kiss and make up" program for the success of the whole republican ticket and a prophetic vision of an amalgamated party afterwards.

But for some reason the flowering overtures withered on their journey, and were returned in a perishing condition. The factions continued to do business in their own separate ways. Such good republicans as Peter Orban, Captain Halsey, John McDonald, Richard McDowell and Ed Hahn were willing to become vicarious sacrifices for the good of their party, but their sacrifice was scorned. What will the future be?

One result of their failure to get together was the candidacy of A. Burlingame Johnson for the Assembly. Howard Fish, the genial member, might have had an uncontested campaign in so far as the regulars were concerned, had the peace offerings been accepted. But Johnson decided to enter the race, and so did George H. Thompson as a prohibition candidate. Johnson, formerly an experienced politician in Colorado, and later long time consular representative in China, was able to show his mettle now. The result was a surprise to both republicans and progressives, for Johnson was elected by a plurality of 1,400, Thompson running second.



CHAPTER XLV

PASADENA'S HISTORIC FÊTE—THE TOURNAMENT OF ROSES

*“And back of all I see the mountains loom,
Wrapped in a purple veil—the dampless spume
From that ethereal ocean’s soundless deeps,
That love the bosom of those battled steeps—
On such a sea my fancy drifts away,
And that is Pasadena’s New Year’s Day.”*



PASADENA'S Tournament of Roses is the evolution of a poetic idea. That idea was born in the imagination of a man who loved Pasadena; who loved its mountains, its valleys, its climate and its people.

Especially did he browse in mental recreation amidst the richness and luxury bestowed upon us by the Goddess Flora—and fell victim to her Circes charms. That man was Professor Charles Frederick Holder, now passed to his newer sphere; and to him, his first coadjutor, Dr.



FIRST TOURNAMENT OF ROSES, Jan. 1, 1890

Francis F. Rowland, generously renders all the credit for the conception of the *Tournament Idea*. This idea was that in Pasadena, as nowhere in America, perhaps in the civilized world, could a fête or flower festival be produced—on New Year's Day—that could display in such luxuriance and profusion outdoor grown flowers—an unique, lavish and beautiful exhibition.

Professor Holder, who was a writer and a traveler, had lived in European lands where fêtes were held; but held in spring or summer when flowers were in full season. To show the world that, in Pasadena, flowers grow in the open in mid-winter, and in profusion too, and at the same time symbolize that fact by some special event that would be notable and unique, was the Holder idea. Thus it has come about, that for twenty-eight years Pasadena has held the *Tournament of Roses*, where has been drawn together thousands of delighted visitors to witness it, and advertise its fame everywhere. Professor Holder, who had with Dr. Francis Rowland, been largely instrumental in establishing the Valley Hunt Club, upon an opportune moment suggested his idea to his friend the Doctor, during a casual conversation. Dr. Rowland perceived its importance at once, and heartily approved it. The subject was broached to fellow members of the Valley Hunt Club, and steps were actively taken to carry out the plan through the aid of the club—the social center of its day, and still holding its high place. It thus happened that this club became sponsor for the first Tournament of Roses, held January 1st, 1890. The members of the club set to work energetically, and when it is said that C. D. Daggett was a member, it need not be added that his services were conspicuous then, as they were later as president of the Tournament Association, in making this first tournament the success it proved to be. Credit should also be especially given to Messrs. B. Marshall Wotkyns, Robt. Vandevoort, Theodore Barnum (first president of the Valley Hunt Club), Dr. H. H. Sherk; also Mrs. W. U. Masters, Mrs. B. M. Wotkyns, Mrs. F. F. Buell, Mrs. Sherk and Miss Greenleaf—in the first organization of the tournament. Don Arturo and Mrs. Bandini also gave valuable assistance in arranging the outdoor sports upon that first occasion.

There were no public floats, no entries from other towns and cities as now, and no public subscriptions asked for its

production. Private carriages, buggies and other conveyances were decorated handsomely with fresh-plucked flowers from the gardens of their owners or friends; and it was a cardinal principle, then as now, that no artificial flowers, shrubs or other imitations of nature, should be used in decorating. It was agreed that New Year's Day would be the most proper time for this display, the tourist season being then in its fullness, and such an event occurring upon the first day of the year—midwinter—would distinguish the floral display and its coincident revelries as unique and as something not attempted elsewhere in the world, thus challenging the wide attention since attained. Efforts to change this date since that time have always failed, and probably always will, for the reasons given. The parade of this first tournament took place in the morning, a custom which has also been maintained. But the afternoon sports of that first affair were many and simpler, for not then had football or chariot races been introduced; these came when need be, to stimulate the flagging interest, pallied by ordinary athletic or humorous sports. No admission fee was charged, nor was any membership charged for the first two or three tournaments. The grounds where this first tournament was held was a five-acre lot, now known as Ford Place, mansions rising where this occurred. These grounds were used by the village baseball nine, and many fine games have been seen there, Decker, Lowman, Clapp, Newby and others of local fame here making astonishing records!

The success of the first tournament was notable. The display of splendidly bedecked equipages was a surprise and delight to all and wakened the public to great possibilities in the future. When another year had rolled around there was eager and increasing interest shown. This second affair was also arranged by the Valley Hunt Club. This was even greater and more inspiring than the first, but not yet had "floats" become the striking feature of it, decorated carriages and



CHARLES F. HOLDER
Originator of Tournament of Roses

other vehicles entered by owners emulating each other in efforts at display. Beauty and novelty prevailed. On the second year the afternoon sports were held at Devil's Gate, where a wooded amphitheater was chosen to harmonize with the offerings brought hither. And this original plan of tournament was pursued for years, eight successive affairs being managed by the Valley Hunt Club, to whose members must be given the credit of maintaining this great celebration and perpetuating it until it became an established institution.

As years went by, and Pasadena became the Mecca of tourists that it is, efforts were made to make the tournament more attractive and more resplendent. Floats picturing ideas of beauty, floats symbolic, epitomizing themes allegorical, or portraying historic episodes; these are the striking and entertaining features each year, demonstrating new and ingenious creations and exercising high artistic skill in their construction. These many entries are wrought in millions of roses and other floral blooms, ravished from a thousand gardens, and produce a symposium of imposing beauty that is a delight to the eye and imagination. The parade, growing from year to year, is sometimes two miles in length, containing more than a hundred floats. This long procession of blooming fragrance set in bowers of evergreen, cannot be fully appreciated from any description; but the hundred thousand people who yearly gaze upon it give unqualified assent to its loveliness. After eight years of effort the Valley Hunt Club desired to be relieved from further responsibility. A demand for more spectacular sports, and the increased burdens that had been evolved, made a different arrangement desirable, hence a *Tournament Association* was organized and a corporation formed in the year 1898. A membership was solicited, \$3 being the fee charged at that time. Martin H. Weight was chosen as the first president of the association. The lands where the Tournament Park now is had been used since 1892, and were in 1898 fenced in, and a track laid out for horse races. An admission fee was then charged for the afternoon events. Successors to Weight are: H. R. Hertel, 1900; F. B. Wetherby, 1901; J. H. R. Wagner, 1902; Theodore Coleman, 1903; C. D. Daggett, 1904-05. Under Daggett's administration the chariot races were introduced. This chariot idea was originated by Daggett himself, and formed a spectacular success from its first introduction, drawing immense crowds

and bringing financial prosperity to the association. These races were modeled on the old Roman plan. Replicas of the Roman chariots, with their heavy wheels and low set body were especially constructed, and with four horses harnessed abreast, constituted the outfit. The driver was dressed as a Roman charioteer, in flowing toga of brilliant colors, a chaplet on his head. It required a strong and skilled arm to safely guide these mettlesome steeds around that course with one or two other contending teams careening alongside. It was a "Ben Hur" episode brought down to date. But no Roman populace was ever more interested or thrilled than this twentieth century multitude at Tournament Park in Pasadena on a New Year's Day. No serious accident has ever befallen these races, but a narrow escape was made by E. T. Off, at the time president of the association, who essayed to win fame by driving one of the chariots. A "foul" with his competitor upset his chariot, and he was carried from the grounds badly shaken. Never again did he essay this thrilling role!

An interesting innovation was added to the program in 1906, when Miss Elsie Armitage was chosen queen of the tournament, and rode with her court of fair dames in a properly decorated chariot in the parade, and sat upon an appropriate throne surrounded by her court attendants at the park. This custom was followed for several successive years, Mrs. Elmer E. Woodbury honoring the pageant of 1907, and Miss May Sutton, the celebrated tennis champion (then a resident of Pasadena), in 1908. There was an interval of two years without a queen; then in 1911 a voting contest for a queen was inaugurated which resulted in choosing Miss Ruth Palmer. Miss Jean French followed in 1912, with another innovation when Harrison I. Drummond appeared as the right royal spouse of Queen French. And it need not be added that in his gorgeous habiliments he was every inch a king! Miss Mabel Seibert appeared as queen in 1913, with Dr. F. C. E. Mattison as her royal escort, an imposing personage! Since that time the queens and kings have been in discard, awaiting the time—perhaps—when they are popular again.

In 1908 the first football game was billed between the Michigan and University of California teams, in lieu of the chariot spectacle. This, too, was a popular idea, but was not repeated until 1916, when a contest between Brown Uni-

versity and Washington (State) teams was played in a drizzling rain. Washington won handily. Again, in 1917, the University of Pennsylvania and Oregon University played, when, to the surprise of almost everyone, Oregon won by a score of 14 to 0.

The successive presidents of the Tournament Association since those named were: E. D. Neff, 1906; E. T. Off, 1907; George P. Cary, 1908, 1909 and 1910; F. G. Hogan, 1911; E. T. Off, 1912 and 1913; R. D. Davis, 1914; L. H. Turner, 1915; D. M. Linnard, 1916; B. O. Kendall, 1917.

Superlatives have been wasted upon the Tournament of Roses and its fame has spread throughout the country and even to European countries. Each year efforts have been made to have it exceed in proportions that of the preceding year. There have been years when nature interposed with a stern hand, and decreed an unexpected frost in advance of the noted day, thus diminishing the supply of flowers available, but never yet succeeding in very seriously curtailing the result. A frost signal is the sign of multiplied activity and increased effort. An outsider would not be aware of the harrowing anxieties of the management for the few days prior to the fateful New Year's epoch. Only twice in twenty-eight years has rain proved a serious menace to a successful day, but never, indeed, did even this prevent its being carried out according to program in so far as the parade was concerned.

The Tournament of Roses has become a regular gala event in Pasadena's life, and is anticipated with pleasure and satisfaction each year. In 1915 the board of directors was enlarged to twenty-five, to be elected by the members, and holding office for two years. From this board an executive committee is selected by the president. In 1915 A. J. Bertonneau, long time efficient secretary of the Board of Trade, was selected as manager of the association, as it had become evident that the duties were too onerous and exacting and demanded too much time to be imposed upon any one with other engagements. Bertonneau filled the bill with much satisfaction for the two years, resigning to accept a position with the Linnard chain of hotels. An able coadjutor of Manager Bertonneau was Mrs. R. C. Bartow, secretary of the organization for years, whose intimate knowledge and well known capacity made her of high value to the association.

Mrs. Bartow was chosen manager of the 1918 event. It is anticipated that the Tournament of Roses will continue to gain fame as long as years roll around and the roses grow from which its chaplets are woven and its fame promoted.

DIRECTORS AND OFFICERS

The board of twenty-five directors, elected in 1915, were as follows: B. O. Kendall, president; J. J. Mitchell, vice president; J. W. Wood, treasurer; R. C. Bartow, secretary; E. T. Off, H. M. Cole, Grant Orth, A. T. Welles, E. R. Braley, L. H. Turner, Henry Newby, W. H. Vedder, D. M. Linnard, D. W. Herlihy, W. F. Creller, A. L. Hamilton, W. L. Leishman, W. S. Kienholtz, A. K. Bennett, H. G. Cattell, Edwin F. Hahn, M. H. Salisbury, Walter Raymond, George H. Frost, George A. Damon, David Blankenhorn.

The same board continues at this time without change.



CHAPTER XLVI

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES AND AID ORGANIZATIONS



PASADENA is well represented in fraternal and social organizations and in clubs. Some of them began with the earliest Pasadena life and have continued ever since.

It is impossible to give more than brief mention of them all, some of the earliest receiving a little more attention because they were "pioneers" in that kind of life, and therefore demand greater scope.

Of society clubs and similar organizations no mention can be made. They are almost endless, and embrace clubs for social pleasures or for intellectual enjoyment in every phase of society, school and college life, meeting in private homes and in public halls. Literary life is especially well represented in these, and culture goes hand in hand with ordinary affairs of life.

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS

Pasadena Lodge No. 173

The first organized lodge of any kind in Pasadena, and one inspired by the strong sentiment prevailing with the people. It was at a meeting held in the Colony's first schoolhouse, which had been moved from Orange Grove Avenue to Colorado Street, February 24th, 1879, that this order was instituted by California Grand Lodge Lecturer Leland. Looking over the roster it would seem that a large part of the adult colonists became members.

The worthy chief templar then elected was P. G. Wooster. Its secretary, H. G. Bennett, and Mrs. Anna Mundell was chosen treasurer.

When the library building was built on Colorado Street in 1883, the order moved to the upper room of that building, occupying it jointly with the A. O. U. W., as had been previously agreed.

This has always been a sturdy organization and today has many members. Its officers are now: Chief templar, J. E.

May; vice templar, Leila Standiford; superintendent of junior work, J. K. Galbraith; recording secretary, Florence Jeffs; superintendent education, Myrtle B. Shaw; registrar of attendance, George Montayne; marshal, Stella Schmuck; guard, Alfred Stockdale; sentinel, John Sanderson.

MASONIC BODIES

Pasadena Lodge No. 272

The first Masonic body of Pasadena was *Pasadena Lodge* No. 272, F. & A. M., which had its inception when a few Masons met February 20th, 1883, and planned for the institution of a Masonic lodge. A meeting in the library hall followed, October 22d, 1883, when a lodge was duly organized and its newly elected officers invested with the powers and dignities of their various offices, as follows: C. B. Ripley, master; H. Ridgeway, senior warden; M. Rockefeller, junior warden.

This lodge prospered, and in 1886 a hall was fitted up for it in a building where the Pasadena Trust Company now stands. Old-timers will recall the fanciful front put upon the upper story of this building, an unique conception of H. Ridgeway, then master of the lodge.

There are three separate Masonic lodges now in Pasadena and fourteen affiliated bodies, as follows:

CORONA LODGE No. 324, F. & A. M.

Received its dispensation December 21st, 1894, and charter October 15th, 1895. Its first warden was Dr. L. W. Frary.

Its present officers are: W. M., Leonard O. Bigham; S. W., Bert Stoddard; J. W., H. L. Giannetti; treasurer, George A. Daniels; secretary, Norvel G. Felker.

SAN PASQUALE LODGE No. 452, F. & A. M.

Received dispensation August 24th, 1914, and charter October 16th, 1914. Its first master was Alvin W. Viney.

Its present officers are: W. M., John B. Dodge; S. W., Hiram W. Harmon; J. W., Arthur B. Cadman; treasurer, Joseph Storey; secretary, Harris P. Stephenson.

CROWN CHAPTER No. 72, R. A. M.

Date of dispensation, November 7th, 1888. Date of charter, April 17th, 1889.

Officers: Charles F. Clendenen, H. P.; Edward McCaa, K.; Edwin J. Goins, S.; S. Washburn, treasurer; W. B. Edwards, secretary.

PASADENA COMMANDERY No. 31, K. T.

Date of dispensation, July 1st, 1891. Date of charter, April 29th, 1892.

Officers: Fred A. Grace, E. C.; William F. Creller, G.; Walter R. Gibbings, C. G.; F. Ives Wallace, S. W.; J. Herbert Hall, J. W.; L. S. Parker, P.; S. Washburn, treasurer; John S. Nicholls, R.

TEMPLE LODGE OF PERFECTION No. 7, A. & A. S. R.

Chartered October 20th, 1897. Officers: Orrin H. Hayes, V. M.; E. S. Crump, secretary. Stated meetings first Saturday of each month.

TEMPLE CHAPTER, KNIGHTS OF ROSE CROIX, No. 4

Date of charter, October 20th, 1897.

Officers: McD. Snowball, W. M.; John H. Pearman, S. W.; E. S. Crump, secretary.

TEMPLE KNIGHTS OF KADOSH No. 4, A. & A. S. R.

Date of charter, October 20th, 1897.

Officers: Leo G. MacLaughlin, Com.; E. J. Crump, recorder.

PASADENA CONSISTORY No. 4, A. & A. S. R.

Date of charter, October 20th, 1899.

Officers: William H. Vedder, M. of K.; E. S. Crump, registrar.

PASADENA CHAPTER No. 108, O. E. S.

Date of dispensation, June 26th, 1890. Date of charter, October 20th, 1890.

Officers: Maude Glenn, W. M.; W. L. Leishman, W. P.; Cora G. Gleason, secretary.

SOUTHLAND CHAPTER No. 307, O. E. S.

Date of charter, October 17th, 1912.

Officers (1917): Jessie Davis White, W. M.; Charles W. Edwards, W. P.; Daisy Alice Slater, secretary.

GOLDEN CROWN COURT No. 2, O. OF AMARANTH

Date of charter, July 10th, 1896.

Officers (1917): Augusta Anderson, W. M.; Frank C. Chapman, R. P.; Cora M. Clifford, honorary secretary.

A MASONIC TEMPLE

For several years the existing Masonic bodies met in separate headquarters, but in 1895 a room was fitted up for them on the third floor of the building on the southeast corner of Colorado Street and Raymond Avenue, and there the different lodges met for ten years.

In 1903 a Masonic Temple Association was formed, with W. H. Vedder as president; C. J. Willet, vice president; and H. A. Doty, secretary. Efforts to procure funds for building a temple were successful, and on October 5th, 1904, the cornerstone was laid of a three-story building on North Fair Oaks Avenue. This building has been arranged to meet the requirements and here the various Masonic bodies meet on their designated evenings. In 1917 C. J. Willett, long a leading figure in Masonic circles, bequeathed at his death his large private library to the Masonic Temple Association, and it is appropriately cared for in a room fitted up for the purpose in the temple. He also gave a large sum of money to this association.

PASADENA LODGE No. 324, I. O. O. F.

Pasadena Lodge No. 324, I. O. O. F., was instituted December 30th, 1885. The first officers were: E. S. Frost, W. G.; T. A. Smith, V. G.; Frank M. Ward, secretary; L. J. Newlands, treasurer; W. H. Darrow, warden; H. Haskins, conductor; J. Laspada, I. G.; E. T. Dearth, O. G.; L. H. Bixby, R. S. N. G.; Frank J. Smith, L. S. N. G.; A. D. Lockhart, R. S. V. G.; J. C. Fitzhenry, L. S. V. G.; W. H. Brewer, R. S. S.; J. E. Sullivan, L. S. S.

The first place of meeting was in the Masonic Temple, northeast corner of Colorado Street and Fair Oaks Avenue, at that time called the Williams Hall.

The present officers are: Gilbert A. Dunn, N. G.; Emery Preston, V. G.; Charles Ward, recording secretary; Wallace Follet, financial secretary; W. G. Bryte, treasurer; Ed. Covey, warden; George R. Seely, conductor; F. G. S. Dunn, O. G.;

J. D. Bugbee I. G.; F. H. Ward, R. S. N. G.; F. W. Beick, L. S. N. G.; D. J. Barry, R. S. V. G.; H. H. Page, L. S. V. G.; R. Covey, R. S. S.; E. Warfel, L. S. S.; F. P. Griffith, chaplain.

The present membership is 168.

PASADENA ENCAMPMENT No. 84, I. O. O. F.

Was instituted May 29th, 1888. Its first officers were: W. H. Darrow, C. P.; W. A. Burdick, S. W.; J. S. Blick, scribe; E. Canfield, treasurer; A. C. Stevens, H. P.; W. Jamison, guide; J. D. Jones, First W.; C. H. Goodman, Second W.; C. H. German, Third W.; W. D. Jacobs, Fourth W.; W. B. Parks, First G. of T.; John Briener, Second G. of T.; S. P. Swearingen, I. S.; L. Southworth, O. S.

Its present officers are: O. Archie Nott, C. P.; F. H. Ward, H. P.; Fred Ash, S. W.; Charles Ward, recording scribe; F. F. Glezen, financial scribe; S. M. Cook, treasurer; W. W. Prestidge, J. W.; F. J. Crocker, guide; D. A. Maclean, First W.; G. F. Krohn, Second W.; J. W. Haney, Third W.; S. F. Crowell, Fourth W.; F. J. S. Dunn, First G. of T.; George Knapp, Second G. of T.; D. J. Bugbee, I. S.; G. A. Dunn, O. S.

At the present time there are 165 members.

THE ODD FELLOWS TEMPLE ASSOCIATION

Was organized May, 1909, by the Odd Fellows for the purpose of procuring for themselves a suitable temple in which their various orders might find a permanent home.

The result of this movement culminated August 11th, 1917, when a fine building, adjoining the Federal building, was dedicated with imposing ceremonies, and will soon be ready to house the various organizations of this order.

The officers of the association are: Dr. S. P. Swearingen, president; T. G. Grabham, vice president; Charles Ward, secretary; Charles Knapp, treasurer.

PASADENA REBEKAH LODGE No. 121, I. O. O. F.

Thirteen persons instituted this society August 4th, 1887, with the following officers: W. D. Read, N. G.; Bertha D. Denel, V. G.; Abbie E. Conover, secretary; Helen Green, treasurer; Carrie M. Willis, warden; Nellie M. Palmer, conductor. The present officers are: Melinda Blodgett, N. G.; Effie Graves V. G.; Minnie Dunn, secretary; Altha Preston,

financial secretary; Florence Currie, treasurer; Louisa Bryte, chaplain. Membership, 220.

CROWN CITY LODGE No. 395, I. O. O. F.

Was instituted July, 1906. Its first noble grand was J. C. Hunter. (Other officers' names not furnished.)

The present officers are: Noble grand, Walter Bayles; vice noble grand, W. W. Ogier; recording secretary, F. P. Ash; financial secretary, F. F. Glezen; treasurer, George Bickley. This lodge has 200 members.

CROWN CITY REBEKAHS No. 325

Organized in May, 1910. Mrs. Cora Lancaster, noble grand; Mrs. Hjalmer Johnson, vice noble grand. It has a membership of 350.

PASADENA CANTON No. 37, PATRIARCHS MILITANT

(Uniform Rank)

Organized in 1905. The present officers are: Captain, W. E. Harris; lieutenant, Edward Bird. It is the military arm of the order and an excellently drilled organization. Its present membership is sixty-five.

MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA

Pasadena Camp No. 7242

Was established September, 1900, and has now a membership of 520. Its first officers were: Consul, Heman Dyer; clerk, F. W. Healy; banker, A. G. Heiss.

Its present officers are: Consul, A. J. Wenger; clerk, Dr. A. P. Stocking; banker, A. G. Heiss.

FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD

Instituted October 7th, 1897, with H. J. Foderingham president and August J. Joraschky secretary. Its present officers are: A. R. Benedict, president; Isabel Campbell, secretary; Kate Hopkins, treasurer. It has a membership of 149.

KNIGHTS OF MALTA

The Knights of Malta was instituted in Pasadena June 19th, 1907, by the supreme organizer for Southern California, E. H. Warren. The first officers were: Sir knight com-

mander, George A. Boden; generalissimo, Caleb M. Smith; recorder, Charles Ward.

The present officers are: S. K. C., Stephen Sellers; G., John Campbell; R., Benjamin Bundy.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The fine brick structure on North Marengo Avenue is the result of hard, continuous labor and conscientious purpose. Like all good enterprises, it has had its gloomy years and disappointments. But it has surmounted them and can now rejoice in its greater prosperity. Its origin was largely due to Rev. Frank J. Culver, an ardent lover of young men. David Galbraith, his friend, was no less so, and these two decided to do something for them in Pasadena; for at this time (1886) Pasadena offered no refuge for the young men who were deprived of home ties.

A meeting of a few men was held and it was decided to form a Y. M. C. A. A larger meeting was called in Williams Hall, which was addressed by Rev. T. N. Lord, Rev. Mr. Culver and others. Then another meeting was held in the Methodist Church, September 27th, which was largely attended. The membership roll was presented here and freely signed and an organization completed with the following officers: President, C. M. Parker; vice president, O. S. Picher; second vice president, Dr. T. Nichols; recording secretary, T. J. Fleming; treasurer, M. D. Painter. F. J. Culver was chosen general secretary. Other directors chosen were George E. Meharry, J. W. Hugus, C. W. Abbott and D. Galbraith. At this meeting Dr. Ezra Carr sent a communication offering to donate a lot at the corner of West Colorado Street and Vernon Avenue, the condition being that a building costing not less than \$10,000 should be built thereon, for the purposes of the association, not later than December 1st of that year (1886).

The proposition was enthusiastically accepted with thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Carr. But after due consideration it was concluded that this location was not central enough, and also it was found impossible to raise the required money to put up the building by the time specified. C. M. Skillen and Samuel Stratton offered to give a lot on East Colorado Street, near Worcester—fifty feet frontage. This, too, was thought "too far out" for the purpose. It was the belief that young

men must have convenient opportunity, to induce them to enter the Y. M. C. A. portals. It was finally decided to buy a lot on South Fair Oaks Avenue and Valley Street—I believe \$6,000 was the price agreed upon. Lots had advanced in value, speculation was rife in the town and the Y. M. C. A. had imbibed ambitions with the rest. A \$40,000 building was designed and men subscribed with great liberality, for money was “easy” then. The foundations were laid, the cornerstone was placed—then came reaction, money failed to come as promised. The whole project fell apart and the lot was lost because payments upon it could not be met. One can, if interested, yet see the curbing of red sandstone that supports a remodeled lodging house once the “Grand” Hotel—tenantless these many years. So the hearts of the proud projectors were for a time bowed down. Various officers came, served and retired. M. Myers became general secretary in 1877 and remained two years. George Taylor came also and endeavored to keep life in the association, and succeeded in keeping it together.

Years passed by, then there came a revivification. A new building befitting its purpose and in accordance with the new Pasadena spirit was demanded. This was in April, 1910. A campaign was waged for money and in six days \$112,000 was subscribed for a new home. The present building is a fine accomplishment of intense purpose, and with its lot and equipment has a value of upwards of \$150,000 and fits well into the scenery of Pasadena.

Its membership is now over 1,000. The present officers are: President, L. A. Boadway; vice president, Holloway I. Stuart; recording secretary, A. L. Hamilton; treasurer, W. N. Van Nuys; general secretary, Edward Grace; assistant secretary, M. B. Collins.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The largest association in Pasadena in point of membership—but one. And none more useful or helpful to the women who need guidance, good cheer and kind words when they come as strangers in a strange land. The National association says: “The purpose of the Y. W. C. A. shall be to associate young women in personal loyalty to Jesus Christ, * * * to promote the growth in Christian character and service through physical, social, mental and spiritual training, etc.”

It has, therefore, a wide and useful field. The Pasadena Y. W. C. A. was organized in April, 1909, under direction of the territorial committee. Its impulse here came through discussion in a "business woman's league" which transferred its whole organization to the new purpose. Thus 500 enthusiastic members were enrolled at once in the newer organization in 1909. Its first home was in a bungalow on South Marengo Avenue. But at once plans were made for a better one.

Requests for subscriptions were responded to heartily and \$22,972 given in quick time. Then, on June 10th, 1910, the property at 78 North Marengo Avenue was purchased for \$15,000 and remodeled to fit its new purpose. A gymnasium and a tennis court were added, rooms provided for guests, etc., and its career began under fortuitous conditions.

Mrs. F. S. Wallace was first president; Mesdames McKittrick, Goodridge and Smith, vice presidents; Miss Fanny Barber, recording secretary; Mrs. J. F. Force, corresponding secretary; Mrs. E. B. Carder, treasurer; and Miss Florence E. Culver, general secretary.

Its work has been comprehensive in every way, home functions—cooking, sewing, dressmaking, etc.—being taught in classes. Gymnasium and tennis provide exercise and a fairly good library affords mental recreation. Its membership is now 1,200. The present officers are: Mrs. George R. Stewart, president; Mrs. David B. Gamble, vice president; Mrs. A. Howard Sadler, recording secretary; Mrs. E. S. McKittrick, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Elizabeth B. Carder, treasurer; Mrs. E. B. Allen, head of religious department; Mrs. L. A. Boadway, head of economic department; Mrs. LeRoy D. Ely, head of social department; Mrs. Porter L. Parmele, head of educational department; Mrs. Lincoln Clark, head of girls' department; Mrs. Frederick S. Fulton, Mrs. William R. Nash, Mrs. John Gimper, Mrs. H. W. Chynoweth, Mrs. Rufus S. Chase, Mrs. W. A. Bousach.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

Is composed of the energetic young men connected with St. Andrew's Parish. It was organized in June, 1907, with Charles James as grand knight; Connor Donnelly, deputy grand knight; John L. Connor, secretary; and W. L. Mouatt, treasurer.

It prospered and grew. It meets in its handsome headquarters on the third floor of the Union National Bank Building. Its present officers are: Michael J. Donovan, grand knight; Charles E. Lee, deputy grand knight; Thomas C. Laughlin, chancellor; R. L. Brand, financial secretary; Paul Konosky, warden; Paul Schaub, recording secretary; C. H. Wiltwater, treasurer; W. P. Corrigan, lecturer. Its membership is 125.

ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

Instituted September 4th, 1893. C. W. Buchanan was junior past chief ranger; H. W. Hines, chief ranger; Henry Newby, subchief ranger; G. B. Laughlin, treasurer; A. F. Fuller, financial secretary.

This lodge disbanded about 1900.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

Court of Drown of the Valley No. 817

This lodge was instituted June 1st, 1891, with the following officers: Chief ranger, Dr. S. P. Swearingen; vice chief ranger, B. W. Pyatt; recording secretary, A. S. Turbitt; financial secretary, Dr. J. S. Hodge; treasurer, E. M. Cubb.

The present officers are: A. L. Hadley, chief ranger; Clarence Ayers, vice chief ranger; Mrs. D. A. Ward, recording secretary; W. M. Stone, treasurer; and Dr. S. P. Swearingen, financial secretary. Present membership, 147.

Companion Court, Magnolia Circle, consolidated with above.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

Pasadena Lodge No. 38

This is one of the earliest of Pasadena's fraternal associations. The original lodge was instituted as Pasadena Lodge No. 132, September 18th, 1885, the first meeting being held in Masonic Hall. The following officers were then chosen and installed September 23d: J. Banbury, past chancellor; J. E. Clark, chancellor commander; E. E. Fordham, keeper of records. On January 1st, 1917, this lodge consolidated with Golden Star Lodge, which had become the second Knights of Pythias organization in Pasadena, under the designation of No. 38.

The present officers of the consolidated lodge are: Will Snudden, chancellor commander; — Hall, vice chancellor commander; George C. Sanderson, master of finance; Al Vogan, keeper of records and seal; I. C. Damm, master of exchequer. Membership, 150.

UNIFORM RANK, K. OF P., No. 32

Was organized just after the Pasadena Lodge No. 132, and auxiliary to it. It is the drill branch of the organization and has thirty-one members at this time. Its officers are: Captain, H. A. Murphy; first lieutenant, Will S. Robinson; second lieutenant, George C. Sanderson; commissary sergeant, Perley S. Bassett.

PYTHIAN SISTERS

This lodge, auxiliary to 132, was organized in 1886 as the Rathbone Sisters. Its present officers are: Mrs. Augusta Anderson, most excellent chief; Mrs. Bertha H. Reddy, mistress of records; Mrs. Katy Bassett, senior; Mrs. T. P. Hall, manager; Mrs. Constance Biby, mistress of finance.

PASADENA RED CROSS

Contrary to common belief, the present Red Cross Chapter, so notably successful in performing its patriotic "bit," was not the original Red Cross of Pasadena. The first meeting to organize a Red Cross association was held June 7th, 1898, during the Spanish-American War. This meeting was in the Stickney Memorial Building on Fair Oaks Avenue. At that meeting 150 women were present and showed by their enthusiasm and afterwards their work that the cause was an appealing one. At a later meeting Mrs. H. G. Reynolds was elected president; Mrs. Dr. Baldwin, vice president; Mrs. R. J. Rasey, secretary; and Mrs. O. L. Braddock, treasurer. The membership fee was \$1. The records of that society show that regular meetings were held and such women as Mrs. J. A. Buchanan, Mrs. Rasey, Mrs. M. Rosenbaum—who was later elected to the vice presidency—Mrs. Ida L. Jarvis, Miss Annie Bartlett, Mrs. Buddington and Miss McLaren participated actively. This organization continued its regular meetings until the end of 1899, when, the war having ended and its objects accomplished, it discontinued its meetings. The bal-

ance of the funds—about \$100—were donated to the San Francisco fire sufferers.

PASADENA CHAPTER, RED CROSS

It was in 1914 that certain benevolently inclined persons believed that a practical application of Red Cross methods of dealing with emergencies would find a field in Pasadena for its services. In accordance with this view, fourteen interested persons met November 14th of that year in Prof. A. B. Scherer's office and proceeded to form a Red Cross chapter. Dr. Robert Freeman, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, presided at this meeting, and Miss Alma Wrigley "took notes."

As a consequence of this meeting a petition was prepared and forwarded to the National council requesting a charter, which request was promptly complied with.

November 21st another meeting was held and officers chosen as follows: President, R. R. Blacker; vice president, T. P. Lukens; secretary, C. F. Holder; assistant secretary, Alma E. Wrigley; treasurer, J. H. Pearman. An invitation to the public for membership was responded to promptly, for the echoes of the European conflict was stirring hearts and minds to dire possibilities even then. It is worthy of record that the first member of the association was Mrs. Lucretia Garfield, widow of the former President of the United States. Mrs. Garfield has been a resident of Pasadena for many years.

At first the society gave its attention—necessarily—to local work, giving much assistance in cases of need, in effective charity work. With the entrance of this country into the mighty conflict the need of enlarged operations was apparent and the officers of the chapter became active accordingly. The chapter had at this period about 1,500 members of all classes—active, associate or contributing—and had operating headquarters on Colorado Street, where numerous ladies devoted their spare time in its service.

Then it was decided that a membership "drive" be inaugurated. J. C. Sloane was impressed into the duty of managing this campaign, and under his direction committees were appointed, and it was determined to make a one day campaign wherein every home should be visited by volunteer campaigners. April 12th was chosen as the important day, and through the *Star-News* the campaign given wide publicity.

The city was divided into 100 divisions in which captains, duly chosen, became responsible for a complete canvass.

The "drive" was a remarkable success, an epoch day was made. Seven thousand new members were added to the roll and over \$9,000 in cash added to the treasury.

General Sloane was congratulated on his marvelous campaign and its splendid results. Added to this came the Red Cross pageant given by Miss Marjorie Driscoll and Gilmor Brown at Tournament Park, which drew a crowd of 10,000 and added materially to the Red Cross fund. The story was written by Miss Driscoll and the staging done by Gilmor Brown, the talents of both being exhibited strongly in the whole performance.

The impetus given to the chapter by the publicity and activities of the society, and the continued urgent demands upon it from National headquarters, have made it today a hive of industry. Its officers, who are volunteers in the patriotic cause, devote much of their own time to the work. Headquarters for the various branches of service have been secured in the old Throop College building on Chestnut Street. Besides the ordinary work of manufacturing supplies, lectures on first aid, nursing, etc., are given to classes, fitting the pupils for actual field or hospital duty. Since the organization over 1,000,000 bandages and 25,000 garments of various kinds have been made either by volunteer workers or by women who are selected because of their dependent condition and who, in such case, are paid for their work. One hundred thousand dollars was expended during the past year by the chapter.

The present officers are: President, W. H. Vedder; vice president, F. E. Wilcox; secretary, Alma E. Wrigley; treasurer, J. H. Pearman. Its governing body is R. R. Blacker, Clarence Fleming, Henry Laws, Dr. C. D. Lockwood, Mrs. A. Moss Merwin, Mrs. R. R. Blacker, Mrs. W. S. McKay, Mrs. Van S. Merle-Smith, Mrs. H. Page Warden. Also an executive committee of forty-three. Its membership is now over 10,000.

RED CROSS AMBULANCE CORPS No. 1, U. S. A.

A striking outcome of the Red Cross work was the organization of an ambulance corps which was effected by Dr. C. D. Lockwood, an ardent worker in the cause from its inception.

Through private subscriptions about \$25,000 was raised and has been expended on the corps, and the necessary equipment purchased, which includes everything required for actual field service or on the battle line. Volunteers were called for and were prompt in responding. This corps has the distinction of being listed as No. 1 in this branch of government service.

One hundred and twenty-six members—a full quota—were enrolled and called into actual training in June, 1917, when they left Pasadena for the training camp at Allentown, Pa., preparatory for actual service “somewhere in France.” Doubtless this fine body of young men will reflect honor upon the homes they have left for the call of their country. Dr. Lockwood has been already advanced from the rank of captain to that of major since leaving Pasadena, and is gaining honors of his own as well as popularity.

THE NAVY LEAGUE

Another nation-wide patriotic organization now finding opportunities in plenty is the Navy League, which, while not “officially” recognized since the strained relations between its president and the secretary of the navy, is, nevertheless performing a large part in the humanitarian service that every home is called upon to perform.

Until a secretary forgets his offended vanity, the offerings of the Navy League go through the Red Cross, but reach their intended destination nevertheless and the thousands of articles knitted by the members of the Navy League will doubtless bring comfort and pleasure to their wearers as they sail over the seas.

The local league was formed in 1917 and has an industrious membership of 3,000 astonishingly busy ladies in continual performance. When one sees the busy hands and lightning-swift knitting needle, in street cars, in the home and wherever woman may find herself, then is seen the ritual of the Navy League at work! Woolen yarn is donated to workers who may be unable to pay, but many others buy it. Already thousands of pounds of yarn have been thus made into sweaters, wristlets and other useful articles for the absent boys in blue whose grateful prayers will no doubt be rendered up in return.

Mrs. Myron F. Hunt is the capable president of the league,

Mrs. Anna Joss is secretary-treasurer, with headquarters at the Maryland Hotel.

CHARITY ORGANIZATION

The city of Pasadena has always paid attention to its needy ones, for in spite of the reputation it has as a "millionaire city," it has its poor also. There are practically no "slums" or "poor sections." Nevertheless there is demand for benevolence. At this time organized efforts are attending to this work, as has been elsewhere described under the head, "Welfare Bureau." But in the early history of the city—after it became a city—this work was done through an association called the *Charity Organization*, which was the outcome of a meeting held June 28th, 1889. A few prominent men and women were present who considered the situation, and adjourned for a greater meeting at Williams Hall, August 20th, when the following named were elected officers: President, J. A. Buchanan; vice president, A. F. M. Strong; secretary, Isaac Springer; treasurer, M. E. Wood. Members were solicited and active work begun. No other source of income except that secured by donations was had; therefore, it was the usual begging round which Pasadena has experienced to its fullness—and responded to as generously.

J. A. Buchanan and his wife, Miss Annie Bartlett, Rev. E. L. Conger and W. U. Masters were especially active in this work. This association conducted its charity and benevolent work for a number of years, when it became absorbed by the more widely distributed membership known as the "Associated Charities" and "Emergency League." These organizations absorbed other minor associations and engaged in systematic benevolences. Mrs. William F. Knight was the active and energetic president of the latter organization for many years. With the establishment of the Welfare Bureau it is expected that all charity and assistance work will devolve upon that organization, and thus concentrate it into better efficiency, or at least make it comprehensive and economical in its result.

CHAPTER XLVII

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

THE bystander, on Memorial Day, watching the long line of Civil War veterans as it passes, will remark, if recalling past parades, that a former familiar face or two of a year ago is absent; that a once erect figure has become bent, and that his footsteps lag perceptibly from the burden of an added year. But the soldier eyes are yet bright, and sparkle as the sound of martial music comes floating in the morning air. For this sound and these rhythmic footfalls recall events that stirred the soul to action a half century or more ago. Death has taken its toll and time has conferred its infirmities on these gray veterans. Their ranks are steadily growing thinner.

Then, going up to Library Park, we see there the replica in enduring bronze of the very veteran that we saw a few minutes ago—as he appeared in the days of '61. Then he was a lad of eighteen or twenty, eager, with the red blood of life surging within him, and ready to lay down his life for his country.

The boy of '61 heard with stirring pulses and ardent imagination, the drum beat down at the village rallying place, and dropped the plough lines or jack plane, or left the counter at its thrill, and those that have survived the final "taps" may well look with pride upon this bronze figure and again feel the thrill that it recalls.

It is a pleasure to know that many still survive those stormy days and are able to recall in contemplative memory their share in those historic events. The flag they fought for still waves free, and it still stands for certain principles



VOLUNTEER OF '61

dear to the heart. The Star Spangled Banner brings surging emotions and "John Brown's Body," retrospective enthusiasm.

JOHN F. GODFREY POST No. 93, G. A. R.

So the veteran, becoming contemplative as he grows older, is inspired to recall the memories and renew the comradeship that grew firm and enduring on such battlefields as Chickamauga, of Antietam or of Gettysburg. Hence, in place of camp fires in the fields or forests, the lodge room found him, and in the Grand Army of the Republic the old ties are perpetuated which death only dissolves.

Pasadena saw the organization of the G. A. R. begun when on November 3d, 1885, a meeting of a few veterans was held in Craig & Hubbard's grocery on South Fair Oaks Avenue. Present were J. D. Gilerist, E. S. Frost, R. B. Hubbard, John McDonald, J. Ellis, W. H. Lordan, A. K. McQuilling, W. J. Barcus, A. Wakeley, Wesley Bunnell, Edson Turner, W. T. Knight, George A. Black, G. W. Barnhart. Only three of these survive. This was a "talk over" meeting; preliminaries were discussed and an adjournment had to November 28th. This meeting was held in the Library Hall on Colorado Street and an organization perfected with the following officers: J. D. Gilerist, post commander; E. S. Frost, senior vice commander; A. K. McQuilling, junior vice commander; W. J. Barcus, chaplain; J. Ellis, quartermaster; C. C. Brown, officer of the day; G. A. Black, officer of the guard; W. Bunnell, adjutant. The adopted motto was, "Fidelity, Charity, Loyalty." Besides these above named the charter members were F. J. Woodbury, W. H. Lordan, A. Wakeley, Milo J. Green, J. B. Hill, J. D. Youngclaus, Lyman Allen. The post was named in honor of Colonel John F. Godfrey, who had won promotion from the ranks, having joined the Second Maine Battery in 1861, coming out of the army a lieutenant colonel—being promoted in action. He had settled in Los Angeles and engaged in the practice of law, where he died, June 27th, 1885.

The first memorial services in Pasadena were held in Williams Hall, Memorial Day, 1885. Although no post had been yet organized, a number of veterans were present and participated. A program was given under direction of Mrs. S. E. Merritt, the public librarian, and an address was delivered by J. E. Clarke, editor of the *Pasadena Union*. Also

reminiscences by H. N. Rust. No soldiers had yet been buried in Pasadena, so the decoration service was omitted.

John F. Godfrey Post for a time met in the library building on Colorado Street, later in a hall leased from E. S. Frost opposite the Southern Pacific Depot.

This is the roster of the present officers (1917): Commander, George K. Edmonds; senior vice commander, J. E. O'Neal; junior vice commander, Israel H. Smith; quartermaster, F. D. Stevens; adjutant, Charles R. Hilton; surgeon, C. P. Buckner; chaplain, A. W. Smith; officer of the day, Robert Lyon; officer of the guard, S. J. Shaw; patriotic instructor, J. B. Albroom; sergeant major, Rufus B. Tucker; quartermaster sergeant, Wellington D. Stevens.

The following are past commanders: J. D. Gilcrist, E. S. Frost, A. Wakeley, L. J. Crowell, W. B. Van Kirk, John McDonald, George T. Downing, W. J. Barcus, A. C. Drake, C. C. Brown, J. D. Gaylord, B. Jarvis, F. D. Stevens, W. M. Pennell, A. P. Huggins, H. H. Massey, Gideon S. Case, A. K. Nash, C. M. Simpson, J. E. Janes, C. P. Buckner, G. M. Burlingame, J. J. Shepard, R. Eason, J. H. Young, William S. Springer, M. N. Myrick, Silas Crowell, Jacob F. Force. Fourteen of this list of twenty-nine now lie in their last bivouac.

The present enrollment is 275, and 129 have died since the organization of the post, the first death being that of S. W. Barnard, November 14th, 1906.

One of the pleasing ceremonies of the many that have included the John Godfrey Post was the dedication of the bronze life size statue in Library Park—the volunteer boy of '61. This monument cost over \$7,000 and was paid for by subscriptions raised among citizens of Pasadena. A committee was formed composed of H. H. Markham, Gideon S. Case, Benjamin S. Jarvis, A. K. Nash, Will B. Smith, Frank P. Boynton of the post and W. H. Vedder, the only civilian, who was made treasurer for the fund. Afterwards, and for his active services in this behalf, the post decorated "Comrade" Vedder with a fine gold insignia of the order. It is too sacred an object for "Comrade" Vedder to wear, so he has it hung in a gold frame in his office.

The monument in Library Park was dedicated Memorial Day, 1906, by imposing ceremonies and an interesting program. Dr. J. E. Janes was then commander and had charge of the services. The chief address was made by Comrade



COMPANY I. N. G. C. JUST PRIOR TO DEPARTING FOR THE MEXICAN BORDER. FIRST WAR SERVICE.

Robert J. Burdette of the Forty-seventh Illinois Infantry, whose book, "The Drums of the Forty-seventh," has immortalized that command. The monument was presented by Comrade McDonald, unveiled by John "Junior" (now following his father's footsteps by being in the service of his country), and the benediction was impressively pronounced by Comrade Robert R. Meredith.

This is an opportune moment, perhaps, to tell a story of a volunteer of '61—just a boy like thousands and thousands more boys of that momentous time.

But "Johnny" McDonald was something of a "kid" then, being just twelve years of age when he enlisted as a drummer boy. When less than thirteen he was a drum major!

At Gettysburg, when Longstreet was pressing his divisions in gray upon the resisting lines of Union troops, a brave man named Pickett, of the Confederate army, won fame enduring by his celebrated but impotent charges across a peach orchard and grain field. The wall of blue stood, sturdy and unbroken, against the glinting steel and saved the Union, perhaps, by its heroic defense that day.

Young McDonald was only a drummer, and a drummer in battle belongs with the ambulance corps. But not he! At the first roar of battle he picked up a discarded musket and joined the fray. And that's how the day was saved! (Of course, John doesn't say so.) But look at this! Here is a picture, taken from the History of Gettysburg, a picture taken on the field on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of that bloody charge of July 30th, 1863.

The central figure of the map is "Dan" Sickles, commander of a brigade then, and a hero of that day. When this picture was taken the old veteran had been carried by comrades in arms to the very spot where a cannon ball had, unkindly, removed a leg from him fifty years before, and there photographed him. Beside the gallant general stands the drummer boy of '61, now the gray-haired John McDonald.

Another figure claims our attention, another brave Pasadena, too—none other than Comrade George Downing; for he, too, participated in that bloody fight and to him I owe this story—told years ago—for George Downing has answered the last roll call.

In further interest with this picture which I regret I cannot reproduce may be noted the rest of the group—veterans,

too—though they wore the gray then. Now they are “comrades” in loyalty to one flag and a united country, rehearsing the throbbing deeds of a great battle and forgetting the enemies of the past.

THE WOMEN WHO WATCHED AND WAITED

In 1861 woman had her place. It was the home, where she kept vigil while husband, father or son went forth to battle; or betimes it was in the hospital or camp, where she tenderly cared for the ill or the wounded and soothed their ills and healed their wounds. The gallant men, returned from war, thought it fitting that woman should in times of peace organize its contingent as a proper auxiliary to the G. A. R.

JOHN F. GODFREY WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS No. 43

Organized on July 6th, 1887, with the following officers: President, Cynthia B. Clapp; senior vice president, Avelina J. Crowell; junior vice president, Eliza Van Kirk; secretary, Emma A. McCoy; treasurer, Minnie E. Williams; chaplain, Amelia G. Rice; conductor, Margaret E. Lincoln; guard, Charlotte Smith. For 1917 Mrs. Linine Horn is president and Mrs. Cynthia B. Clapp secretary.

COMPANY B, SEVENTH REGIMENT, N. G. C., NOW COMPANY I, U. S. A.

Company B, the Markham Guards, originally so called in honor of Governor Markham, having been organized during his campaign, and later on to become our present Company I of the United States Army, was organized December 23d, 1889, the company being mustered in with sixty-six members.

Active in this organization were J. D. Gilerist, James H. Cambell, W. L. Vail, B. W. Hahn, A. L. Hamilton and N. S. Bangham (afterward assistant adjutant general of California). Lawrence Buckley was elected captain; first lieutenant, A. L. Hamilton (afterwards captain); second lieutenant, James H. Cambell.

The company secured headquarters in the Morgan Block, and proceeded to drill and perform other duties according to the N. G. C. regulations.

Through reorganization of the National Guard in Southern California, the name was changed from Company B to Company I, and funds were provided for an armory, which

was built on Union Street. When trouble occurred on the Mexican border in 1915, Company I was sent there—its first active field service.

Captain Byron Muzzy was in command, but the guard being made amenable to regular army requirements, Captain Muzzy failed to pass the required physical examination and the command returned in charge of First Lieutenant W. R. Jackson, having given most excellent account of itself. After returning from the border, it was called to regular service and to prepare for duty on foreign soil in the great struggle with Germany and went into a training camp at Arcadia with other companies of the Seventh Regiment, where the boys received additional lessons in the military art.

Pasadena will doubtless be satisfied with the record of Company I when peace again smiles upon the land and returns her gallant boys to us. C. F. Hutchins, who had been captain of the company, was advanced to the rank of colonel and when the Seventh Regiment was called to its colors in 1917 he assumed charge of it and is now holding that distinguished command.



JOHN McDONALD
A Drummer Boy at Gettysburg

PASADENA IN THE WORLD WAR

In other places has been related some of the things that Pasadena's citizens have done in behalf of the soldiers and sailors who were enlisted in the service of their country and in the various demands from stricken countries.

These demands have been many and continuous, but have been met with quick and gracious generosity, much money being subscribed in various ways of usefulness.

The first call for contributors to the first liberty loan—\$2,000,000 being Pasadena's allotment—was oversubscribed

\$800,000, and the second of \$3,000,000 was likewise met by a response that exceeded this amount by \$400,000.

Aside of these financial features the contribution of Pasadena's sons has been a generous response to the nation's call. Company I of the National Guard gave to its country quota of sixty-five to the front. Then came the Ambulance Corps of 126, headed by Dr. C. D. Lockwood—now Major Lockwood, by virtue of promotion.

The draft also took its share—122 in all—of fine young men. The naval reserve and the officers' training camp and the aviation corps added many more. Up to this writing—November, 1917—over 750 of the patriotic young blood of the city have answered the call, and are now either preparing in training camps or have already crossed the ocean to write their deeds with high held banners. How many more will yet be called is a matter for time to determine, but Pasadena is proud of its patriotic sons, and is confident that they will have written a glorious record on their escutcheon when the cruel war is ended and its performances summed up.

WELFARE BUREAU

As a stride in the direction of civic usefulness, a departure from ordinary philanthropic work has been engaged in and has been placed in the hands of a *Welfare Bureau*, which consists of nine appointed members—non salaried—whose duties comprehend a vast deal of usefulness. Under its guidance the various social bodies of the city who have heretofore attended to demands of charity and benevolent work individually meet in monthly conference and arrange a systematic administration of their charities under the direction of the bureau, which in turn is also under the co-operating hand of the county director of charities. As there are about fifty such associations, it can be seen that intelligent and mutual co-operation will be much more effective than is usually conducted.

This bureau has a shop and store and employs through it the services of needy women who sew or do other kinds of needlework, which is then sold. Four thousand dollars was the amount received last year from this source and equaled its expenditures. Mrs. A. M. Luckey is in charge of the shop.

Other work of a benevolent character tending to the improvement of the community is performed through sub-committees, for example, the employment bureau, which

endeavors to secure employment for the unemployed. A "city mother" also busies herself attending to the demands of abandoned children, correcting moral delinquencies, neglected or abused wives, and sometimes settling family disturbances! For even in Pasadena there may be occasion for interference between contending spouses. So if John inadvertently bestows a bang upon Mary Ann's optic, Mary Ann may call up the "city mother" and have John interviewed. The Bureau of Welfare expends about \$7,000 to \$8,000 yearly in its work.

The food and dairy inspector, the health officer, the city veterinarian and the city physician all have their offices and functions to perform for the general good. Many of these intimate services, grown into action through the progress of paternal government, are in active practice in Pasadena, though many of their beneficiaries are unaware of them.

THE SALVATION ARMY

The army headquarters at West Colorado Street is an evidence of consistent and laborious enterprise. For this organization owns this property and conducts it as the army usually does—for the good of erring fellows. The Salvation Army was one of the early religious organizations of Pasadena's second epoch, being instituted at a meeting held April 25th, 1884. Gospel Singer T. S. Ledford was the principal mover in this work then. The meetings were held in Williams Hall and were continued regularly for a time; then an intermission. The public did not at that time appreciate the good work of the Salvation Army and their right to parade with a band was denied them on frivolous grounds. In spite of the Council's edict, the army persisted in parading with the drum and several arrests were made, but no conviction was had. Hoodlums, also, tried to break up meetings by throwing stones and rotten eggs into their hall. But the "army" valiantly continued their work, and in the end gained the support of prominent people, who began to realize that this was no gathering of irresponsible persons, but a real organized religious body, with a fine purpose in view. No one scoffs now at the Salvation Army and its unpretending charities, but pays to it the respect it deserves.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

HUMANE SOCIETY

No longer does vagrant Towser or old dog Tray wander forlorn and uncared for up quiet alleys or down back streets to avoid the militant boy. The cow with the crumpled horn, the motherless or childless feline, may rest assured that a humanitarian eye is seeking it. It may be the chloroform finish for him, but that is better than starvation, neglect and cruel abuse—to dog or man! As long ago as 1894 an association of benevolent men organized the Pasadena Humane Society, then an auxiliary to the parent association of Los Angeles, but now standing upon its own feet squarely.

The organization was perfected in the office of Dr. F. F. Rowland, who was its first president. Such prominent citizens as Mr. and Mrs. William Stanton, B. W. Hahn, Dr. Ward Rowland, Dr. G. Roscoe Thomas and wife were active members. Its duties were not confined to belated felines or neglected canines, but included neglected and abused children as well. Its existence has continued and was much furthered by the good work of Dr. E. L. Conger and Lloyd Macy, president and secretary respectively for many years. A home for stray, homeless dogs and cats is at present located on South Raymond Avenue, where humanity protects these unfortunates. The broader humanitarian enterprise has been equally effective in looking after children who need such protection as is given. The society is partly supported through membership and partly by city funds derived from fines imposed on claimed animals.

Mrs. Robert A. Gifford is now president and H. H. Hallett secretary.

PARENT TEACHERS ASSOCIATION

In the very early days of Pasadena the kerosene lamp was the Old Reliable. When there was to be a public gathering of people there must also be a gathering of lamps to light them in their endeavors. Sometimes there were not enough lamps in the hall or place of gathering, then the kind neighbor was drafted upon to aid in the good cause. All of which preface is to explain that this is the manner in which neighbors came to the rescue when a Parent Teachers Association—known then only as a neighbors meetings—or formally, the

"Home and School League" started its useful career. Then, the neighbors, having set down their lamps—just like the vestal virgins might have done—proceeded with the business in hand. There was also an intermingling of refreshments—coffee and tea—also brought from the kind neighbors' kitchens. These circles were the forerunners of the present day P. T. A., a vastly influential body of parents, indeed! The very first meeting of the kind alluded to was held in the Washington School in 1898, when sixty-seven mothers, two lonesome fathers, and eight teachers, organized themselves into a working body, with William Ryan as first president; Miss S. D. P. Randolph was an officer, also vice president, I believe. While this is claimed to be the first officially organized league, prelude to the P. T. A., parents in other sections of the city had met in their neighborhood schools and discussed matters pertaining to schools and the pupils thereof; Grant School being the rendezvous, even earlier than the Washington, as was also Garfield, for such meetings. But neither of these gatherings organized formally, but just met informally, and talked over things, read papers, etc. At the Garfield circle a paper was issued monthly—called "the Budget"—which contained gems of genius contributed by capable pens. Mrs. E. B. Allen was editor of this paper. About 1900 these various circles organized as a federation, unifying their forces into one body and becoming the "Parent Teachers Association," as it is now constituted. This Association has proved itself a vital body in school affairs and everything pertaining to school existence. Its scope is even broader than school life, and includes anything pertaining to the welfare of school children, in school and at home. It is certain that these associations have brought about a better relationship between parents and teachers. The Pasadena federation embraces eighteen separate organizations, in its various districts.

Its present officers are Mrs. E. L. Janes, vice president, acting president owing to the resignation of Mrs. Dane when she was elected a member of the school board. Its secretary is Mrs. J. N. Probasco, and historian Mrs. G. A. Daniels.

THE CIVIC LEAGUE

The Civic League was originated in 1911 by some active minded women who believed they had civic duties confronting them and which they earnestly desired to perform. A meeting

was held at the Hotel Maryland and an organization perfected with Mrs. R. J. Burdette as president, which position she retained for three years. Mrs. Leo MacLaughlin was first secretary. Luncheons were held and topics bearing upon matters of public welfare considered. The efforts of the organization, directed in whichever way these meetings determined, were important factors in their accomplishment.

The League has 200 members and is officered as follows: President, Mrs. Clara Bryant Heywood; Secretary, Mrs. Theodore Coleman.

PASADENA CHILDREN'S TRAINING SOCIETY

Was organized in April, 1903, when Mrs. F. F. Rowland invited some ladies to meet at her home to consider a plan for the care of homeless children. The result of this meeting was an incorporated society bearing date of June, 1903, with the above name, whose officers were: President, Mrs. F. F. Rowland; Vice President, Mrs. Helen E. Bandini; Secretary, Mrs. J. H. Woodworth. Other ladies actively engaged in the work were Mesdames Holder, Macy, Dobbins, and Walkeley. On November 4th of that year the school was formally opened, a cottage being rented for the purpose. Since then the premises on South Wilson Avenue have been purchased and a good administration building, together with several bungalows, carry on this most excellent benevolence. About seventy-five children are at present being taken care of.

The present officers are: President, Mrs. J. H. Henry; Vice President, Mrs. J. B. Durand; Secretary, Mrs. Ewart Adams; Treasurer, Miss Ranney. Mesdames Linnard, Masters, Austin, Macy and Rowland, with the officers named, constitute the Board of Directors.

CHAPTER XLVIII

CLUBS—THE PICKWICK CLUB



THE original men's club of Pasadena is now only a memory. Organized in 1886 for athletic and social purposes, it continued throughout its fifteen years of life in a more or less happy state of existence. Its organizers were W. L. Vail, J. M. Shawhan, W. J. Craig, C. W. Bell, F. J. Polley and B. W. Bates. It first met in Williams Hall, then in Central Schoolhouse. Later it had a fine suite of rooms in the Webster—later Green Hotel; then on North Fair Oaks Avenue; again in the Brockway Block on East Colorado Street. B. W. Bates was its first president, and Shawhan, secretary.

It has long since passed out of existence and most of its members scattered. An athletic "annex" to the club was the Pasadena Athletic Club—whose chief actors were H. R. Hertel, C. W. Bell, and other near professional disciples of manly arts. This club featured numerous athletic contests and field days, wherein local talent found vent—and prodigious were the performances!

The club ceased to be about 1900. It was through this club's efforts that the race track in North Pasadena was constructed and it was there that many contests took place.

THE OVERLAND CLUB

The call of the Club! That was the urgency that fostered the movement which led to the organization of the Overland Club.

The Pickwick Club had ceased to be, and for long had no successor. Business men, professional men and dilettantes with money, especially, found no surcease from petty cares or opportunities for friendly meeting with each other on a common plane—such as club life may offer. The winter visitor who was accustomed to this life as part of his daily existence, found a hiatus here which unsettled him. This was the sentiment that moved such men as Frank V. Rider, W. H.

Vedder, Dr. Hibbard, Henry Newby, and some others of like mind, to take up the question of a new club and seriously discuss it. Frank Rider got into action and when friends visited him, perorated on the uppermost topic. Then D. M. Linnard, with his usual hospitable intent, had these men, and others, at his board to seriously undertake the project.

This was preliminary to an active campaign. More meetings, more gustatory stimulus to enlarged plans, and there was evolved a formal organization, perfected in Rider's office when W. H. Vedder was chosen as president; Dr. Hibbard, vice president; J. S. Glasscock, secretary; and F. V. Rider, treasurer. A committee on by-laws was also appointed.

It was at first decided to secure the upper floor of the Stanton Building for club purposes. Each person present became active in canvassing for membership to the proposed club, and with success. It was named "The Overland" after a debate upon various suggested appellations. The date of organization was June 21st, 1904.

A former private residence on the southeast corner of Colorado Street and Los Robles Avenue was leased and fitted up suitably for its chosen uses and here the club began its popular and prosperous career.

After a period of three years the property at 44 South Euclid Avenue was purchased and fitted up properly. Later, it was enlarged as needed and now comprises a very satisfactory home for its purpose.

The Overland Club has fulfilled its destined life in Clubdom. Here the member meets his friends and brings his guests to dally in agreeable relationship. Here have many distinguished guests met and exchanged experiences and even entertained the club with addresses.

Besides being a club for social inter-communication, it has asserted itself as a booster for all commendable civic and patriotic affairs, and is sponsor as well for many benevolences, for its members first of all are patriotic. Each Christmas it has become the distributor of benefactions to many needy families and has thus incurred the good will of hundreds of homes.

Dr. F. C. E. Mattison succeeded Vedder as president after the first year, and continued the popular president until 1916, when Col. W. J. Hogan succeeded him—a no less popular choice.

Secretary and Manager Bryson Allen and Chef George Johnson are always on deck—capable and affable in their attentions.

The membership is 225 and embraces the best in Pasadena's professional and business circles.

VALLEY HUNT CLUB

From its very beginning, in 1888, this club has led in the social activities of Pasadena. Never ostentatious or pretentious, its functions have called together the very best of the city's social life and people.

It was organized November 3rd, 1888, with the following officers: President, T. B. Barnum; Vice President, C. F. Holder; Secretary, B. M. Wotkins; Treasurer, F. F. Buell; Masters of Hounds, Dr. H. N. Hall, W. Browning, Robert Vandevort, Conway Campbell-Johnson.

Aside of its social functions, its object was to hunt with horse and hounds, and many notable events of this kind were indulged in and many wild cats or jack rabbits made to "bite the dust." C. F. Holder, and later Dr. F. F. Rowland, distinguished themselves in this direction.

The original club house was on Colorado Court, but after a few years there the club purchased a lot on South Orange Grove Avenue and built thereon a fine club house costing \$20,000, which it continues to occupy. The present officers are: President, J. E. Jardine; Secretary, F. B. Carter, Jr.; and Treasurer, W. D. Lacey.

GOLF—THE ANNANDALE CLUB

The golf enthusiast has many opportunities in Pasadena, there being no less than five high class links within easy reach of the city, two of them at least, within walking distance for the man or woman who believes in this sort of exercise. *The Annandale* is the most prominent of these, being but half a mile from the Colorado Street bridge and now within the city limits.

This club was originally organized largely through the activities of Colin Stuart and James Cambell. The land was secured from the Campbell-Johnson estate and a fine club

house built in 1907. Stuart was first president and Cambell secretary-treasurer.

In 1917 the original property was sold, other lands adjoining purchased and a new and more pretentious club house built at a more convenient location to the links.

The present officers are W. J. McDonald, President; Frank P. Flint, Vice President; H. I. Stuart, Secretary-Treasurer.

THE RAYMOND

Both the Huntington and the Raymond sport their own golf links and each have fine ones. The Huntington uses the historic "old mill" as its club house, having adapted it to this purpose. The Raymond grounds are a continuation of the hotel grounds. It was devised especially for guests of the hotel, but does not exclude outsiders.

THE MIDWICK

The Midwick Club, while not being located in Pasadena, is nevertheless well represented in its membership by Pasadenans. It is located south of Alhambra and was originally the San Gabriel Country Club. It has large grounds and a splendid club house building where society gathers in numbers.

ALTADENA COUNTRY CLUB

This club was organized in 1907, its organizers being some residents of Altadena and vicinity, together with Pasadena people—J. B. Coulston being especially active in its behalf. A fine site and golf course was purchased and an attractive club house built thereon.

It is a center of social life for that vicinity and a popular resort for its members. Its present officers are: J. B. Coulston, President; and Clinton C. Clarke, Secretary.

THE HUNTINGTON GOLF COURSE

This is in fact a part of the social life of the Hotel Huntington, providing the athletic entertainment so desirable to guests. The fine course is located near the hotel and the club house is of historic interest, being the transformed "old mill," the history of which is recounted elsewhere.

THE TWILIGHT CLUB

This club represents the highest type of intellectual life in men's clubs, and with its membership limited to eighty, there is always a long waiting list.

Its organization was the result of effort made by a Mr. Abbot, a sojourner in Pasadena, who interested some friends in the idea. It was regularly organized October 6th, 1895, with Rev. J. Moss Merwin as President; J. H. Adams, Vice President; and A. C. Vroman, Secretary.

It holds monthly meetings for eight months in the year at the Neighborhood Club House, having a dinner which is followed by a stated address, or addresses, sometimes varied with lighter entertainments.

Rev. Robert Freeman is President for 1917; John Willis Baer, Vice President; and Robert E. Ford, Secretary and Treasurer.

THE CAULDRON CLUB

Organized in 1913 by some young business and professional men of talent, and has made a prominent place for itself in Pasadena clubdom. Its meetings, like its compeers, are expositions of literary and musical talent and are held monthly.

Its officers are: Henry Norton, President, and Elvon Musick, Secretary.

THE CENTURY CLUB

Like the Twilight Club, the Century Club aims high in the intellectual empyrean, and is noted for its quality. It was organized by such men as Lon F. Chapin, B. W. Hahn, C. M. Parker and Rev. F. M. Dowling, on January 17th, 1901. It still continues the practice of meeting in the residences of members—once monthly.

The first officers were: C. H. Parsons, Vice President, and B. W. Hahn, Secretary. No president was elected until March 5th, when Rev. F. M. Dowling was chosen. Its present officers are: Rev. F. D. Mather, President; Ira J. H. Sykes, Vice President; and Raymond G. Thompson, Secretary. Its membership is limited to 60.

THE PIONEER SOCIETY

*The fields are green and the nesting song
Of building birds in the trees is heard;
The scent of the soil is borne along,
From fresh turned furrows the plow has stirred;
Gay sunbeams gleam o'er shelving banks,
With joyous kiss to the stream below,
And marshaled there in their stately ranks,
The golden poppies smile and glow.*

These are the memories that crowd upon the pioneer as he reposes in the sunny corner of the patio, and lets the pinions of retrospection carry him back to the days when he guided the plow that turned the virgin furrows. The pioneer renews these memories year by year, in happy reunions of the Pioneer Society, organized for the particular purpose of perpetuating them. It meets on the second Saturday of every June in some hospitable member's premises or under some favored oaks, for this avowed purpose.

Eligibility consists in having been fortunate enough to have arrived prior to Dec. 31st, 1884—or having parents who luckily did. Marriage to an eligible member will perfect title to this exclusive society. The pioneers, with that strong sentiment of fraternity which characterized them in early days, declared it desirable to celebrate the Colony's natal day by a getting together. It was done, and on June 27th, 1876, the first pioneers' picnic was held under the spreading live oaks at Lincoln Park, South Pasadena.

On another occasion a repetition of this reunion was held at Walter Cooley's. But no other regular meeting seems to have been held until some time in the early '80s, when a meeting was held in Williams Hall, at which P. M. Green presided and C. W. Bell acted as secretary. After this nothing seems to have been done in this direction until when, in 1898, some pioneers revived the idea of forming a pioneer organization, and in furtherance of this idea, a meeting was called at the Board of Trade rooms—then I believe, in the Wooster Block. At this meeting, which occurred November 17th, 1898, Col. J. Banbury was made chairman and M. Rosenbaum secretary. Just eleven persons participated, all of them the earliest settlers, for it had not yet been determined what would constitute eligibility. At this meeting it was decided that only those settling in the Colony prior to January 1st, 1879,

were entitled to membership (including their children)—a five year limitation.

At this meeting also, a committee on by-laws was appointed, consisting of Thos. F. Croft, J. H. Baker and M. Rosenbaum. Those present, joining, were as follows: P. M. Green, T. F. Croft, J. Banbury, Henry G. Bennett, S. Washburn, J. H. Baker, B. F. Ball, Alex. Mills, A. K. McQuilling, W. T. Clapp and S. Rosenbaum. The following, unable to be present, sent requests to be admitted and had their names enrolled: Miss Jennie Collier, Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham, Mrs. W. W. Ford, M. H. Weight, Miss Lulu and Howard Conger, and Mrs. Louise Conger, making an enrollment of eighteen all told.

This meeting adjourned to meet December 13th, but I can find no record of another meeting having been held, nor definite information regarding such.

But the animating spirit did not die, yet it was not until 1908, that it revived sufficiently to bring about another organization. Then another meeting was held, again in the Board of Trade rooms. At this time S. Washburn presided and Frank Heydenreich acted as secretary. This was a precursor to other meetings and the organization of the *Pasadena Pioneer Society*, as at present constituted, the adoption of by-laws, and the election of H. W. Magee as president and F. H. Heydenreich as secretary.

It was determined to enlarge the scope of eligibility, making anyone who became a resident of Pasadena prior to January 1st, 1884, eligible. Thus it stands and will probably so continue.

It was found that, including children, about 150 persons were entitled to join the society and these have mostly done so.

Since the organization began a reunion has been held each year, the first being held on the spacious grounds of Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham in South Pasadena, whose husband, it will be recalled by the reader, was Pasadena's first mail messenger—he of scholarly fame.

The reunion of 1917 was held under the trees in Live Oak Park above Devil's Gate. At these reunions the "old timer" relaxes and grows young once again. He becomes reminiscent and relates how he planted his fruit trees, and how he fought the gopher, the grasshopper and the other "varmint" that played havoc with his gardens and fields. His better half, too,

recalls with a quickening heart, the day when she plucked the first rose that bloomed on the bush beside the threshold, and gathered buttercups and forget-me-nots down in the meadow by the arroyo. Memories of the labors and tribulations of forty years, or longer, bring both happiness and sighs, for they recall years that held both in good measure.

But it is worth while to remember such things now and then and the pioneer delights in the natal day of the Colony and its celebration. The thrill that comes with the vigorous hand clasp denotes the sympathies aroused and comradeship renewed.

Death has come now and then to thin the ranks and each year finds another vacant seat, or more, at the festal board; reminders that this inexorable toll will leave nothing in a few years but memories of the pioneer of the Indiana Colony. Charles W. Bell is President for 1917, and Miss Ethelyn Brown Secretary.

THE TOURIST CLUB

Some men, when they grow gray and old, seek solace by their firesides, or in doing chores about the garden. Some slip away into silent places, and then comes a day when a funeral will pass by and the inquirer will be told, "Why, that was old ——"; he hasn't been down town much these past years, and has been forgotten. But the Tourists Club has rescued many of these gray headed chaps from innocuous desuetude and oblivion. Here is an unique organization where old fellows—and some not so old as to be decrepit, meet daily and swap yarns, play checkers and chess, and pitch quoits. And let it be said, no trifling amateur may here contest in this fascinating pastime with hopeful expectations.

No exacting requirements here. Behave yourself, that's all! The headquarters on North Raymond Avenue are open sesame to the good old chum. The president this year is S. T. Davisson, a good old sport.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB

*"It deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion."*

The generality of women in Pasadena, have usually been able to walk alone and do important things in their own

fashion. Pursuing this instinct they have met together and started movements where mere man has not been invited or considered. So it has come about that woman, women individually and collectively, have forwarded many affairs of civic and social betterment in their own way. Clubs of many kinds, organizations numerous, have been formed in restricted circles and exclusive ways, as well as in wide and comprehending purposes.

Pasadena's most important woman's club organization has been the Shakespeare Club. Important because it has undertaken many problems affecting themselves personally, the city and the public at large. The Shakespeare Club, though composed of women only, is not afraid to undertake any problem, no matter how intricate or how difficult. And yet, just two women began it and three planned it! These five are worth especial mention here. Miss Clarabel Thompson, Miss Ellen F. Thompson, Mrs. E. B. Allen, Mrs. Benjamin Page and Mrs. A. K. Nash.

The first meeting was held at Miss Clarabel Thompson's house on Palmetto Drive in June, 1888, when it was decided to form a reading club especially for the study of the bard of Avon. The scope was enlarged later and the study of other authors' writings included. A formal organization was effected August 31st, 1888, the name adopted then being the "Woman's Reading Club."

Miss Ellen F. Thompson, a long time popular teacher in the public schools, was chosen as President; Mrs. A. K. Nash, Vice President; and Mrs. H. G. Bennett, Secretary-Treasurer. The first Directors were Mrs. Mary Coman, Clara L. Dows, Marie A. Fisk, Edna W. Sanborn, Mary L. Rossiter, Ellen Burpee and Anna L. Meeker. Only twelve persons signed the original roll. But the club grew in numbers and for several years the club met at the homes of members, then becoming too large for that, occupied Stickney Memorial Hall and changed the name of the club to "The Shakespeare Club." Greater ambitions flamed. Desiring to own their own club house, a building corporation was formed and stock sold to members, from the proceeds of which a lot was purchased. This was in 1904.

This was as much as could be done at the time, but these active women kept busy and by 1906 had sold sufficient stock to their own members to put up the excellent building the

club now owns, costing \$11,000. The corner stone was laid in April, 1905, and the club house finished and occupied in October, 1906. Since that time the club has acquired all of the stock. It was free of debt and dissolved the building corporation in June, 1913. In 1916 a lot adjoining the original premises was purchased and turned into a flower garden, which shows the predominating tendencies of the members despite the formidable intellectual program presented yearly.

As now conducted the scope of the Shakespeare Club embraces topics of ponderous interest; civic affairs and more entertaining ones besides lighten up the serious phases of clubdom. The membership is limited to 700 and has no vacancies.

The present officers are: President, Mrs. Edwin M. Stanton; Hon. Vice President, Miss Susan H. Stickney; 1st Vice President, Mrs. Clayton R. Taylor; 2nd Vice President, Mrs. John C. Rau; Recording Secretary, Mrs. A. B. Anderson; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Carder; Auditor, Mrs. Harry Van Sittart.



CHAPTER XLIX

BUSINESS

MANUFACTORIES, CANNERIES, ETC.



ASADENA has never posed as a manufacturing city or as a place where the balance of trade is in its favor. In fact, many of its residents have sought it for the very reason that it is practically free from the noise and dust and smoke of manufactories, giving it the charm that cannot wholly exist in industrial centers.

Expecting, therefore, the relatively small production of citrus fruits, and canned fruit, there are no exports worth considering. Of course there are many small industries, shops, garages, etc., which give employment to many mechanics and laborers. I believe the automobile business will be found to lead these and return to its representatives more money than all others combined. Yet these do not represent real manufacturing establishments, but merely manufactured goods sold here. This chapter will review, cursorily, the principal establishments devoted to the preparation or *manufacture* of products for the market. Obviously, we cannot include merely selling agencies, stores, places of business, or small shops employing a man or two as legitimate manufactories.

I here present a report secured from the U. S. Census Bureau, which comprises carefully collected data. It does not include hand trades, or building trades, taking account only of factories, as stated. The table is for the year 1915—the latest available.

	1915	1900
Number of establishments	118	88
Persons engaged in manufactures...	821	709
Proprietors and firm members	120	92
Salaried employees	148	117
Wage earners (average number)...	553	499
Primary horsepower	1,782	969

Capital	\$1,601,000	\$1,347,000
Services	585,000	497,000
Salaries	156,000	117,000
Wages	429,000	380,000
Materials	869,000	853,000
Value of products	1,972,000	1,724,000
Value added by manufacture (value of products less cost of materials)	1,103,000	871,000

The following list observes the conditions specified above, excepting in the case of laundries.

FRUIT DRYING AND CANNING

Numerous fruit drying establishments have been started in Pasadena, mostly by growers who desired to care for their own fruit, or perhaps a limited quantity of purchased fruit, but no large dryer has been established, one reason being that the one time large orchards of peaches and other deciduous crops have been replaced with homes, the lands being subdivided into more profitable town lots. A fruit crystallizing plant was organized in 1886 by Byron O. Clark and James R. Riggins and began business in a building constructed for the purpose on Glenarm Street, but did not prove profitable and work was suspended. Then F. F. Stetson acquired it in 1890 and began packing beans and other table supplies, continuing in business for several years. The plant finally went into the hands of the Pasadena Canning Company.

CANNERIES

PASADENA PACKING CO.

The first real industry of Pasadena which employed many persons, was the Wallace Cannery, built by Joseph Wallace in 1881 to meet a crying need for an output for the deciduous fruit—the peach and plum orchards, which were maturing and whose products had no other market than Los Angeles. This was called the “Pasadena Packing Company” and was built on Wallace’s own ranch on (now) Lincoln Avenue and Mountain Street (now North Orange Grove Avenue). Only a dozen employees were needed in its first season, and but 10,000 cans of fruit were packed. By 1884, 50,000 cans were packed. But in September of 1885, the establishment was

burned. But Wallace, in 1886, organized a company and thus acquired additional capital.

In the company were George F. Kernaghan, Prof. T. C. S. Lowe and R. C. Commelin. Under the new company's management the output was increased largely and proved a fortunate market for growers.

After varying fortunes, the business was purchased by Z. E. Drier in 1901, and has been owned and successfully conducted by him ever since. Drier owns the Sunset Cannery in Pomona and came with a thorough business knowledge. The plant has been enlarged to meet growing necessities, until it now employs from 250 to 300 men and women during the packing season, and has a pay roll of \$3000 per week. The equipment represents an investment of over \$80,000.

For the season of 1917 a total of over 5000 tons of peaches, apricots and tomatoes will be packed, representing about 200,000 packed cases.

THE PASADENA MANUFACTURING COMPANY

The beginning of this, one of Pasadena's largest industrial plants, was in 1884, when C. B. Ripley and Harry Ridgeway, who were partners in the contracting business, built a small planing mill on East Union Street. It began business July 30th of the year aforesaid and continued it in conjunction with their house building enterprise, Ripley having charge of the mill. In December, 1886, a reorganization was effected, an incorporation formed and more capital secured.

This corporation had as its officers, C. B. Ripley, B. F. Ball, James Clarke, Oscar Freeman, W. P. Forsyth, M. H. Weight, P. M. Green, O. M. Arnold, G. W. Pillbeam, R. Williams and M. S. Overmire. Forsyth was named president; Ball, vice-president; Freeman, secretary and Ripley, superintendent. A new location was secured for the plant on Broadway below Kansas Street, and a large building capable of employing 50 to 100, or even more employees, put up and machinery installed.

It is worthy of statement that this establishment has continued business with great success to this time. Furthermore, until 1917, Messrs. Clarke and Freeman remained continuously with it, Freeman as secretary and "estimator" and Clarke as superintendent, he having succeeded Ripley

many years ago. B. F. Ball also remained until his death in 1915, succeeding Forsyth as president. In 1916 this business was sold to L. R. McKessen, who is president; W. A. Gripton, who is secretary, and some others, and is now successfully continued by them. It employs thirty-five to fifty persons.

MECHANICS MILL

Another planing and woodworking mill built in 1887 on Chestnut Street by Messrs. R. H. Brent, F. F. Crowell and G. C. Halsey, becoming later the property of Mann and Daniels. It was moved to South Broadway and eventually destroyed by fire.

A BLINDS FACTORY

The Holland Blinds Factory, established in 1886 by W. S. Holland, Charles and Fred Swift and George Durrell on Chaplin Street, confined its work to the manufacture of a patent blind. The business was successfully conducted, eventually becoming owned by Holland alone. It was continued until a few years ago when it closed down and was dismantled.

A BRICK YARD

The Simons Brick Company, now become an important industry conducted near Los Angeles, obtained in its infancy the contract for furnishing brick for the Raymond Hotel in 1884 and began making the brick for this purpose on a lot adjacent. This supply was soon exhausted and the yard was moved to Euclid Avenue near Maine Street. This supply also was exhausted and another move was made to Madeline Drive. This business was finally given up. Then "Joe" Simons came into the field and began the business which enriched himself and brothers. Originally "Joe" had as partners J. S. Mills, who owned land that was supposed to produce clay suitable for brick making. Operations were begun in a small way in 1886, but the clay was not satisfactory and the business given up in a few months. Simons found a better clay bed on Glenarm Street and Lake Avenue (Oak Knoll) and bought twenty acres of land there. He took into partnership his father, and brothers Elmer and Walter, and began operations in a small way in 1888. As the town grew into a city the demand for brick increased with

it and the result was the great success of the Simons Brick Company. Long ago the clay beds here became unprofitable as such, but grew in value for residence property. In 1917 the old brick yard was purchased by W. R. Staats Co., for, it is said, \$200,000 and is now being prepared for fine residences. Walter Simons is now sole proprietor of the present Simons Brick Co., which as stated is conducted in its newer field.

THE CITIZENS' ICE COMPANY

Was established in 1913 with T. M. Young as president and J. C. McLeemore, manager. It has a capacity of 50 tons with a storage reserve of 2000 tons and reports a regularly increasing business.

THE EDISON ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY

The forerunner of this corporation in Pasadena was the Pasadena Light and Power Company, which was organized in March, 1888, by A. R. Metcalfe, C. W. Abbott, J. M. Glass, C. M. Skillen, D. Galbraith and J. H. Fleming, all local men. The articles of incorporation were granted January 31st, 1888. The capitalization of this company was \$20,000 at first, but was increased to \$25,000, December 9th, 1890. The power house was located on the site of the present Edison plant. Its office was for a time in the present Kendall Building on Union Street and Raymond Avenue. The company began business, its first customer being E. F. Hurlbut for his Orange Grove Avenue home. On January 1st, 1894, the company made a contract with the city of Pasadena to light some of its streets for three years, the number of lights agreed upon being sixty-eight arc lights.

In 1894 L. C. Torrance purchased control of the company and became its president, while J. Sidney Torrance, his brother, became secretary. Other directors were L. P. Hansen, vice president, and F. C. Bolt, treasurer.

In 1895 E. Groenendyke obtained a franchise for operating a similar plant, but assigned it to the aforesaid corporation afterwards.

In 1898 the Edison Company of Los Angeles acquired the Pasadena company and operated it as a separate company for a year, when it was consolidated with the present corporation, but has maintained its local transforming system.

The franchise which the company succeeded to was for fifty years, thus having twenty-seven years yet to run.

The present Edison Company of Los Angeles has a \$20,000,000 auxiliary corporation which generates current from the Kern River waters in Kern County, bringing it down from thence 200 miles or more over immense cables. Besides supplying its own Los Angeles and Pasadena plants, it has also plants in other cities and towns through the county.

When the city of Pasadena became its local competitor a radical reduction of prices was inaugurated and a great struggle ensued between the companies, one to hold its business, the other to get it. The Edison Company being officered by local men to some extent (its president, John B. Miller, widely and popularly known, being a Pasadenan), proved a tenacious rival to the city and has been able to maintain a good business under the able local management of E. H. Mulligan.

In 1917 a tentative proposition was submitted to the city of Pasadena whereby the city was to obtain a lease for two years and an option to purchase the entire local Edison business for \$500,000 at the expiration of the lease. Contingent upon this proposition was the furnishing of electricity by the Edison Company for a term of thirty years. The manager of the municipal plant approved the plan, but the commissioners would not agree to it on account of the condition attached. The consolidation of the two plants is considered, by fair-minded people, a desideratum and would be voted favorably if submitted upon a reasonable basis, which will doubtless be done at some time.

PASADENA ICE & COLD STORAGE COMPANY

The Pasadena Ice Company, in its sixteen years of existence, has grown into an important industry, the largest regular employer of labor in the city. Beginning in 1901 with a plant capable of manufacturing only 15 tons of ice daily, it has developed steadily under the guidance of S. Hazard Halsted—who was its prime mover and organizer—until its present output is 125 tons with a prospective increase to 150 tons daily within a short time.

S. Hazard Halsted interested Tod Ford Sr. in this enterprise, who with his friend Myron C. Wicks of Youngstown, Ohio, and C. H. Hamilton, were the largest stockholders. The first officers were: President and Manager, S. Hazard

Halsted; Vice-President, Freeman Ford; Secretary, Charles H. Hamilton; Treasurer, S. Bradshaw. In 1903 the plant was enlarged; again in 1907, and still again in 1914; and at present employs 140 persons with an annual payroll of \$85,000. It has 120 horses, 50 delivery wagons, 6 automobile trucks and several special delivery automobiles. The company has established a group of buildings on South Broadway, which includes the ice making plant, machine shops, repair shops, etc., all entering into the general efficiency scheme, for here efficiency is the guiding note. Besides the ice manufacturing plant, there is a precooling plant which is capable of handling five or six cars of citrus fruits daily, and in connection therewith, a storage room for 15 carloads.

The company has extended its business into adjacent towns, now having a manufacturing plant at Pomona and branch distributing offices at Alhambra, Sierra Madre, Eagle Rock, Garvanza, Monrovia and Altadena.

The present officers are: S. Hazard Halsted, President and Manager; Freeman A. Ford, Vice-President; Charles H. Hamilton, Secretary; and S. Bradshaw, Treasurer. Other Directors are Wm. R. Staats, Henry M. Robinson, E. S. Gosney and Tod Ford, Jr.

THE BATCHELDER TILE COMPANY

A feature of many homes of late construction in Pasadena and also in Los Angeles is the artistic tile work shown in their fire places, and also interior decoration of wider scope. Inquiry will show that this work is done by the Batchelder Tile Co., which undertook an important enterprise in this direction in 1910, establishing a manufactory on South Broadway. Much artistic work is done here now under the superintendency of Holt Condon.

Ernest A. Batchelder is president of the company, and has a Los Angeles office and designing room.

CROWN CITY MANUFACTURING Co.

Is a prosperous manufactory of house finishings and similar work with its factory on the corner of Green Street and Vernon Avenue.

Its beginning was "Ye Arts and Crafts Co."—some time in 1903 or '04—which was sold to W. L. Leishman in 1905 and by him converted into the present extensive establishment

employing from 35 to 50 men with a payroll of \$30,000 to \$40,000 annually and a reputation for reliability equalling any establishment in the city.

PASADENA MILLING CO.

This business was originally established by Stephen Townsend, a pioneer resident, in 1886, who conducted it as his own business (he had no associates) for several years, then sold it to Byron Lisk. The business was chiefly crushing barley for horse and cattle feed.

In 1906 the present company was incorporated by J. A. Cole who had purchased the business. Cole built a flour mill on South Raymond Avenue, capable of making 200 barrels of flour daily and has established a large business.

J. A. Cole is president; Byron Lisk, vice president; and J. M. Cole is manager of the company.

LAUNDRIES

While laundries are not manufactories, yet they represent large business investments and distribute a heavy payroll. They are therefore considered worthy of mention as "industries."

TROY LAUNDRY

This is the oldest established business of this kind in Pasadena. It was begun in 1898 as a small venture, but in 1901 became an incorporated company under the above title, and the ownership went into the hands of S. B. Tubbs, L. P. Boynton and Willis H. Smith. Luther G. Newby and H. C. Holt later became stockholders; eventually the Tubbs and other stock was absorbed by Newby and associates. Newby is now president and manager of the company.

The plant was burned in 1915, but has since been rebuilt and now has an up-to-date equipment in every particular. It represents an investment of more than \$100,000, employs from 85 to 100 persons and has a pay-roll of \$1200 per week. L. G. Newby is president and H. C. Holt is secretary.

THE YOSEMITE LAUNDRY

The Yosemite Laundry was established in 1904 by Victor Marsh and Hugh Reed with some other Pasadena stockholders. It has achieved a successful business and now em-



A DRIVE AMONG THE PALMS

employs from 75 to 100 persons with a weekly payroll of \$1000.00 to \$1200.00. Victor Marsh is president, and H. E. Wagner, secretary and manager.

THE ROYAL LAUNDRY

The unit of this plant, owned by H. M. Haskell and L. F. Caswell, was moved from South Pasadena in 1909 and made a bid for wider business, which it received. In 1916 A. C. Tubbs, having severed his connection with the Troy Laundry, purchased the control of the Royal, and is now its president and manager. Peter Hall is vice president and A. L. Rowland, secretary. It employs 135 persons and has a pay roll of \$1400.00 weekly and an investment of \$116,000.

PASADENA ORANGE GROWERS ASSOCIATION

PASADENA FRUIT GROWERS ASSOCIATION

Until the California orange grower began to understand the wisdom of co-operation, he was at the mercy of the buyer and the commission man, and he was the under dog all the time. With the organization of the citrus fruit associations of Southern California, the grower began to prosper and the condition of the fruit to improve, as it must, under scientific co-operation and education.

Local organizations were the beginning of this larger co-operation, and measurably solved the difficulties that had harrowed the grower.

Pasadena, beginning as a fruit growing colony, became aware of these conditions very soon, but did not prepare for them until 1893, when "red ink" balances drove them to it. On December 14th of that year an association was formed in Pasadena, named, originally, the Pasadena Fruit Growers Association with a board of directors composed of C. C. Thompson, David M. Smyth, M. E. Wood, B. F. Ball, James Smith, Byron Lisk and Charles E. Tibbetts. C. C. Thompson was president for two years and was succeeded by George F. Kernaghan.

In 1909 the name of the Association was changed to the name given above, and in 1910 it obtained the trade marks "Arroyo" and "Echo" for its output, and has used them ever since, but also makes a special pack of "Sunkist"—the brand of the Fruit Growers Exchange of Southern California

—which widely advertises this choice brand. The first shipment of oranges by this association was packed in a building on the Santa Fé tracks, south of California Street.

The present fine concrete packing plant was built in 1913 (at 1097 South Marengo Avenue) and is a busy place during the season, employing from 75 to 100 persons. About 115 shippers are represented and ship the products of about 600 acres of citrus fruit. The crop of 1916-17 was 360 carloads of 400 boxes (average) each, or a total of 144,000 packed boxes, which netted to the grower nearly \$200,000.

The present officers of the Association are: William Polard, President; W. M. Eason, Vice-President; A. J. Neimeyer, D. J. Green, F. E. Chapman, Lloyd R. Macy and G. A. Darling, other Directors. William H. Beckman is Secretary and Manager and has been with the Association for a number of years.

A COAL MINE

It is not known to very many that in pioneer days an effort was made to develop a coal mine in the Arroyo bank just opposite Columbia Street. A seam of lignite was found and some developments made but as the coal was not of very good burning quality the project was abandoned.



CHAPTER L

TRADES ORGANIZATIONS

HE labor unions of Pasadena have been neither militant nor aggressive, but they have been recognized and respected as organizations ever since they came into existence. For one thing, they have earned the reputation of being reasonable and consistent, and possessed with a desire to be "square," and have not submitted to the dictation of would-be "bosses" with selfish objects. I believe there has never been a strike or lockout involving the labor unions of Pasadena seriously.

Altogether, there are now 20 unions or allied associations, comprehending about all branches of trades or industries carried on here. All of these organizations are under the direction of a central Board of Labor, a central body which is, in effect, a "clearing house" for its co-ordinating bodies.

In the course of time it became evident, that aside of mere organization there should be a growing efficiency in all departments of industry and this ambition has been one of the fostered aims of the associated unions. To more effectually carry out this idea and to bring the entire membership into harmonious action, a Labor Temple Association was formed and the property at the corner of Raymond Avenue and Walnut Street purchased in 1911 for \$20,000. This property embraces several cottages in one of which is established the office and headquarters of the organization. It is intended that a Labor Temple will be built on this property which will prove adequate for all purposes. Harry A. Huff, member of the Typographical Union, was chosen as secretary in 1909, and has since continued in that position—a popular and efficient official. He was also, in 1910, president of the Labor League. In the direction of education, demonstrations and instructions in various crafts have been featured and have been much appreciated by members.

HISTORY

The original charter of the Pasadena Board of Labor was issued October 26th, 1905, and under it the central council

conducted its affairs. This charter was surrendered and a new one replaced it November 3rd, 1913, as the "Pasadena Board of Labor." The first meeting was held January 22d, 1906, with J. W. Hart of the Typographical Union as president, and J. W. Halpin of the Millmen's Union as secretary. From that time on regular meetings were held and the usual business of the Unions conducted.

It may be further stated that the Union Labor bodies of Pasadena have always taken an active part in all public movements and in local political issues. In bond issues also, these bodies have been important factors and have usually supported such propositions.

They have also gone on record in favor of National prohibition.

No more than mention may be made of the various labor organizations in the city, the appended list being officially reported.

TRADE LABOR UNIONS—NAMES AND HEADQUARTERS

Board of Labor Halls—42 East Walnut Street. Labor Temple Halls—Cor. Raymond Avenue and Walnut Street.

CENTRAL BODIES

Board of Labor, meets first and third Mondays. William Prosser, President.

Labor Day Association, meets every Monday in July and August. Harry S. Haver, President.

Labor Temple Association, Pasadena Union (Incorporated). Directors meet second and fourth Tuesdays. Edward B. Hillier, President.

Printing Trades Council, Allied, of Pasadena, meets third Tuesday. James T. Jenkins, President.

CRAFT UNIONS

Bakery and Confectionery International Union of America. Local No. 15 meets first Saturday afternoon. Robert Brown, Secretary.

Barbers' International Union of America No. 604—S. E. Detrick, President; C. E. Mraz, Secretary.

Bricklayers', Masons' and Plasterers' International, Local No. 15. Harry S. Haver, President; F. E. Coleman, Secretary.

Carpenters and Joiners of America, United Brotherhood of, Local No. 769. Jay Smedley, President; S. J. Seeds, Secretary.

Electrical Workers, International Brotherhood of, Local No. 418. P. G. White, President; H. E. Gage, Secretary.

Label League, Women's International Union, No. 178. Mrs. Lulu O. Carson, President; Mrs. J. M. Harvey, Secretary.

Lathers, *International Union* of, Wood, Wire and Metal, Local No. 81. Chas. F. Ward president; W. A. Hoggan, Secretary.

Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers of America, Brotherhood of, Local No. 92. J. F. Tatlow, President; H. C. Bricker, Secretary.

Plasterers' International Association, Journeymen Operative, Local No. 194. W. J. Langstaff, President; Elmer Seibert, Secretary.

Plumbers, Gasfitters, Steamfitters, and Steamfitters Helpers, United States and Canada, United Association Journeymen, Local No. 280. Beach R. Knight, President; J. H. Simpson, Secretary.

Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union, International, Local No. 155. James T. Jenkins, President; Ed. C. Evans, Secretary.

Sheet Metal Workers' International Alliance, Amalgamated, Local No. 293. W. E. Williams, President; A. B. Haffner, Secretary.

Typographical Union, No. 583. George A. Swerdfiger, President; Harry A. Huff, Secretary.

Carpenters 131 amalgamated with Carpenters 769.

Cement workers 195. Amalgamated with Plasterers.

Building Laborers relinquished charter.

CHAPTER LI

THE PASADENA HOSPITAL—HYGIENIC PROBLEMS, ETC.

INFORMATION BY THEODORE COLEMAN, SECRETARY OF THE ASSOCIATION

HE Pasadena Hospital is an institution of twenty-five years' growth, having had a very humble beginning in 1892. It is now of sufficient proportions to occupy its own site of six acres, and to maintain one hundred beds in buildings constructed and equipped to care for patients in the several departments of medicine, surgery, maternity and children's diseases. A dispensary (virtually free to patients) is also conducted on the grounds in connection with the hospital, and for the accommodation of sixty to seventy pupil nurses who are in training in the hospital—a picturesque building occupying a site in the immediate neighborhood.

Of the ten members who were present to form the Pasadena Hospital Association in July, 1892, but two are now living—Judge G. A. Gibbs and G. F. Kernaghan. The former acted as secretary at this charter meeting and he is at this writing the association's president. The other citizens present at the initial gathering were J. W. Scoville, P. M. Green, A. R. Metcalfe, W. U. Masters, E. R. Hull, T. S. C. Lowe, A. G. Throop and J. A. Buchanan. The first board of directors chosen was composed of Messrs. Scoville, Metcalfe, Lowe, Hull, Green, Kernaghan and Mr. E. F. Hurlbut.

A period of seven years elapsed before the association had much more than laid a firm foundation for a hospital. In February, 1900, the association had a few beds in small rented quarters over the Staats Company's building at the corner of Raymond Avenue and Green Street, where the embryo hospital was maintained until 1902. Then the first unit of the present plant was erected on ground donated by Mrs. Caroline Wakeley. The funds for this building were contributed by citizens of the city, and it is to the liberality of other citizens that the plant was enlarged by successive units to its present size, and that an endowment fund of not quite \$100,000 has been built up by slow accretions. Donors of buildings were

Mrs. R. J. Burdette, Mrs. E. M. Fowler and Miss Kate Fowler, Mr. O. S. A. Sprague and Mr. J. D. Wilde.

The list of those who in the early period of the hospital's history devoted their time and efforts to promoting the interests of the young institution included many of the best known men and women of the community, but is too big for this brief sketch. The first directors chosen after the actual work of the hospital began in 1901 were Mrs. H. G. Bennett, Mrs. James Sroatt, Miss Anna Bartlett, Messrs. E. H. May, J. W. Hugus, H. M. Dobbins and H. H. Klamroth. The latter acted also as director secretary of the board up to the time of his death in 1911.

The present working staff of the Hospital Association is composed of Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, John Wadsworth, Mrs. A. M. Merwin, Mrs. George E. Hale, Judge George A. Gibbs, Frank S. Wallace, Mrs. J. S. Torrence, D. B. Gamble, Mrs. Arthur Noble, Commander J. J. Hunker and Dr. S. P. Black. Directors (printed in order of length of service): Judge Gibbs, president; Mrs. Burdette, first vice president; F. S. Wallace, second vice president; John Wadsworth, treasurer and auditor; Theodore Coleman, secretary; Miss Gila Pickhardt, superintendent.

MARENGO HOSPITAL

This hospital was organized in 1912 and has associated with it such medical men as Dr. H. A. Fiske, Dr. W. A. Cundy, Dr. George Campbell and others, purchasing the fine home and grounds of Dr. Grinnell on North Marengo Avenue, which have been transformed into proper accommodation for the hospital uses. It has gained a reputation that has brought to it considerable patronage. It is the intention of the corporation to build more substantial buildings and create a high class, well equipped hospital in the near future.

Present officers are: Dr. H. A. Fiske, president; Dr. George Campbell, secretary.

HYGIENIC PROBLEMS

LET US SEWER WAS THE CRY OFT REPEATED, AND IT WAS DONE

One of the serious, one of the most serious problems of the early days, when the sudden growth of Pasadena presented problems faster than they could be met because of delays inci-

dent to legal red tape was the portentous one of sewerage. It was a question involving the health of the people. Thanks must be tendered to H. J. Vail, then editor of the *Star*, for his persistent and capable labors in keeping the subject before the public and stirring them into action by his many editorials. It was not until 1886, when the village had become a town of several thousand, that any steps were definitely taken in the matter. In fact, as there was no incorporation, no legal or enforced steps could be taken. But by incorporation the city had the legal means at hand.

In 1886 the trustees began to discuss the question of sanitation, and in 1887 it had been decided to operate a "sewer farm" as the best means under the existing conditions. Three hundred and twenty acres of suitable lands were purchased for \$125 per acre. (Afterwards 200 acres more were purchased adjoining the original unit for \$25,000.) This body of land lies three miles southwest from Pasadena. Difficulties of many kinds were contended with from the beginning. Bonds to the amount of \$159,500 were voted (the first bonds voted for in the city) and preparations made to begin work. The trustees, not being experienced in disposal of bonds, and there being as yet no bank with capital sufficient to purchase them, a contract was made with a sharp speculator to dispose of them for a commission of \$10,000. Unfortunately he received his commission before the bonds were sold—and failed to keep his part of the contract! First experience in high finance by green trustees! A company styling itself the Pacific Sewerage Company next made an agreement to dispose of these bonds for a commission of \$14,000; no money to be paid until bonds were sold and the cash paid over! Wisdom prevailed. Then the residents in the vicinity of the route through which the sewer mains were to be run made objection, fearing that damage would result to their property. Litigation was begun. Contracts had been already let in 1887 for laying some mains in Pasadena and the work proceeded notwithstanding injunction suits. The city won when the suits were brought, on the ground that the use of the streets for mains would produce an unsanitary condition. Other legal obstacles were compromised, thus giving clear sailing for the continuation of the work. The outfall was completed in 1892—five years after the work had been begun. In its beginning crops of barley and wheat, hay, pumpkins, corn

and alfalfa were experimented with on the farm lands. In 1892 sixty acres were planted to English walnuts, which area has since been increased to 114 acres; and fifty acres have also been planted to oranges; all of which show a splendid growth and produce fine crops which in some years are sufficient to pay for maintaining the farm. The system of sewerage management is such that it is not obnoxious to the neighborhood; is, in fact, quite satisfactory, and has been recently further improved by the installation of an Ihmhoff tank, which has proved measurably satisfactory. Much credit is due August Meyer, city engineer at the time the system was being installed, for his valuable scientific advice; and, in fact, it was because of his knowledge of similar plants in Europe that prevailed upon the trustees and induced them to install a like system here. Edson Turner was the first trustee who had this branch of the city's business in hand, and his good sense was well shown in its management. Following Turner came M. M. Parker, S. Washburn, W. A. Heiss, W. B. Loughery and Harley Newell, respectively members of the several municipal bodies, and who, as chairmen of the committee on these matters, were responsible for their success. S. O. McGrew became superintendent and remained as such until 1914, and was succeeded by A. B. Cole.

The constant encroachment upon the borders of the city farm by subdivision and settlement has brought with it two conditions: one the vast increase in the value of the farm making it almost too valuable for the purpose it is used for. It is probable that this land is now worth nearly \$1,000,000 for residential purposes. Another reason is that, notwithstanding the known fact that this farm already existed, later purchasers of property have made complaints, mostly imaginary, of their objectionable neighbor and threaten injunction proceedings every now and then. Whether well founded or not, the city commissioners, foreseeing legal troubles and desiring to anticipate them, in 1915 purchased a tract of 600 acres of land lying like a cup in the hills a few miles farther south, paying \$150,000 therefor. It was their design to have Alhambra and South Pasadena unite with this city in a partnership sewer farm and this arrangement has been effected so far as proceedings have gone, each of these cities pro rating the cost and thus solving a vexing problem that worried the sister communities. One hundred thousand dollars was the

portion paid by Pasadena. Since this purchase legal obstacles have been set up by communities near the land, and no steps can be further taken with this project until these obstacles are overcome. In the meantime it was suspected that this land might be oil-producing, and in 1917 a lease was made with E. L. Doheny of Los Angeles, he paying \$75 per acre and one-sixth royalty on production, a lease which requires the lessee to begin and continue development without cessation for a term of years. Pasadena may yet have an oil farm of its own, as indications are reasonably good at this writing.

A GARBAGE INCINERATOR

The disposal of such garbage as could not otherwise be utilized, a matter of municipal importance, was solved in 1912 when a bond issue of \$60,000 was voted for this purpose. Fourteen thousand dollars of this was paid for a lot on South Raymond Avenue, and an incinerating plant, capable of destroying five tons daily, was built.

It has proved itself a happy solution of this problem. In 1917 a contract was made whereby the city is paid \$1 per ton for all garbage and collection made by the contractor. It is reduced to a chicken food and a fertilizer, and is said to be a profitable enterprise.

A CHLORINATION PLANT

A system of precipitation of the water impurities by chlorination, or the "dosing" of the water with chlorine gas—one part of the gas to 5,000,000 parts of water—was instituted in 1916 with success, and at a cost of only one cent for each 672,000 cubic feet of water. This method is not pursued on account of known impurities in or contamination of the water in its normal condition, but as an insurance against accidental contamination by bacillus coli, on account of the carelessness of campers. For though the Arroyo is patrolled by fire rangers during the summer and every precaution exercised, yet the process insures the absolute purity of the water at all times.

CHAPTER LII

THE ALPS OF PASADENA

THE SIERRA MADRES

*O mother mountains! billowing far to the snowlands,
Robed in aerial amethyst, silver and blue.
Why do you look so proudly down on the lowlands,
What have their groves and gardens to do with you?*

*Theirs is the languorous charm of the orange and myrtle,
Theirs are the fruitage and fragrance of Eden of old,—
Broad-boughed oaks in the meadows fair and fertile,
Dark-leaved orchards gleaming with globes of gold.*

* * * * *

*O mother mountains, Sierra Madre, I love you!
Rightly you reign o'er the vale that your bounty fills,—
Kissed by the sun, or big, bright stars above you,—
I murmur your name and lift up mine eyes to the hills.*

HENRY VAN DYKE.

THE MOUNTAINS THAT GIVE US CLIMATE FOR OUR WELLBEING, AND AFFORD JOY IN THEIR POSSESSION. BARRIERS AGAINST DESERT STORMS, AND CONSERVERS OF THE RAINFALL THAT COMES TO US BY AND BY IN PURLING STREAMS.



It has been said by travelers that nowhere else may one see a more splendid combination of mountain scenery where loveliness and picturesqueness are blended in exquisite variety, than is embraced within the area of the Angeles National Park. This National Forest Reserve traverses three counties, and comprises 1,159,663 acres, is forty miles across and is about 100 in length—as the eagle flies, for it is the home of the eagle, who perches in lonesome state upon his pine top aerie and scans its loveliness. This forest park reaches from the San Geronio Pass on the east to the foothills of the San Fernando Valley on the west, and from the San Gabriel Valley to the Mojave Desert.

But it is only with that province which lies within the scope of these chronicles that I will particularly deal—that bit between the San Gabriel Canyon and the place where the Big Tejuunga deploys upon the mesas of La Crescenta. This is the watershed of the San Gabriel Valley; on these mountain slopes are gathered the rains of winter and the waters of the melting snows, to be stored until they are needed in the rainless months that follow. Then, in sparkling streams, come these conserved rains, bringing life and sustenance to orchards, vineyards and to the gardens that are scattered in the valley below, whose response is in gold and emerald—in the bloom of the millions of flowers, and in the evergreen groves burdened with their golden harvests.

Furthermore, these mountain walls are barriers that protect us from the hot air waves of summer that would otherwise sweep across from the Mojave Desert and render unendurable these smiling valleys and prosperous cities with their luxurious homes and blooming gardens. True it is that among these frowning peaks we find no Jungfrau with its icy crags and formidable crevasses, nor do we have a Mont Blanc with mighty pinnacle and everlasting snows. But we have the lesser, yet beautiful and stately, San Gorgonio, San Jacinto and San Antonio; grand enough and beautiful enough to satisfy more than average yearnings or assuage the longings of the Alpine climber. And among them can be found nooks yet uninvestigated and where man's footsteps are unknown.

Officially the range we contemplate is known as the San Gabriel, but the padres of old—more poetic and sentimental—chose from their own nomenclature the more satisfying "Sierra Madres"—or Mother Mountains; and so they are known and preferred, despite geographers and pedagogues.

With fortuitous chance Pasadena was located at just the proper distance from these mountains to confer upon them the atmospheric alchemy which lends to them their supreme beauty, transforms their rugged outlines into pleasing silhouettes and confers that splendid color effect seen with every phase of the sun's movements, and in every hour of the day. The genius of Hill and of Moran have been exerted to reproduce the true California atmosphere upon canvas, but even these magicians of the brush have never quite caught its exquisite beauty and charm.

Contemplating this range of summits from Pasadena one

can but be impressed with their changeability under different lights and at different hours. Viewed through the amber haze of summer, they lie recumbent, remote and seemingly somewhat inaccessible. But when the winter's rains wash the sky, and clear the atmosphere of its smoke and dust, these low-lying ridges spring from their suppliant positions, their features become clear and recognizable, and they move forward to us in close and friendly intimacy. It is then their canyon portals open wide and free, and friendly trails are revealed—an invitation to more familiar acquaintance. Such is the magic of California atmospheres.

Their features most striking from Pasadena are of course the prominent peaks. First and most noticeable is San Antonio, or "Old Baldy," as it is commonly called, on account of its hoary head, lying sixty miles eastward and rising 10,080 feet above the sea level. Far away, and hardly in our province of description, yet worthy of notice, are San Gorgonio, the capsheaf of our mountain field, 11,465 feet high, and San Jacinto, not quite so high, but imposing, because of its isolated and dominating position over lesser surrounding summits.

Nearer, and of greater importance to us, lies Mount Wilson—almost the center of our picture. Mount Wilson stands 5,865 feet in altitude, but from our present point of view is not especially imposing. It is of great importance, however, because science has chosen it, or a spur of it, and upon the chosen site has established an Acropolis dedicated to the stellar world. Here strange tubes, with alert, peering eyes, have been built, and busy themselves grasping from celestial obscurity hitherto humble and unnoted stars, weigh them, con them over and label them with strange-sounding names. Upon this mountain top also may be found comforting things to feast upon and enjoy; downy couches for weary limbs, and quiet inexpressible for tired beings who have journeyed there afoot.

But again to Pasadena, where, gazing athwart the range, we next note Mount Lowe, accessible, through engineering achievement, by means of great steel cables and electric trolleys, leading into cloudland 5,757 feet up! Then there is Mount Islip, still higher—8,240 feet—yet less distinguishable from here because of its remoteness; Strawberry Peak—named so because of the berries found there—sweet and luscious. Disappointment Peak, 6,723 feet; San Gabriel, 8,000 feet; Waterman, 8,020 feet—all monsters rearing their proud

heads above the multitudinous ones surrounding them—less conspicuous, less important, yet all adding to the scheme that Nature laid out in this Brobdingnagian Cosmos.

The distant canyons between are more or less negotiable, some perhaps by aircraft alone, and then only by adventurous mariner! Others, by man afoot or astride the sure-footed horse, the mule, or by that patient and plodding beast, the humble, docile burro—man's amiable and important friend of both desert and mountain.

THE TOP OF THE WORLD

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SIERRA MADRES AND THEIR THOUSAND PEAKS AND CANYONS. A PANORAMA OF SURPRISING LOVELINESS OBSERVED FROM A SPIDER-LEGGED TOWER.

Let me now transport you, on the carpet of Aladdin, or in imagination, if preferred, from your rose-scented bower on the Pasadena piazza, to view with me, from a very exclusive aerie at the Mount Wilson Observatory, the marvels that Nature can portray when she gets busy.

By the aid and connivance of a friendly star gazer who shares my enthusiasm,* I was drawn up in a steel basket—by the mere pressure of a button—to the top of the tallest tower on the grounds at Observatory Peak, 150 feet above terra firma. Its spindling supports look frail and incapable; but this is forgotten in the thrill of ascent to the aerial throne, and banished forever with the first glimpse from the top of that miraculous pedestal. There one may realize the terrible temptation of the biblical story wherein the prince of evil was said to have offered worlds as a bribe!

Surely, God never made scene more beautiful, more incomparably lovely for man's eyes to behold than the panorama that surrounds us here! Emotions, unashamed, uncontrollable, must fill even the stoic at this—a spontaneous tribute to things sublime and beautiful. Happy was I that opportunity and an auspicious hour gave opportunity for a view of these inspiring scenes at their best; and the deeper regret now at the inadequacy of a faltering pen!

A thousand peaks, a thousand canyons, clothed in their mantle of infinite loveliness, a mantle of shifting lights and

* I owe this and other valuable opportunities to Prof. Hoge of the Observatory force, whose kindness and information gave me unwonted pleasure.

evanescent shadows. Blue and green—the twin harmonies of nature—dwell paramount, from the most ethereal azure to the deepest indigo, and from the sombre green of the pine to the brightest-tinted emerald—these exhaust the palette of the Great Artist who painted their marvelous vestments. A maze of intricate canyons weaving into obscure distances; canyons big, canyons little; peaks gigantic and peaks commonplace—by contrast—Ossa upon Pelion, piled by Olympian giants upon a tempestuous day!

Most conspicuous, San Antonio rears its mighty battlements in the east; westward, San Gabriel; Markham with its flat top—a gigantic table where Titans many have supped while Jupiter presided! Gog and Magog may have at times reposed their giant legs beneath it, cracking plutonic jokes while satyrs trembled in canyons below.

Gaze valleyward at yonder groves and spreading fields, where glimpses of clustering homes denote civilization, and where conspicuous façades bespeak concomitant enterprise in Pasadena. Just below us debouches the great jaws of Eaton's Canyon into the spreading wash that denotes ruthless wintry floods. There, at its very mouth, near Altadena, is the toll road entrance, and from it may be traced the winding road, a broad, yellow ribbon unrolling its intricate convolutions into canyons, about the breasts of mountains, losing itself in umbrageous retreats—yet ever ascending—until at last it halts beneath our very feet! An efficient forest patrol has happily prevented the devastating fires that once prevailed, and these slopes are now thickly clothed in green, in russet and in browns of varying shades. Those far away slopes are emerald velvet, soft and smooth as milady's robes! Closer, they are manzanita, holly, scrub oak and buckthorn in thickest profusion. Those distant, spindling "saplings" are, in fact, pine and fir trees, clinging with miraculous tenacity and in spite of wintry blasts to anchoring slopes or rocky footholds, where they thrive and flourish.

And behold, as the day dwindles, the chill of approaching night thickens the vapors in the canyons, until they become translucent mists, lazily floating in filmy draperies, such as Penelope might have spun for tardy Ulysses. Denser they grow—into clouds—slowly submerging the canyons below. Now and again fragments of cottony masses, detached from parent cloud, float upward in twisting filaments until dissi-

pated in space; or betimes, cling, fluttering, to jutting tree, like a beckoning scarf.

But the sun, splendid iconoclast of time, moves majestically onward to his ocean bed. The shadows grow and linger, and the veil of luminous amethyst that mantles the peaks grows denser and denser. The azure becomes indigo, and the splendors of the panorama grow less and less vivid before the settling gloom of fading day.

With imminent night the thickening mists submerge the lower summits until their tops only appear—enchanted islands—amidst living, snowy billows.

Then the sun, as if to give one more exhibition of his dying splendors, slips—a globe of liquid gold—behind a bar of cloud that has lain waiting in his path. The cloud, transformed into a marvelous banner of crimson and rose and buttercup yellow, hangs resplendent against a flaming sky, and through it darts a million glittering javelins that paint yonder pinnacles in glory and floods the valley with their parting beams.

Then night creeps down, night still and profound, with its message of inarticulate silences—that brooding hush that comes when darkness enfolds a forest or other remote place—and muffles it into solemn peace.

*The key of day is turned—and night
With drowsy eyelids, gently pressed, dips down—*

But it is but for a brief time. There is yet another spectacle in store scarcely less imposing. The moon—as if lying in wait—perhaps jealous of the greater luminary, now rises in stately, silvery splendor, flooding the scene with her own enchanting radiance. The King of Day is forgotten in the glories of the Queen of Night; and, for the time, our devoirs are accordingly transferred.

Then the stars pricked gleaming diamond points in the sable canopy: Venus, glowing in her ardent fires, hung suspended in illimitable space, and the Milky Way, with its myriad of worlds, robed the heavens with a luminous scarf. So, before these empyrean splendors man humbles his arrogance, and bows in silent homage to the mysteries he cannot understand.

Night on Observatory Peak closes for us, the steel cable descends, and once again we face mere mundane things—a dinner and a smoke!

But there is another scene from Mount Wilson, a night view from Signal Peak. Night has spread its robes over the valley below, producing its own wonders there. From the forty odd towns that are scattered there, bursts forth a grand pageant of electric lights—a million of glittering torches in parade—from San Pedro to Pomona—and farther still! It is a scintillating battalion of electric stars worth a long journey to behold.

There is still another view from Mount Wilson which only the early riser may enjoy—the sunrise through the sea of clouds that at times lies like a floor of movable, billowy cotton below the summit, as if the world were topsy-turvy and the heavens were below us, a canopy of clouds.

Through these billows a blood-red disk, rises slowly and ponderously, emerging as from a foamy sea.

*And from these mighty billows beams
The sun, and flings its banners wide.*



CHAPTER LIII

MOUNT WILSON SOLAR OBSERVATORY

STAR GAZING FROM A MOUNTAIN TOP. MYSTERIES OF UNCANNY DISTANCES
AND A PEEP INTO SPACE.



THE human mind has ever contemplated the starry heavens with awed interest, and speculated upon their mysteries. Since the time of the Chaldeans, at least, man has peered into these fathomless distances, invoked their secrets and prognosticated their final story.

Come then, because of this desire, a body of star gazers, yeapt astronomers, who set up great tubes and strange-appearing instruments, and with infinite patience map out the canopy of heaven, chart the stars that fall within their vision, analyze their composition, and tell the common person, in figures incalculable and stupefying to him, something about this tremendous mystery we denominate *The Universe*.

These men set giant telescopes within colossal domes, and with them photograph those trembling specks of light we call stars, and resolve them into suns of enormous magnitude and splendor. They set giant cameras upon tall legs and take pictures of the spots on the sun and tell us of their vastness and of the turmoil that rages in that cauldron of spouting geysers of gases, of flaming cataracts and of other momentous things that are going on there—luckily at such a distance from us! And these men speak of the sidereal world as if considering a farm somewhere, of nebulous systems—thousands of millions of miles away—just as they might discuss a dinner menu! And of ordinary days and years they wot not, for that is too infinitesimal, too commonplace. “Light Years” is the term by which they measure things celestial. Be it known that a “light year” is the distance in which light travels in space, sprinting at the rate of 186,300 miles a second—for one whole year! Do you get that?

When we gaze upon the canopy above us on a clear night we may see, by ordinary eyesight, 5,000 stars. The sixty-inch mirror in the observatory at Mount Wilson will reveal to us



OBSERVATORY TOWER

centuries ago has not yet reached us! They tell us that the Milky Way, which seems to the common vision like a hazy, illuminated band in the heavens, is a stream of stars—millions upon millions of them—rushing as in an avalanche to some preordained destination as yet hardly guessed. These are some of the little “sidereal” curiosities! Let us not, however, wander too far into these fascinating realms lest we become lost in their confusing mazes.

It was this interest in the heavens and their glories, and the desire for more perfect knowledge of them, that resulted in this renowned observatory on the summit of Mount Wilson—the greatest in the world. It began when E. F. Spence, a banker of Los Angeles, expressed to his friend, Professor Bovard, of the University of Southern California, the wish that he might provide a fund for the construction of a telescope, placing it on Mount Wilson or other satisfactory peak hereabouts. Spence said he would give \$50,000 for this purpose, and in pursuance of it an order was placed with Alvan Clarke of Cambridge, Mass., for an instrument. Twelve thou-

upwards of 200,000,000 such light specks, called stars! More, indeed, than man could ever count in a lifetime! In that velvet canopy they glimmer like dewdrops upon a spider's web of a sunny morning, and they seem just as small in their inconceivable distances. Yet the astronomer tells us that these “diamonds” are tremendous bodies, moving in orderly procession in infinite space, perhaps thousands of miles—or more—a minute and thousands of millions of miles distant. Some there may be in that vast system, so far away that the light that emanated from them

sand dollars was spent upon a glass. Meetings held in Pasadena for the purpose of raising money to build a road to the peak to assist in the enterprise did not produce much else except enthusiasm. There was plenty of that at a banquet given for this express purpose. Unhappily, E. F. Spence died without providing in his will, for the promised funds. Bovard also died, and then it was that Harvard University came to the fore and assisted. A sixteen-inch telescope was completed and in April, 1889, it was safely landed on Mount Wilson (a tablet marks the spot). On this occasion a committee of Pasadena's leading men accompanied Professor Pickering of Harvard and Alvan G. Clarke, the manufacturer of the instrument, up to the summit. This peak was chosen for the telescope site through the influence of the toll road owners, and of C. S. Martin, who owned 160 acres of land embracing it. Forty acres, including the peak, were donated for the purpose, and on April 7th, 1892, it was duly christened "Mount Harvard," in honor of its purpose, in the presence of a committee comprising Messrs. Magee, Martin, T. C. S. Lowe, Will S. Monroe, Walter Raymond and others, upon which occasion Professor Eliot of Harvard delivered a fitting address. But alas for these ambitious gentlemen! The glass, duly erected, was placed in charge of a careless astronomer, who oft found himself longing for the more entrancing scenes of Los Angeles than the bodies celestial that filled the circumambient air of Harvard Mountain, so there were many days of absence. But a record must be made every day; what then? Just a little entry of "Cloudy, no observation," that was all! But that settled Harvard Mountain as an observatory with those gentlemen, for so many "cloudy" days negatived its astronomical virtues, and in the end the glass was incontinently removed!

This story was told me as a fact, but the records show that Professor Pickering abandoned the site for following reasons:

First. Difficulty in obtaining title to the land.

Second. Difficulty in obtaining an adequate supply of water. (The Strain spring was not then developed.)

Third. The large number of rattlesnakes that infested the region!

Then the Carnegie Institute at Washington decided to use some of its foundation funds in astronomical research. That institute, in 1903, sent out Prof. George E. Hale to make

observations as to the conditions obtaining upon California peaks which fulfilled the best requirements for astronomical observations. The Snow telescope of the Yerkes Observatory of Chicago was loaned for this purpose.

Freedom from earth vibrations, from atmospheric tremors and of extreme atmospheric clarity were the conditions demanded. At Mount Wilson, after a year's test, it was found these requirements were met as nowhere else, and it was then determined to make this spot the foundation of a great solar observatory. This was the more easily accomplished by the grant to the institute of forty acres of land upon a jutting spur of the main summit by the Toll Road Company, which owned considerable land thereabouts, as well as the trail leading to it. To W. R. Staats, president of the company, much is due for this enterprise, then and afterwards, for a free right of way given over the toll road. But it was widened at an expense of \$100,000 from the observatory funds to permit the conveyance of heavy and bulky instruments and supplies to the summit.

Upon the selected site has been built the various observatory towers, domes, workshops and other addenda to the work involved; also residences for the observers and assistants—about sixty in all being there engaged. These include no less than seven telescopes—three refracting and four reflecting, the largest at present being the sixty-inch reflector. About 1906, John D. Hooker of Los Angeles conceived the plan of building the largest and best telescope in the world and gave a large sum of money—said to have been \$100,000—for this purpose. A contract was let to the St. Gobain Glass Company of Paris, France, for the disk, and in due time, after exacting tests, it was cast and sent to the Pasadena laboratory for shaping, polishing and silvering. It required over four years for this work, which was performed under the personal direction of Professor Ritchey. This great glass weighs four and a half tons and is made of superimposed disks, probably as perfect as is possible to make such a large one. This finished mirror, most carefully crated, was conveyed to its final destination July 1st, 1917, and awaits in its telescope a near day when it will be ready to catch on its surface the fleeting images of stellar space. The extraordinary care that followed every step in the construction of the mirror was also observed in the construction of the machinery which operates it.

Its home is a monster steel dome 100 feet in diameter and more than 100 feet high. Here on its stable concrete pier, thirty-three feet above ground, firmly rests the steel skeleton cell which is attached to the lower end of the forty-five foot tube. The weight of the telescope is supported, mainly, in two large troughs of mercury, this arrangement being used to minimize friction, and also makes easy the adjustment of this heavy instrument, which weighs eighty tons. All this immense structure is adjustable by the mere pressing of a button, electricity being the controlling power.

It is not in place for me to describe in detail, the various instruments and their accessories used in these astronomical operations. The Snow horizontal telescope, more than 100 feet in length, couching like a huge white dragon, the two big domes with their big reflectors, the sixty-foot tower, and the 150-foot tower telescopes with their complicated machinery of lenses, mirrors, spectroscopes and cameras are the dominating features. In this latter tower Professor Ellerman has labored patiently for ten long years, photographing, charting and scrutinizing sun spots and other solar phenomena. And yet, in view of his purpose, the labor is but begun. To Messrs. Ellerman and Hoge and their willing courtesies I am indebted for opportunity of being able to write these things, and to them and others there will come the pleasures of good deeds performed when they, now and then, present the world of laymen with a brand new star or a first-hand comet. Besides the instruments for observation are the dynamos—two of them furnish electrical power, soon to be superseded by a current sent over a cable from the Edison plant in Pasadena. There is the "Monastery," the home of the unmarried and transient astronomers, the laboratory, and so on. Professor Hale, who presides over the destinies of this stargazing aggregation, is "honor man," and the astronomical world will expect much from his accomplished staff.

Speaking casually of the work performed by these instruments it will be interesting to many to know something thereof. Many there are who believe the work of an astronomer consists in looking at "the man in the moon," to see whether he has changed his usual long-established occupation, trying to find some overlooked individuals in Mars, or counting the sun spots to ascertain if any of them have escaped! No, this is far, from the truth. Astronomers, like others,

indulge in speculation as to the origin of the earth and its sister planets, and other greater problems of the universe. And they form theories. But they do not halt in practical experiments and careful diagnosis; the obtained data; they go on and on. They use the spectrograph to analyze sun spots and discover their chemical composition; and they have discovered that the sun contains iron, nickel, chromium and many other metals—usually in vaporous clouds; of hydrogen in enormous volume, and of the behavior of these elements in certain circumstances. “Magnetic fields,” in which positive and negative “electrons” flourish and whirl in terrific storms, are also analyzed. And the spectrograph tells us of star velocities, and that our own star—the Sun—is poking along at the modest rate of twelve miles each tick of the clock! The influence of sun spots upon the weather is one of the studies now in hand, which may in time permit forecasts unobtainable by present methods. Far be it from one of my humble astronomical attainments to enter into disputations as such problems as these!

THE 100-INCH MIRROR

The astronomical world has long looked forward with interest to the time when the 100-inch telescope would be ready to poke its nose into celestial regions and bring new messages from far off space. It is estimated that it will reveal to the observer 60 per cent more star inhabitants than can now be caught with the sixty-inch telescope. Approximately, this will mean the area of our unassisted vision is increased 250,000 times; that 100,000,000 more stars will be caught in its field than is yielded to the sixty-inch reflector. Which means that by it we may con over 300,000,000 stars! Perish the man who tries to count them! But if these numbers are comprehensible, what can be said of distances? As I remarked once before, a light year is so and so; in *figures* it is only 5,800,000,000,000 miles! Get that? Well, with the sixty-inch reflector we can “catch” stars that are 45,000 light years distant! That is ever so far away; but wait! With the 100-inch reflector at Mount Wilson, it is expected that we may see stars 60 per cent *times more* than 45,000 times the series of thirteen numerals above set down! No use whatever for the human mind to endeavor to comprehend the meaning of this enormous sum, or translate it into understanding, for it is impos-

sible. The nearest expression—in mere words—is that it is 420,000 trillion of miles, whatever that means. But be satisfied, dear reader, that the telescope brings those stars to you, for it is a long journey to them. Astronomers also expect that this telescope will solve some problems now in doubt. For instance, the star field of our universe “thins,” it is said, in the remotest space now penetrated. This predicates a limit to it. This telescope may confirm this view, or it may reveal greater battalions of stars beyond; moving in harmonious rhythm, in obedience to the edict of an irresistible power to their ultimate destiny. The star dust of the Milky Way, to us mere powdered light upon the sky, may be segregated into millions of revolving suns and their true course understood.

But we must leave further speculations to the busy men who “live among the stars” and whose activities also consist in photographing and classifying the inhabitants of infinity. Thousands of photographs and other useful records are annually made, classified and finally filed in vaults for study and permanent record—valuable beyond words. These are stored in the Pasadena laboratory, where are construction shops and opportunities for study. Here things are constructed from metal, or glass, for all necessary accessories. Here is the study where Professors Hale, Adams, Ritchey and others compare, compute, measure and digest the results obtained in the skies, and diagnose them. Here the sum of human understanding, as applied by astronomers, is concentrated, and Mount Wilson’s \$1,000,000 observatory made a thing of scientific usefulness.

CHAPTER LIV

THE CANYON TRAILS

THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAINS. THE JOYS OF THE ALPINE CLIMBER AND
THE MYSTERIES OF CANYONS.

*Far, far from the City in these whispering aisles,
Where Nature's fond wooing invites strolling feet,
Where glimmering dewdrops acclaim fairy smiles,
And wearying man finds restful retreat.*



HERE are many people in Pasadena who have never been nearer the heart of the Sierra Madres than their own piazzas, or perhaps the platform of an Altadena car. Others may have ascended Mount Wilson or Mount Lowe by car line or autobus. These people know nothing of the joy that fills the man's or woman's heart, when, fittingly costumed, and with mental equipment attuned to the beauties in store, they take knapsack and staff and penetrate these fastnesses afoot, or on the deck of a well-trained horse, mule or burro. Viewing the mountains from Pasadena, hints at no such surprises as are in store; first, because of the unexpected vastness of some of their canyons, and second, because of their beauties. Miles and miles one may travel in some of them without reaching their limits or exhausting their attractions. Not always are their trails easily negotiated, for some require stiff exertion and practised climbing, but these obstacles are few, and when overcome the plodder will feel the thrill of accomplishment and the joy of exercise as felt in no other undertaking.

THE ARROYO SECO

Perhaps most important to the welfare of Pasadena, and certainly also because of its natural attractions, is the Arroyo Seco. Important because through it comes the chief water supply consumed by the city of Pasadena.

Its entrance is ominous, at least if one considers names. For we enter through the *Devil's Gate*, or just above it, and this formidable name might hint at forbidding abysses and

plutonic resorts. Instead, one is greeted by parks of beautiful live oaks and sycamores, and a hint of sylvan loveliness beyond. A good road, recently built, reaches for a mile or more into these glades and starts the traveler off with a good opinion of those who are responsible for it.* Beginning at the end of this road is the trail, and this the climber follows as it winds about precipitous acclivities, descending now and then to the arroyo bottom, and frequently crossing the stream which winds in its meandering course downward. The trail may dip and rise, and dip again, as it often does, but the general trend is always upward, as one may observe by the glimpses now and then afforded of peaks and "hog backs." Occasionally it leads to an open ridge whence the view is picturesque and inspiring—a serried array of forest clad mountains and canyons. In the blue above a vulture is suspended—a sentinel with a thousand eyes. All this while the traveler is passing through a forest of oak, alder, sycamore, willow and less important varieties of trees and underbush. Thus it continues for several miles until Switzer's Camp is reached, its cabins and tents perched on dizzy but unique pedestals. Here is found shelter and food, the bubbling stream joining in the welcoming chorus that greets us.

Switzer's Camp was started by one C. P. Switzer in 1884. Switzer had lived long in this county, was in poor health, and came to this spot to recuperate, taking up a government claim. Switzer sold his camp to Clarence Martin, who for several years, and until his death in 1908, conducted it and popularized it.

Nearly all the way the stream is heard in low murmurs or louder pæans. A night of repose of Switzer's, a hearty breakfast, and off again in the morning, if so disposed. Onward then to Colby's, a few miles more amidst pines and firs, for these are mountain forests here. At Colby's a great and a grateful surprise, for we find fresh fruit, berries and vegetables grown on the spot, welcome indeed to the hiker.

On again, ascending now, over steeper trails and into more splendid arbors of pines, whose columnar trunks form deep, shaded aisles. Now and then a gray squirrel darts across the trail and up a tree trunk, to gaze down upon the intruder;

* This road was built in 1917 by the City Commissioners as a beginning—it is hoped, for a future mountain automobile highway into and across the range.

or a chipmunk will scamper into the bushes with great alarm. These are welcome and pleasing diversions of the journey. The silences are becoming deeper, few birds are now seen and these have no greeting song, only a flutter or a shrill cry, and then are gone.

Barley Flats is the next stopping place, an area of open space amidst crags and pines, where once it is said desperado and highwayman held forth merrily, as story books say they are wont to do. You are nearly 6,000 feet high here. This is a good place to tell a story, that might more fittingly have come earlier, but Barley Flats being the erstwhile bandit's home, I will relate it as told while resting by the camp fire here.

THE STORY OF THE BANDIT'S GHOST

Some years ago, while passing through the Arroyo Seco to Switzer's, I had pointed out to me what was said to be a cave where in early days a noted bandit had hid, when occasion demanded, and where much stolen gold was said, even now, to be buried.

In the days when bandits flourished in these parts, Juan Flores was noted as one of the most desperate. He with his little band had many places of retreat, one of which was in the Arroyo Seco, near where now is Switzer's Camp, an ideal hiding spot. After a robbery of more than usual daring, the sheriff set out with a posse to capture Flores, who had with him his most trusted lieutenant, Amigo Rodriguez. The sheriff's posse captured the bandit in Santiago Canyon—the Modjeska ranch—and hanged him unceremoniously, but Rodriguez escaped to Mexico upon a swift horse, where he kept quiet for a time. Later, with a trusted companion, he came back, secretly, informing his companion that in the Arroyo Seco retreat Flores had hidden gold and silver and other articles of much value which it was his intention to now retrieve. So, upon a fine moonlit night, these two proceeded into the canyon to where the plunder was cached—a fine, secluded place. Rodriguez had brought along a rope ladder, which he duly fastened to a projecting rock above a deep cleft or cave in which he said the treasure was stored. Bidding his companion keep guard, he took a pick and descended the ladder into the cavern below and was soon heard hard at work. Whether because of unusual winter rains or because the rock

was loosened by digging, something happened. The guard afterwards said a spirit had suddenly appeared from the dark canyon beyond and commanded Rodriguez, in a loud tone, to cease operations. But the bandit paid no attention to this spirit—supposed to be the ghost of Flores, and worked away. Suddenly, with a loud crash, the earth crumbled and the rock caved in upon the helpless Rodriguez, who, emitting a piercing cry, was forever lost from view. The companion of the unfortunate man took to his heels, and halted not until he reached the Devil's Gate. Years afterward he told his story, but could never again be induced to enter the canyon to point out the precise spot where the cave was located. To this day no Mexican passes the outlaw's "cave" without a muttered invocation and making the sign of the cross.

Deep into more secluded depths and lonesome silences where the sunlight never enters, and where peace profound exists; not even a bird may utter a note in these retreats. Cooling breezes sweep down from yet cooler places, or from heights where hidden snows, the relics of a late winter, yet linger.

We plod along, resting now and then to gaze about us impressed by the utter quiet that abounds. Even the sound of our own voices at times seem incongruous. But, advancing onward, we come to open spaces where deep shadows pale and give way to invading cheering sunshine, which traces embroideries of overhanging boughs on dusty trails; and we hear from afar the gleeful note of a songster from his vantage spot—a burnt treetop—relic of a former year fire. On and on our footsteps thread their way over trails carpeted with pine needles or on paths worn by other mountain climbers.

From Barley Flats plunging once again into canyons, we may go higher still, and fine Pine Flats, or we may descend the canyon into the West Fork of the San Gabriel, where fine trout will afford sport and tasty dinner. The "West Fork" is the fisherman's Paradise. Here such Izaak Waltons as Joe Welsh, John McDonald, Joe Blick or Walter Wotkins, seek the joys of that most alluring of piscatorial emprise—the mountain trout. Afterwards, the hospitalities of the Bait Club larders offer surcease to hunger's cravings, and a pair of blankets later, temptation for wearied bodies.

The San Gabriel Canyon, where we have arrived at the end of a fifty-mile journey, like the river of its name, is the

largest in this range. Many streams feed the San Gabriel River and aid its terrific torrent in winter—principally its North Fork and Bear Creek. The Big Tejuja Creek—farther westward—and the streams that feed it, empty into the Los Angeles River, but these do not directly concern our narrative.

The smaller tributaries of the Arroyo Seco flow from such canyons as Negro, and Brown's—so named from the sons of John Brown of Ossawatomie, who once lived in a little cabin near by. Cottonwood, wild oak and some others of lesser significance also debouch upon the Arroyo Seco. It is a glorious journey to the lover of the primitive, and it is filled with happy surprises. It is not seriously difficult at any place even to the novice properly accoutered, which means with suitable light clothing, and boots with nails made for holding the feet from slipping on the steeper ascents.

Squirrels now and then scamper away from the disturbing invader and jays sometimes offer shrill protest from branches above. These are but happy reminders that the world is far away, and its cares outside. Now and then crystal streams come bubbling from secluded channels and go singing in quest of new ventures, or gush in milky foam through restraining gorge falling in musical cascades into deep, boiling cauldrons below. Here the stream—

*In caves where ghostly quiet dwells,
Frolics along on its merry way
Through bosky nooks and shady dells,
Sings merrily, its roundelay.*

*Or, winding 'neath green canopies—
Of ferns and grasses, deep and cool,
It journeys on to distant seas
With farewell to each friendly pool.*

About these pools and in shaded nooks dwell in profligate abundance, luxurious ferns of gorgeous size and beauty—the envy of the garden maker. Sometimes one may catch the flutter of wings, the mad gyrations of a feathered dweller, the water ousel, enjoying the ecstasy of a bath in the falling stream.

But there is here the impressive quiet, the calmness of

nature, amidst groves whose seed were sown before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth; or perhaps when Omar sang.

From the depths of these canyons one may gaze into the azure skies above and easily discern—even at high noon—stars, trembling in their crystalline depths!

But night comes with welcome to tired pedestrian, and camp, with its comforts and its delights is in store. First a roaring fire, of resinous pine branches or fallen cones, to bring comfort and good cheer; for night brings its chill in these elevations. A goodly supper, a pipe for solace, and a raconteur with happy wit. The balsamic odor of the pine, the mysterious whisperings that the woods always bring with night, but accent the cheer and comfort that comes with a well made camp. No fear of rains here in summer—no beastly foe lurks in the blackness there, to disturb the fearful. Only the twitter of some restless bird, the stir of a peering squirrel on its aerial perch above. Betimes comes the call of slumber; then, with blankets rolled about each form, and caps pulled over the ears, with feet toward the renewed fire, and a pillow of moss, perhaps, Morpheus finds willing subjects, and slumber comes quickly, bringing dreams that are auguries of happy tomorrows. The squirrel keeps keen eyed vigil; and gentle breezes blow with soothing cadences through the giant trees. Pan gets his pipes and plays soothing lullabys, while pixies and forest gnomes, in wonder peep from the lurking shadows upon these sleeping giants whose nasal threnodies send strange echoes through sentinel pines. But morning comes; and—

*Away beyond the eastern hills,
From yonder waking skies,
The day, its glowing banners fling
And opes its glorious eyes.*

No yawnings of discontent, no reluctant limbs, but lungs filled with ozone and minds alert and exultant, ready for another day's adventure!

Winter, too, has its allurements in these mountains; for it seems, that the man from the snowy places cannot forget the invitations of the Eastern winter and its pastimes. So here—when the winter storms on high places bring their tribute of snow, these fascinations call them; and then the West is the East, with the joys thereof!

MILLARD'S CANYON

Other canyons there are, that invite invasion by mountain lover and camper; Millards being one of the largest. Millards Canyon lies almost directly north of Pasadena and is accessible by a good road even far into its capacious depths. In 1874 the Giddings family purchased a large body of land lying at the entrance of this canyon, and obtained therewith rights to it and its waters. A mile or more within the canyon, one comes to the falls, a splendid body of water dropping in noisy turbulence from a height of fifty-eight feet. The La Vina Sanatorium Co. purchased this property some years ago and maintain near it, but outside in the sunshine, an establishment for the treatment of tuberculous diseases. Dr. H. B. Stehman has this establishment in charge, and devotes much of his personal time and attention to the philanthropy, for it is conducted under philanthropic conditions and is sustained partly by benefactions.

RUBIO

The approach to Mt. Lowe is through Rubio Canyon, a cleft in the range extending to Echo Mountain. Old man Rubio, once resident owner in this canyon, would gape in awe did he return from Shadowland and revisit his old haunts. Rubio Canyon belongs to the railway enterprise which occupies it and is, in effect, private property.

EATONS (PRECIPICIO)

This canyon, named in honor of Judge Eaton who owned the Fair Oaks ranch at its portals, is a wide cleavage with precipitous sides almost unachievable, yet it was selected as the proper place in which to build a mountain road with Mt. Wilson its terminus. Originally a trail, wide enough for a man or sure footed animal, it was made more desirable by further widening and improving. When the observatory was established this trail was again widened sufficiently for an autobus which is in daily service over it. The beginning of this road was, originally, on the east side of the canyon, but this was changed with the building of the toll road, and now starts on its west side, just northeast of Altadena.

BIG AND LITTLE SANTA ANITA CANYONS

Eastward of Eatons Canyon and opening north of Sierra Madre, are the Big and Little Santa Anita Canyons, accessible by a good trail, inviting retreats for summer campers with whom they have become popular. The trail known as Sturtevant's skirts the big Santa Anita and gives access to it; this trail is known as the "old" trail—the original trail to Mt. Wilson, and offers access to many camping resorts and camping spots en route. Fern Lodge, Roberts, Hoegees and Sturtevant's, being the best known. This trail also leads to the west fork of the San Gabriel River and many miles farther still. The little Santa Anita also begins at Sierra Madre and is another charming retreat. Carter's Camp is a noted resort in this canyon.

MOUNT WILSON

Mention has been frequently made of Mount Wilson, and especially in connection with the great solar observatory which is established there. As a fact, this observatory is included in about forty acres of a spur jutting from Mount Wilson proper, but accessible from it quite easily. Mount Wilson has always been regarded by the Pasadenan with particular interest and attachment for various reasons, chief of these—beyond its scientific interest—is that Pasadena men, all well known and active in its affairs, did those things that brought about this popularity and maintained it, and it is interesting to this history to recount some of these achievements.

In the very early days, and in fact ten years prior to the establishment of the Indiana Colony, B. D. Wilson began the construction of the first trail to this peak, and by this act conferred his own name upon it. This was in 1864. In that year a good trail was made about half way to the summit, and from this point a bridle path led to the top. Wilson used the trail for the purpose of bringing down shingles which were made from the timber there. To Clarence S. Martin much credit is due for the further opening up of the Wilson trail and its subsequent popularity. Martin was a lover of the mountains and obtained a timber claim on the Mount Wilson slopes about 1887. Becoming imbued with the belief that this mountain would become a popular resort for campers if made accessible, he interested others with his enthusiasm. Among these were R. Williams and John W. Vandevoort. Vandevoort took up

a timber claim, as did Martin, and in this way controlled access to the summit. From this interest grew the toll road idea, and in 1889—on July 12th of that year—was incorporated the "Pasadena and Mount Wilson Toll Road Company."

Besides Martin, J. A. Buchanan, George F. Kernaghan, P. M. Green, M. E. Wood, H. H. Rose and some others were stockholders in the project. A right of way was secured, and Col. J. E. Place, an ex-United States army engineer of much ability, was engaged to make surveys, plans, etc. But for some reason little progress was made at the time and the scheme became moribund. But in 1890 it was revived, with Messrs. Kernaghan, Martin, John W. and Robert Vandevort and George Greeley sole stockholders. Colonel Place having been appointed city engineer, J. N. Sedwick was employed to carry out the Place plans, and work was begun upon the new trail. "Tom" Banbury was the contractor and he finished his contract in a year, building a good trail nine and one-eighth miles long and from four to eight feet wide, having a grade of not exceeding 10 per cent, with an occasional exception. The trail was made a toll road and was managed under Kernaghan's supervision for a time. George Greeley was in charge of the horses, mules and burros that were used for carrying "passengers" and supplies to the camp above. This camp was conducted by A. G. Strain. H. W. Magee succeeded Kernaghan in 1891, Kernaghan resigning as president of the company.

C. S. Martin, about 1895, established a camp about one mile below the summit of Mount Wilson and took charge of it personally. Having many friends hereabout, and giving careful attention to his guests, he acquired for his camp much popularity and profitable patronage. This camp was continued until Martin sold his interests to the new company, which was headed at this time by W. R. Staats. Martin's camp was finally abandoned and its main buildings afterwards destroyed by fire. The present toll road company was organized by W. R. Staats, J. H. Holmes and W. S. Wright, and this company built the present fine wagon road, which is one of the most picturesque mountain drives in California, easily negotiable by auto and perfectly safe.

At the summit many cottages have been built, also a good dining room and office, which afford an attractive retreat, where the beauties of the mountains and perfect climatic conditions are to be found right at Pasadena's doors—but two

hours away! This camp is at present in charge of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Corey, competent caterers to the comfort of their guests.

One of the splendid sights from this peak is a view from it at night, when the electric lights of the San Gabriel Valley are turned on.

PASADENA'S CAMPING GROUND

That Pasadena should annex an area of this natural park for its own uses, is the opinion of many who have studied the question of affording to people an opportunity, such as here presents itself—convenient summer camping facilities. George A. Damon, former dean of Throop College, is one of these enthusiasts, and even now has acquired from the United States Government an extensive domain of his own in the Santa Anita Canyon. Damon believes that arrangements could be made with the Government to this end, if protective provisions were made a strict condition. Also, an auto road that will begin in the Arroyo Seco and thence to the top of the range, running along the crest to San Gabriel Canyon, and down that to its outlet near Azusa, would prove to be a road of extraordinary scenic beauty. With such an attraction the 300,000 visitors who now annually visit these particular mountains would double in number, and the range become what it should be—the pleasure-ground of Southern California. This road is one of the future probabilities which the scenic lover looks forward to with enthusiasm.

Gold and silver have been discovered at various places in the Sierra Madres, but never in quantities, in recent years at least, sufficient to induce a "rush" or create a sensation. In the San Gabriel Canyon "color" has been struck in many places, and even now local prospectors are working some placers there with fair success. In the Big Tejuanga the first gold ever found in California was discovered, and considerable taken out. This was in 1843, but for some reason it created little attention, and not until John Marshall made his discovery at Sutter Creek did the California Midas call resound about the world. It is asserted that the padres of San Gabriel mined gold in the Tejuanga many years before this, however. The legend runs that this was done secretly, to keep its existence unknown from the world at large and prevent an influx of "gringos."

CHAPTER LV

THE RAINFALL AND THE SEASONS—CLIMATE



WHEN does one season end and the other begin in California? The calendar is a better indicator of the seasons in California than is the weather itself. In the East, spring is ushered in with gentle breath and soft caressing moods—sometimes! That is, when really started. Summer there, brings its humid heat—its fervid days and sweltering nights. Winter its shroud of snow, its icy landscape. But here—in Southern California—one season merges into another, almost unheeded, or unremarked by sharp contrast. We glance at the trees; most of them are green, always; the lawns are velvet robes; the skies are azure canopies of miraculous softness. In summer sometimes, there may be call for extra covering to make sleeping comfortable; and midwinter finds the brown fields of summer decked with lush wild grasses and starry blossoms. Note the thermometer? In winter it may score 80—at times—and drive the sensitive to the shady side of the street or to the cool side of the piazza. In summer it may descend to 50. Just *when* spring should come with her caressing touch we must consult the calendar to discover, for with the fall and winter rains grass begins to grow on plains and mesa, and soon a magic carpet unfolds upon which is spilled an embroidery of gay-hued wild flowers, baby blue eyes, poppies rich with burnished copper and gold, buttercups with fresh washed and glistening faces, and marvelous oceans of yellow mustard like seas of sunshine. Who that sees this carpet unfold its miraculous treasures of color can say, after all, which is the better season in Southern California? As a rigid fact, Southern California has but two seasons—summer and winter, the “dry” and the “wet” seasons. These terms are the distinguishing lines of demarcation. Observe the rain chart. From October to May the rain falls at intervals. After May—to October or November—it is a rarity or not at all; there may be a trifle from desert clouds that are pushed over the summits of the mountains and give out a reluctant shower—a taste, but no more.

The summers are a series of cloudless days, with occasional exceptions; then heavy fogs creep over the land and pay welcome calls. Now and then huge masses of snowy billows rise from distant deserts, expand high above the mountain barriers and spread their canopies, even over Pasadena. From these canopies may come some rain, seldom more than a sprinkle. Again, these clouds, day after day, will rise majestically, unfolding their snowy wings, but never come near. In their depths may sometimes be seen vivid lightning flashes, followed by the deep rumble of heavenly artillery. In remote canyons will fall sudden deluges of water which come sweeping in turbulent streams towards their outlets below. On summer evenings there may be a lacy scarf of clouds that will hang in festoons from the mountain breasts or cling to mountain peaks. As the sun goes down these gossamer clouds condense into heavier waves that assemble in deep masses as the night chill condenses them. The setting sun shines through them in blood-red rose or burnished gold, producing gorgeous cloud effects.

As summer grows apace, the emerald fields that were once barley, wheat or oats, are harvested, and the ground lies yellow or brown. A haze is in the air, as if an impalpable dust had been sprinkled upon the world and hung suspended—a golden mist. Looking from mountain coigns of vantage, these fields are giant squares set between verdant fields of alfalfa or perpetual green orchards. The mountains rise against the infinite sky—immovable and eternal. In their canyons is heard the melodies of tinkling waters and the sighing of soft breezes; behind these bulwarks lie panting deserts and illusive mirages, where the quavering sands radiate shimmering heat waves, and the lizard lies panting under sun-blistered rocks where—

Mocking horizon, with gleaming mirrored edge—

A pleasing phantasy of sweetly purling streams,

A mimicry of fevered dreams,

A beckoning shadow with death its certain pledge.

The “wet” season, or winter, begins usually in October or November. A few hours or a day or two of rainfall—from a sprinkle to an inch or more, and winter is on—the California kind. Then soon follow the glorious sunny days that bring

forth in magical response, the green grass and the flowers that will adorn valley and hillside. Follow more rains, soaking rains—it is hoped—to enable the tiller of the soil to get busy with plow and cultivator; for now is the time to prepare for planting grain—wheat, barley or other seed crops. Now, too, is the ground prepared for tree planting; orchards, to be a success, must have the ground carefully plowed and the soil finely pulverized. From the first rain until December, repetitions of it are hoped for in plenty. The snows that fall on the peaks are the reservoirs which store up irrigating supplies for the following summer. Hence the value of such mountains as Mount Wilson, Mount Lowe, “Baldy,” and even the distant San Gorgonio and San Jacinto’s summits to us, for though many miles away, it is believed that these more distant summits, too, contribute to the supply of Pasadena’s underground streams. And this is winter! Winter, with some wet days, alternated with many brilliant ones, when the rain-washed air sparkles and sings with health and promise.

The winter merges into summer, with May—the “month of fogs”—intervening; then June; and it is summer! The blossoms turn into fruit, the fruit mellows and ripens into luscious bits for epicures, under the perfecting sunshine. No “Indian summer” to merge the seasons and prepare for the death of summer and its glories. The amber sunshine, the brown stubble field here and there, and the dwindling arroyos point to another epoch in seasons, which the calendar denominates “Autumn.” The skies are cloudless, the thirsty earth cries for water. Where man has brought down the pellucid streams from mountain canyons and spread it upon the parched earth, there the blossoming trees and luxuriant foliage repay him.

But do not imagine a “rainless” summer as one filled with the serious annoyances and forebodings of an Eastern dry summer. Southern California is prepared for the natural conditions which prevail. Irrigation is practised where necessary, and trees and shrubbery planted that accord with the controlling conditions; that is, the evergreen varieties prevail. So, contrary to uninformed expectation, the hills and valleys are not barren wastes, but attractive groves and fields, with the brown and yellow of harvested fields pleasing interludes in the perspective. The summer atmosphere, too, seems a compensation, for some lack—if one may so conceive it—in

other ways. The mountains seem, if possible, more lovely and the skies more intimate and alluring. Until July, or even August, stretches of untilled land are covered with wild mustard, gorgeous in its brilliant yellow, and the many wild flowers which survive. Altogether there is a charm, a fascination about the summer of California which grows and enthralls year by year and is a lodestone which holds the allegiance and affections. No worry of rainless skies disturb through the long dry period from June to November. In the history of Pasadena few notable exceptions have been experienced that differentiate from the normal seasonal records. The winter of 1883-84, however, brought torrential rains and made a new record—since the Gringo came, at least. From the normal average in the preceding years of less than twenty inches, that phenomenal season made a new one with forty-eight inches of rainfall (in Pasadena). Weather prophets had predicted a “dry” winter, too, which may have influenced Jupiter Pluvius! Nothing unusual occurred until late in January, when the clouds began to spill and the “oldest inhabitant” was driven to expedients to explain about it, and the wherefore of



A VERY RARE EVENT. SNOW STORM JUNE 13, 1885

Central School, Fair Oaks and Colorado Sts.
Rev. Fisk and Ben Ward in foreground |

it. It would not stop! The entire San Gabriel Valley was submerged, and travel was suspended over the Southern Pacific there, for more than an entire week, in February. New channels were formed for the San Gabriel River in several places, much damage being done about the El Monte section. Many bridges were destroyed, and numerous small houses swept from their foundations and engulfed in the shifting sands of the stream. The Arroyo Seco was a raging torrent from bank to bank; the sluggish little stream of a few feet wide, normally, became an irresistible current several hundred feet wide, carrying with it a noisy collection of grinding cobblestones, uprooted trees and tons of soil from its sloughing sides. A team of horses and driver, attempting to ford the Arroyo near Garvanza, were swept into the current and man and horses drowned. It was a record storm, or rather a continuous series of them, lasting from January to April, with little intermission; and even May and June experiencing some extra showers. The old-timer will not forget this "wet winter" of 1883-84.

Again, in 1886, came a deluge which was only second to its predecessor. Thirty-eight inches was the record. The San Gabriel Valley Railroad experienced much damage to its equipment. The depot at Downey Avenue, Los Angeles, was washed from its foundations into the Arroyo, the office safe, buried in its sands, was not recovered for a week. There have been some phenomenal rainfalls since the years quoted, but no prolonged periods such as they were. Such a storm now, as in 1884, would be noticeable, but would not be serious—because better protection from excessive floods now exist to take care of them. There have been abnormal "dry" years as well as abnormal wet ones. The winter 1876-77 was one of these, and the worst known since white men came to this country. In that season less than five inches of rain fell during the entire "winter" season of five months. The result was disastrous to the cattle and sheep industry, which was the leading one of Southern California then. Thousands of cattle, horses and sheep perished for lack of pasturage, and it is related that owners drove flocks and herds into the sea, preferring that they perish in this way rather than by slow starvation. Some stockmen were financially ruined that memorable year. But systematic irrigation makes the farmer and fruit grower independent of a single season's rainfall;

for, although subnormal rain averages reduces the irrigating supply from wells and streams, one need scarce fear two "short" rainfall seasons in succession. Of course, grain fields are seldom irrigated and must depend upon the rainfall for their success.

It is thus seen that Southern California has its variety of climatic conditions and occurrences, so far as relates to rainfall, snow and hail, thunder and lightning. And I may mention exceptional "cold spells" that have at times done damage to fruit crops and vegetable farms. Most notable of these occurred in January, 1913, when the extraordinary low temperature of 12 degrees Fahrenheit was reached in some parts of Southern California, doing much damage to the citrus crop—reaching perhaps \$20,000,000 in and about the San Gabriel Valley alone. That was the coldest weather recorded in Southern California valleys. Since then citrus fruit growers have amply prepared themselves against a recurrence of this danger by smudging and heating apparatus in their groves.

The weather prophet is indigenous to any country or any community. He has been a prominent incident to Pasadena's early life, for then more dependency was placed upon seasonable rains because large areas were yet unirrigated. Very early rains in September or October were ominous, in the opinion of old residents, because they portended a "dry" winter, i. e., one with less than normal rainfall. This is not quite proven by rainfall records, but apprehension was justified to this extent—early heavy rains started forage grasses into life, the burr clover seed, which was waiting for just this excuse, sprouted and began to thrive. Now, if no further rains came within a month or so, this clover and other shallow-rooted grasses sickened and died before the normal rains came to succor them. In my own experience of thirty-five years in Southern California, there have not been over three seasons when this calamity occurred to an appreciable extent.

There have been weather prophets whose prognostications were depended upon more than their correctness entitled them to. A man named Potts of Los Angeles was one of those, and Prophet Potts for many years gave forth his delphic utterances with gusto and gravity. Now and again they hit the mark and saved his reputation.

Some years since a young man named Hatfield attained some notoriety by claiming to be able to make it rain at will;

at least in the rainy season. Pasadena had had a "dry" winter, and a second one below normal, and was somewhat apprehensive. Hatfield offered to guarantee eighteen inches of rain for the sum of \$3,000—no rain, no money. He went so far as to build him a tall wooden tower on the Altadena mesa, where he installed himself, just waiting for the \$3,000, to begin his incantations. But the Board of Trade directors, to whom his proposition was submitted, were sufficiently skeptical to refuse his offer, so he moved his "stack" to a more confiding field and found it in Santa Barbara, where his bid was accepted and won! for it actually rained the required amount—by happy circumstance—as it also did in Pasadena.

The man who found water with the hazel rod was also in evidence. He was one "Doctor" Crandall, and was employed by certain persons in Pasadena to "find water"; in other words, tell them where to dig a well successfully. I must say for the good Doctor that he is responsible for locating the so-called Franklin Street well and also a well for J. W. Hugus on his East Altadena ranch. The little hazel stick employed by Crandall, it was said, would deflect earthward when in the vicinity of an underground stream. I merely relate what I have been informed about this necromancy. It is an old practice.

Dr. Thomas Rigg—father of T. J. Rigg, now living in Pasadena—was a weather observer, and for a long time kept rain records of early days. Thomas Nelmes was another who was also a useful weather observer. Prior to 1882 Henry G. Bennett kept a record valuable as reference now.

Harold Channing was the first semi "official" Government observer and record keeper, being authorized by the United States Government bureau. The records were later officially kept by Edwin Sorver, secretary of the Board of Trade, and now by R. P. Hamlin of the city engineer's office.

EARTHQUAKES

The average Californian treats earthquakes with a smile and a careless jest, yet several instances of damage that were quite serious have occurred in Southern California. My readers will recall the earthquake referred to in the history of the Mission San Gabriel, as recounted in these pages, and which badly damaged that mission. Again, in 1812, the Mission San Juan Capistrano was almost demolished one Sunday morning

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT RAINFALL RECORD FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

Year.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mch.	Apr.	May.	June.	Total.
82-83	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.80	1.70	0.00	0.93	4.45	1.80	0.58	2.36	0.05	12.67
83-84	0.00	0.00	0.00	1.30	0.00	2.73	6.10	13.21	12.99	5.93	0.77	1.90	44.93
84-85	0.00	0.20	0.00	0.25	0.89	3.95	1.22	0.00	0.00	3.00	0.33	0.11	10.00
85-86	0.00	0.14	0.00	0.00	7.49	2.05	7.40	2.32	2.45	4.11	0.15	0.00	26.11
86-87	0.05	0.26	0.04	0.10	1.15	0.17	0.19	10.66	0.27	2.33	0.28	0.00	15.50
87-88	0.17	0.00	0.33	0.12	1.12	4.98	7.40	1.57	5.62	0.46	0.00	0.00	21.77
88-89	0.00	0.62	0.00	0.00	0.45	6.71	0.09	1.08	8.83	0.41	0.95	0.00	24.20
89-90	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	1.45	17.17	7.92	2.66	0.90	0.60	0.20	0.06	40.89
90-91	0.00	0.00	0.26	0.07	0.35	3.52	0.14	10.75	0.68	1.84	0.73	0.00	18.34
91-92	0.00	0.00	0.09	0.00	0.05	2.25	1.54	3.40	4.23	0.25	3.94	0.00	15.75
92-93	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.62	3.72	4.30	7.65	2.07	9.84	0.47	0.00	0.00	28.67
93-94	0.70	0.00	0.00	0.80	0.20	4.77	1.51	0.82	0.96	0.13	0.61	0.00	10.50
94-95	0.00	0.09	0.85	0.04	0.00	7.24	8.10	1.44	4.53	0.53	0.25	0.00	23.07
95-96	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.32	1.30	0.91	2.96	0.00	3.73	0.50	0.17	0.00	9.87
96-97	0.05	0.15	0.00	0.00	1.88	2.33	5.94	5.34	3.57	0.00	0.23	0.00	21.53
97-98	0.05	0.15	0.23	2.40	0.10	0.26	1.50	0.69	1.14	0.39	1.98	0.03	8.82
98-99	0.01	0.00	0.27	0.49	0.52	0.64	3.18	0.00	2.08	0.12	1.88	0.00	9.19
99-00	0.00	0.00	0.00	2.02	1.43	1.62	1.11	0.00	1.55	0.82	2.42	0.00	10.97
00-01	0.00	0.00	0.05	0.34	9.80	0.00	3.78	6.80	0.67	1.16	1.62	0.00	24.22
01-02	0.00	0.00	0.00	2.76	0.73	0.00	1.63	3.01	3.29	0.38	0.09	0.00	11.89
02-03	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.53	3.24	3.07	4.03	0.90	9.70	3.09	0.00	0.00	24.56
03-04	0.00	0.00	0.34	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.21	3.89	4.81	0.93	0.01	0.00	10.19
04-05	0.00	0.53	0.34	0.96	0.00	1.90	2.63	10.44	8.65	0.18	1.44	0.00	27.07
05-06	0.00	0.00	0.05	0.17	2.55	0.17	4.44	2.54	11.23	2.67	1.67	0.00	25.49
06-07	0.01	0.02	0.00	0.00	0.43	8.96	10.37	2.75	5.10	0.36	0.05	0.17	28.22
07-08	0.00	0.00	0.12	0.00	2.09	1.14	6.42	4.72	1.38	0.64	0.00	0.00	16.51
08-09	0.00	0.02	1.94	0.26	0.82	1.58	10.45	6.70	4.99	0.07	0.00	0.20	27.03
09-10	0.12	0.06	0.08	0.65	2.25	8.66	2.96	0.31	2.56	0.32	0.00	0.02	27.99
10-11	0.02	0.00	0.05	0.75	0.28	0.15	9.82	4.70	7.59	0.71	0.02	0.06	24.15
11-12	0.00	0.00	1.81	0.11	0.08	0.95	0.18	0.00	11.83	2.62	0.22	0.00	17.80
12-13	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.69	0.56	0.30	3.13	11.20	0.35	0.92	0.13	0.76	18.04
13-14	0.01	0.06	0.14	0.01	3.20	1.84	15.07	11.44	0.82	0.92	0.46	0.15	34.12
14-15	0.04	0.00	0.04	0.70	0.25	4.34	6.87	5.86	0.87	1.61	1.44	0.00	22.02
15-16	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	2.03	2.18	13.02	1.96	1.56	0.00	0.10	0.00	20.85
16-17	0.00	0.00	0.47	3.98	0.29	4.12	3.09	4.67	0.49	1.08	0.89	0.00	19.03

Average for thirty-five years, 20.75 inches.

No record by months was kept in Pasadena prior to 1882; but by years, the record is as follows: 1872-3, 14.50 in.; 1873-4, 28.80 in.; 1874-5, 15.10 in.; 1875-6, 23.15 in.; 1876-7, 5.05 in.; 1877-8, 26.30 in.; 1878-9, 13.85 in.; 1879-80, 24.04 in.; 1880-1, 16.20 in.; 1881-2, 12.01 in. (Record kept by Henry G. Bennett.)

when filled with worshipers, many of them being killed. Morris Newmark's "Memoirs" speak of an earthquake in 1855 which destroyed adobe houses and other buildings whose walls were four feet in thickness. On this occasion the "ground rose like ocean billows" in many places, leaving great chasms in the earth. Doubtless much damage would have been done and many lives lost had the country been more settled and built upon. Newmark mentions another severe shock, or *tremblor*, that shook up terra firma in 1857, destroying adobe houses, knocking down trees and producing a tidal wave in the ocean that was observed at several places between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Of late years no notable shocks have been experienced in Southern California, the extraordinary one in San Francisco in 1908 scarcely being felt here. Few years pass without one or more slight disturbances, which receive little attention and produce no apprehension to the older residents. Geologists aver that Southern California has little or no reason to fear severe earthquakes, as the earth here has no "faults," having become "settled." I leave this question to geological experts and earthquake sharps.

CLIMATE—SOME REMARKS ABOUT THE THERMOMETER

Climate! That has been the magic talisman which has drawn to Pasadena its hosts of home builders, tourists and health seekers! It is the one topic that every loyal citizen likes to discuss. If it is exceptionally cool at times, his apologies go out spontaneously and explanatorily. If it gets hot—sometimes—there is also an explanation ready at hand that satisfies himself, at least. And if it rains a few inches more than normal, this "unusual" condition is also susceptible of debate and satisfactory disposal—off hand. Some one has truthfully said that California has as many climates as she has horizons. A statement literally true, as anyone may prove by migrating from place to place, from desert to hill, from hill to valley, and from valley to mountain top, all in one season. For he may certainly, in this vagabondism, find all extremes of weather within the bounds of his state. But confining ourselves to our own local environment, it can be asserted that few places equal it in the allurements it holds for those seeking a climate that possesses no rigorous extremes, and embraces that happy medium so much sought after by all who seek the ideal spot to cast their fortunes. True, there

are unpleasant days now and then, when the carping critic with a grouch sees fit to grumble; but which, compared with a *real* "unpleasant" day as such may be designated in the far away home of "back East," are really hardly worth mentioning. Sometimes it may even freeze a thin scum of ice upon a standing water pail, over night—in the "unusual" winter periods; but the morning, with its splendid, sparkling sunshine, soon dissipates any hint of a forgetful thermometer. Or, again, the mercury may rise to an exceptional height on the noon of a summer day, but when the sun sinks below the rim of yonder Pacific the cooling breeze shortly, brings grateful change to last the night through. For there are no humid, exhausting, sultry days, or nights, in Pasadena—the dry atmosphere obviates that. Why, may be asked, is this so and "Prove it," says the doubter. The great Constructor of worlds provided the conditions for our comfort in Pasadena. This Creator, in arranging things, erected the great mountain range to the north and to the east—a mile in height—as a barrier between the ocean on the west and the desert on the north. And these mountains have been our most beneficent defender and gracious provider of climate. Pasadena lies at the west end of the San Gabriel Valley, elevated above its level from 500 to 600 feet, and above the ocean level 850 to 1,000 feet. The ocean is twenty-five miles to the west. Thus we have, in physical conformation, an ideal situation, furnishing us the "weather" we need. During the summer days the winds prevail from the ocean—gentle and full of stimulus—never harsh or boisterous. When the desert yonder beyond the mountains grows hot, the cooling breezes of the ocean are drawn across us, over the mountain peaks, and to the desert beyond; there to equalize the over-heated temperature in that region. These breezes are never cold because they gather and sweep the surface of many thousand miles of ocean where the temperature is only 55 degrees Fahrenheit on an average. Again, with the coming of the night, and the absorption of the ocean winds, the desert cools off and the breezes again—now dry and tempered—restore the equilibrium by returning to the ocean which gave them up during the day. It is these air currents, constantly moving back and forth, which stabilizes the climate of Southern California and prevents extended spells of hot weather during the long rainless summer. The mountain barriers also prevent, except very rarely, rapid currents of air, or "high

winds." Reduced to figures, Pasadena's *average mean temperature* by months, estimated for the past thirty years, is as follows: January, 53 degrees; February, 54; March, 56; April, 59; May, 63; June, 67; July, 72; August, 74; September, 71; October, 64; November, 60; and December, 54. The mean daily range is from twenty to twenty-five degrees. The lowest temperature recorded in Pasadena was twenty-two degrees above zero—on two known occasions—each before sunrise. The temperature at noon on the same days was over forty degrees. Snow has been known to fall and remain on the ground an hour or more, twice since the founding of Pasadena, although it frequently has fallen low down on the mountain ranges and at their feet occasionally. On June 13th, 1885, the heaviest snowstorm—(it was in fact mixed with hail)—known in Pasadena was occasioned by a "return" storm cloud blown in from the Pacific. It hailed, rained, snowed and lightnined for an hour, giving the inhabitants a taste of a March day in the East. Boreas got tangled up in his almanac and also his geography that day, surprising Pasadena, as he also delighted everybody, with reminders of "back home." Sleighs were hastily extemporized from dry goods boxes or what not, and the excited young folks hitched up astounded steeds and west "sleigh" riding. Charley Bell captured the Banbury twins and made the village ring with hilarity. "Pop" Fisk and Ben Ward also became cut-ups and forgot all dignity. No one was too old, or too sedate, to join the fun, and if not sledding, was snowballing. But in a few hours little trace of the weather man's error remained except in happy memory, for the rarity of snow in Pasadena's streets makes its presence the more welcome, and the call of youthful delights brings joyousness unconfined. Of course, there is plenty of snow in winter upon all of the high mountain ranges everywhere in California, and upon the highest peaks like San Antonio, San Bernardino or San Jacinto. It is claimed that a glacier exists on "Baldy's" peak, but scientific men have not corroborated this.

Now and then, too, it thunders, and lightning flashes. A prominent Pasadena business man, to-wit, F. R. Harris, on one occasion lost his reputation for veracity in this way. He had lived here for six years—this was many years ago—and was one day in the act of making a sale to a lady customer, who remarked, "Well, if I was in the East I would say we were going to have a thunderstorm." "Oh, no," replied

Fred, "we *never* have thunderstorms here!" At the very moment there came a brilliant flash of lightning, accompanied with a terrible crash of thunder, startling them both into speechless amazement. It was a whole minute before the lady recovered from her alarm; then, turning to the disconcerted merchant, said, "Oh, I see you don't." It required considerable explaining for Fred to square himself from the suspicion that he was just a plain California liar. But this was his first experience with a California thunderstorm.

Strictly speaking, almost any spring a storm cloud, by sudden reversal of the wind, may bring in from the sea a storm, with dropping temperature, and with it lightning and thunder, and usually hail, as a musical accompaniment. These storms, while bringing heavy rainfall, are short lived. Only on two occasions has lightning struck in Pasadena, one of these when a hay barn was struck (on the occasion referred to in the Harris store), and once when a church in North Pasadena was struck. On two or three occasions violent windstorms have been known since the founding of the Colony. The most serious occurred in 1887, and another December 10th and 11th, 1891. The last was memorable and occasioned considerable damage, chief of which was blowing down the steeple of the Presbyterian Church and blowing over the bell tower of the Methodist Church, which, falling upon the roof of a house, caved it in. The same storm wrecked the Christian Church, a small structure not very substantially built; also totally wrecking the North Congregational Church, an unsubstantial structure; wrecking a laundry, a two-story house, and half dozen other small "California" style buildings. Besides this, many roofs were blown off, and especially the tin roof of the Arcade Block and of Williams Hall and the Frost Building. A small building on Colorado Street was blown down, killing a horse. This was a remarkable storm for this section, the most disastrous known, and yet if compared with those occurring in the Middle West, or on the Atlantic Coast, it was not extraordinary. For the velocity of this wind at no time—and it blew all night—did not exceed about sixty miles per hour, which is but "gale" speed, not even "hurricane." Notwithstanding, the inhabitants, when they began to take stock next morning, were both amazed and disheartened when they viewed the litter and debris that abounded. Shingles, boards and tin roofs filled the streets,

and trees, stripped to skeletons, plants blown flat to the ground and vines torn from their supports, formed a forbidding prospect. As for oranges! That crop was a thing of the past. Never since that memorable night has Pasadena felt an approximation to that boreal disturbance. And what occasioned this visitation so rare and so energetic? Away off across the Pacific—toward the Orient—there was a “vacuum” in the atmosphere, a cavern in the heavenly zone which must be filled, and filled at once, to restore the disturbed equilibrium. To fill this vacant space the winds of the desert galloped in frantic desire across mountains, across valleys, across the vast ocean, to fulfill their functions; and in doing so brought wreck to whatever flimsy structures mere man had interposed. One peculiar feature of these desert winds is that the atmosphere becomes charged with electricity trying to the “nerves.” The family feline is a battery, which will, if caressed, emit sparks like unto the June bugs of our childhood days. During these desert winds the humidity falls to almost a disappearing point, the air becoming remarkably “dry.” This “dryness” is one of the causes of the salubrity of the climate and of its attractiveness, for even though the temperature becomes over-normal, the lack of humidity and consequent rapid evaporation of body moisture prevents the depression and discomforts experienced in a hot and humid atmosphere. This is one of the secrets of the California climate.

Pasadena is thus located ideally, for climatic conditions, being situated at a desirable elevation, having a great ocean to give it the tonic of its purifying zephyrs, and with a mountain barrier to ward off the excessive humidity and torridity of desert temperatures or tropic conditions. It may be said then, that Pasadena has few hot days and no hot nights; for no matter how much above normal may be the midday temperatures—sometimes as high as 100 to 105, and on very rare occasions even higher—night brings with its cooling airs an agreeable surcease. During the long dry summer, when practically no rain falls, occasional fogs drift in from the Pacific and act as heat absorbers. The California climate has almost adopted a three-day habit for “hot spells.” There is a “warm” day, a “warmer” day and a “hot” one as a climax. The thermometer goes climbing until it reaches the maximum of perhaps 95 degrees Fahrenheit, perhaps 100 degrees. It may do

this several times during the whole summer, but upon the third day—almost invariably—there drifts in from the ocean a great fog which smothers the rising temperature and brings cooling consolation to the land, and emits blessings from its inhabitants.



CHAPTER LVI

FOREST FIRES AND REFORESTRATION

FLOOD CONTROL



IT required many years for the United States Government to become so fully cognizant of the urgent need of protection that must be given to the forests in our mountains, not only as timber conservation, but as a more important one, the conservation of its water supply. A mountain slope denuded of forest loses 95 per cent of the rain which falls upon it, whereas the same surface forested retains 95 per cent of the rainfall and surrenders it to its purpose later in the summer months as a beneficent stream.

Forest fires have destroyed many fine tracts of timber that once thrived upon the slopes and in the canyons of the Sierra Madres. A careless camper, a neglected camp fire or a discarded cigarette stump—then a raging furnace that destroys forever the growth of centuries.

As I said, for years nothing was done to prevent this waste and its result until about twenty-five years ago when the county supervisors gave the matter some attention and eventually the United States Government, through the Bureau of Forestry, had the mountains patrolled and “fire breaks” made throughout them, and today if a fire does occur, it is short lived and has therefore lost its former menace.

REFORESTRATION

But what of the already burnt acres, the barren mountain-sides that appealed in their pathetic nakedness? It was left for a Pasadena citizen to arouse the Government to the urgent necessity that already, by devastating fires, now existed in our near by ranges.

It was T. P. Lukens, whose observations convincing him of these needs, first began experiments upon his own account in the direction of reforestation. It was in 1895 when he began collecting seeds of forest trees where they had fallen in their own habitat and experimenting with them. The most com-

mon were pines and spruce in variety and he planted them experimentally on the denuded surface. There was much to learn and little prior experience under similar environments to be a guidance.

Failure followed this direct planting, and it was found by experiment that these seeds must be first started into plants in fitting nursery, and when two years old transplanted to their final habitat. It was also discovered by experience, that certain varieties thrive better than others; thus the *pinus tuberculata*, *pinus coulteri*—the big cone pine—and the big cone spruce were best adapted to the mountains here. Thus for years did Lukens labor, becoming all the while more devoted to his purpose. During the years from 1903 to 1906 he planted no less than 40,000 trees on the mountains hereabout, of which almost all are growing lustily today, as we may notice while making the ascent to Mount Wilson.

For years Lukens gave his services to this work gratuitously and cheerfully, but at last in 1900, the Government recognized his services in a way by appointing him a "collector" in the United States Forest Service at a nominal salary of \$300 per annum. From this small compensation he was raised, and through successive appointments, as forest agent, then as forest expert, at various salaries, none exceeding \$1,600 in 1906, which terminated his official connection with the Government, but not his active interest in this work.

A tract of land has been leased at the head of Lake Avenue, Pasadena, where nurseries have been established for the propagation of forest trees. Here they are grown from the seeds and maintained until ready for transplanting. Thus the good work of conserving and renewing devastated forest ranges goes apace.

During these years he has had the repeated commendation of Gifford Pinchot, chief forester for the Department of Agriculture, and of other officials engaged in this important service. Much more might be said of the extreme value to Pasadena this labor has been and its increasing importance as years pass by.

Now the supervisors have taken the matter in hand, and in conjunction with its equally important work, flood control, have organized a systematic method for the protection of forests and valley as well.

FLOOD CONTROL

Within the past few years attention has been directed to the importance of controlling the waters that rush from the canyons during winter rains. Much damage was done to groves and farm lands by reason of unusual storms in the years 1911 to 1914, when new channels were gouged through valuable lands and many thousands of dollars worth of property destroyed.

Water conservation is the twin obligation of flood control. Water is too valuable in Southern California to waste, also too formidable, if not controlled; hence the supervisors set about to bring engineering skill to bear upon the problem, resulting in the building of "retaining drains" in various canyons, which serve to retard, or break, the impetuous waters and control their movements. C. D. Daggett has given this service much attention.

The dam proposed at Devil's Gate is to be built in conformity with these control and conservation plans, and it is expected to prove valuable. A county board of forestry has been organized under the direction of the supervisors, and the forestry work is conducted by this board in conjunction with the United States Government.

CHAPTER LVII

SOME COGNATE FACTS

THE COST OF IT—STATISTICS—THE OLD MILL

THERE ARE SOME WHO COME TO A CONCLUSION THROUGH THE COLLABORATION OF FIGURES. THE VITAL THING TO THEM IS—WHAT DOES IT COST? HOW MUCH DO WE PAY FOR OUR PRIVILEGES? AND WHY IS PASADENA WORTH WHILE?

AFTER reading the preceding chapters of this volume some may be interested in these appended statistics. For them this chapter will be illuminating. Premising, let me say, in brief, that the cost of the necessities of life is favorably comparable in Pasadena with the same articles anywhere East or West. But there are other differences: The fuel bill is less, because the need of artificial heating is very appreciably different—for reasons already given. Gas is the commonest fuel. The need of a doctor is less frequent because of the claims of outdoor life; people, especially children, experience in much lesser degree the malaise occasioned by undue indoor confinement, with its incident tendency to non-exercise. With 350 days—or thereabouts—in each year, when children may play or exercise out of doors, or when the adult may engage in golf every day for seven months, and most of the days in the other five, the *Æsculapian* has poor shrift.

Then, with fresh fruit and vegetables always at hand, infantile disorders are in minimum as a consequence. So, at least, the paramount factor to happiness—good health—is reasonably assured. Then come such conveniences as travel; the street cars abundantly suggest comfortable methods and convenient ways. The three great transcontinental and state railways provide intercommunication with the world at large. Water is plentiful for all needs—and pure, beyond question. Schools, churches, fraternal societies, clubs—the accessories of business, social and moral existence—abound. But above all, the home is here, from the simplest to the most palatial—one may have what he pays for!

THE MOTORISTS' PARADISE

Southern California—and Pasadena is jealous of no other section of it—presents to the enthusiastic motorist opportunities for enjoyment the year round. Possessing as it does splendid paved streets everywhere, smooth-surfaced macadamized highways—hundreds of miles of them in Los Angeles County alone—the automobilist may drive all day long over easy roads through scenery unsurpassed—by orange groves, walnut groves, vineyards, fields of alfalfa and grain, and all the while having an ever-changing loveliness of mountains to frame the unequaled picture.

He can, if going eastward, pass through thriving towns, cities and villages; find a fine refectory at Riverside, where the celebrated "Glenwood" will tempt him to stay, for a time at least, to enjoy its uniqueness and its interesting collection of things pertaining to missions and mission life. He may travel towards the beach towns and lave himself there, or at least inhale the stimulating breezes wafted from the Pacific. With Pasadena as the radiating point, the motorist may find fine highways extending to San Diego, 125 miles southward, or he may reach Santa Barbara, on the north, by traversing another splendid highway for 100 miles—even farther for 500 miles—still on well macadamized or concrete highways, to San Francisco. Certainly no one may truthfully complain of lack of traveling facilities if he ventures the splendid boulevards of California.

Nearer home, the little trips abound in plenty. San Gabriel and its old mission is near by and full of interest; then on to El Monte or to Whittier with its interesting reform school. La Canada offers an interesting ride, as does the Altadena foothill boulevard; thence to Sierra Madre. The drive up the Arroyo Seco road—as far as it



THE OLD MILL
First Grist Mill Built in California, 1810

at present extends—is full of interest and beauty. San Fernando and its mission, and Owensmouth, where gushes the tremendous aqueduct waters, or Van Nuys, are short-ride opportunities worth while. Indeed, there are many interesting spots to be visited and the journeys thereto offer continual pleasures to the motorist.

Mountain trips also abound here and hereby. Most of the greater canyons are negotiable by auto, or at least to some extent. A fine drive reaches into San Antonio Canyon and ends at Camp Baldy beside a noisy stream and within a hospitable camp. Sawpit Canyon, Pasadena Glen and others within easy distance make the motorist's day happy and add to the sum of agreeable existence.

SOME DATA

The area of Pasadena is 13.91 square miles, with new territory seeking admission.

The altitude above the sea at the corner of Colorado Street and Fair Oaks Avenue is 850 feet. At the north city limits it is 1,100 feet.

It has a population of 47,000.

It has 11,500 homes, and building more all the while.

It has a municipal lighting system.

It has a water system of its own.

It has five theaters—all exhibiting "film"—with variations.

It has no saloons.

Pasadena has 107 physicians, including osteopathic practitioners and other "pathics." Some of these are not in regular practice, but about seventy-five are still pursuing the arts of Æsculapius. This list does not include the twenty-four Christian Science practitioners.

There are 125 real estate men—some placidly ruminating, some up to the minute.

There are forty-six barbers, all able and willing to give a clean shave, with the usual conversational adjuncts of the trade.

There are eighty groceries, big and little, including some of the Model string of fourteen and the Chaffee string of eighteen stores—located here and hereabouts.

There are fifty-five attorneys, willing to write a will or plead a cause—caveat actor!

There are fifty-two dentists, every one of them with a good pull.

Forty-six auto agencies are able to keep every family on the gasoline way.

Fourteen bakeries supply the hungry with the staff of life—and pies.

The center of Pasadena is three miles from the foot of the Sierra Madres, which lie directly north.

Total length of streets, 175 miles—paved, 145 miles; sidewalks, all cement, 224 miles.

Assessed value of real estate (66 per cent of cash value), \$60,000,000.

Tax Rate—Original city limits, 1.03; North Pasadena, .993; East Pasadena, .987; Linda Vista, San Rafael Heights and Pasadena Heights, .941.

It will require a total of \$1,590,283.80 to operate all city departments for the current year. Principal items applied as follows:

General government	\$ 72,460.00
Protection to persons and property..	171,825.50
Conservation of health	13,170.00
Sanitation	84,321.75
Streets and highways.....	179,355.00
Libraries	39,550.00
Parks and recreation.....	118,142.00
Bonds and interest.....	48,871.74
Municipal lighting	263,226.70
Municipal water	275,780.34
Four months' surplus.....	205,837.45
Promotion and publicity.....	14,700.00

It is assumed that the income from the lighting and water systems will meet all expenses connected with their administration and leave some surplus.

EL MOLINO AND SOME OTHER INTERESTING OBJECTS

When the Indiana Colony was established there were several objects of interest in the vicinity which held more than common interest to the colonists. The first of these was, of course, the Garfias adobe, or as much of it as yet remained, the mission, and the "Old Mill." Before the building of the old mill the Indians and the Spanish people about San Gabriel

ASSESSMENT VALUATIONS AND TAX RATES From 1886-87 to 1916-17 Inclusive

	Assessed Valuation in Original City Limits	North Pasadena Annexation	East Side Annexation	West Side Annexation	Total Valuations	Original City Tax Levy per 100 Valuation	North Pasadena Tax Levy per 100 Valuation	East Side Tax Levy per 100 Valuation	West Side Tax Levy per 100 Valuation
1886-7	\$ 1,001,737				\$ 1,001,737	\$.65			
1887-8	4,881,245				4,881,245	.70			
1888-9	8,668,627				8,668,627	.72			
1889-0	7,237,338				7,237,338	.70			
1890-1	4,709,164				4,709,164	.902			
1891-2	4,551,330				4,551,330	1.10			
1892-3	4,890,218				4,890,218	1.13			
1893-4	5,473,821				5,473,821	1.00			
1894-5	6,462,576				6,462,576	1.00			
1895-6	7,785,340				7,785,340	1.00			
1896-7	8,289,449				8,289,449	1.00			
1897-8	8,424,854				8,424,854	1.00			
1898-9	8,651,016				8,651,016	1.00			
1899-0	8,823,402				8,823,402	1.00			
1900-1	9,337,516				9,337,516	1.00			
1901-2	10,440,508				10,440,508	1.25			
1902-3	11,158,450				11,158,450	1.25			
1903-4	13,468,759				13,468,759	1.50			
1904-5	18,232,001				18,232,001	1.35			
1905-6	26,258,940				26,258,940	1.30			
1906-7	28,355,000				28,355,000	1.20			
1907-8	30,089,710				30,089,710	1.09			
1908-9	31,071,821				31,071,821	.97			
1909-10	34,429,265				34,429,265	.92			
* 1910-11	38,438,585				38,438,585	.885			
* 1911-12	38,438,585				38,438,585	.885			
* 1912-13	40,153,115				40,153,115	.92			
* 1913-14	42,370,153				42,370,153	.985			
* 1914-15	43,370,153				43,370,153	1.066			
* 1915-16	43,370,153				43,370,153	1.066			
* 1916-17	40,728,907				40,728,907	1.041			
Operative	2,576,695				2,576,695	1.041			
		392,600	311,840	\$ 993,210	3,283,135	1.0833	\$1.13	\$1.05	\$.85
				1,452,455			1.09	1.025	.897

*Including Operative.

BONDED INDEBTEDNESS OF PASADENA, JULY, 1917

Year Issued	Name of Issue	Rate of Interest	Interest Payable Semi-Annually and When Due	Original Amount	Term of Years	Bonds Payable Annually When Due	Annual Payment Required For Each Year's Bond	Balance Outstanding
1902	Central Park	4%	July 2, January 2	\$127,000.00	20-1922	1-20 January 2	\$ 6,350.00	\$ 38,100.00
1902	Library Park	4%	July 2, January 2	25,000.00	20-1922	1-20 January 2	1,250.00	7,500.00
1902	City Hall and Jail	4%	July 2, January 2	49,500.00	40-1942	1-40 January 2	1,237.50	32,175.00
1902	Fire Department	4%	July 2, January 2	20,000.00	40-1942	1-40 January 2	500.00	13,000.00
1902	Street Machinery	4%	July 2, January 2	17,500.00	40-1942	1-40 January 2	437.50	11,375.00
1902	Water Well	4%	July 2, January 2	6,000.00	40-1942	1-40 January 2	150.00	3,900.00
1902	Outfall Sewer	4%	July 2, January 2	35,000.00	40-1942	1-40 January 2	875.00	22,750.00
1902	Sewer Farm	4%	July 2, January 2	5,000.00	40-1942	1-40 January 2	125.00	3,250.00
1902	Improvement of Parks	4%	July 2, January 2	15,000.00	40-1942	1-40 January 2	375.00	9,750.00
1905	Water Works	4%	May 1, November 1	25,000.00	40-1945	1-40 May 1	625.00	18,125.00
1906	Mun. Elec. Light Dept.	4%	July 1, January 1	125,000.00	40-1946	1-40 July 1	3,125.00	93,750.00
1906	Fire Dept. Improvement	4%	July 1, January 1	75,000.00	40-1946	1-40 July 1	1,875.00	56,250.00
1908	Electric Light Ext.	4½%	April 1, October 1	50,000.00	40-1948	1-40 April 1	1,250.00	40,000.00
1908	Sewer Construction	4½%	April 1, October 1	50,000.00	40-1948	1-40 April 1	1,250.00	40,000.00
1909	Electrical Construction	4%	September 1, March 1	150,000.00	40-1949	1-40 March 1	3,750.00	123,750.00
1911	City Hall Addition	4½%	December 1, June 1	23,000.00	40-1951	1-40 June 1	575.00	20,125.00
1911	Fire Apparatus	4½%	December 1, June 1	18,000.00	40-1951	1-40 June 1	450.00	15,750.00
1911	Arroyo Seco Bridge	4½%	December 1, June 1	100,000.00	40-1951	1-40 June 1	2,500.00	87,500.00
1912	Garbage Disposal	4½%	May 1, November 1	60,000.00	15-1927	1-15 May 1	4,000.00	44,000.00
1912	Municipal Water Works	4½%	October 1, April 1	1,250,000.00	30-1947	50-25 Oct. 1, 1917	50,000.00	1,225,000.00

ground their grain or the nuts they used for food in stone *metatés* (mortars). Many of these *metatés* and their accompanying pestles have been found about the sites of former Indian villages and are sometimes yet to be found.

But with the advent of Fray Zalvidea at the mission, business energy was instituted there, for the worthy friar believed in making lazy Indians labor as well as eat, and began a course of training that was different in many respects from the indolent past. It is said by historians of the period that when Fray Zalvidea couldn't overcome the aboriginal's reluctance to work and be baptized too, pretty vigorous efforts were followed to improve him. In fact, posses of troopers were sent into the hills to fetch the recalcitrants to book. This may explain the lengthy roster of acolytes that cheered the laboring friars.

It was Fray Zalvidea who built the "Old Mill" by Wilson's Lake, and which for many years was an object of romantic interest. This mill was built in 1810-11, under the supervision of one Claudio Lopez, who stood grimly over the reluctant aboriginal while he toiled at his unaccustomed labor.

It was built of stone with a tile roof, the walls being from three to four feet in thickness. The water for driving the grinding wheels was brought from a little stream called Mill Creek, rising in Los Robles Canyon and which, after performing its services at the mill, ran into the depression that formed a lake, in later years known as Wilson's Lake. This lake was enlarged by building a dam across its lower side and thus became valuable, because this stored water was used to run a sawmill, a tannery and for other useful purposes under the able direction of Father Zalvidea. The father was fast establishing a system of business enterprises about the mission in which the neophytes were compelled to perform their part. These little industries supplied the country thereabout—and even to greater distance—with meal, tanned skins and sawed timber, becoming a source of revenue to the mission. So, if we feel inclined to criticize the severity of Fray Zalvidea, we nevertheless must concede him to be a man of business capacity, perhaps quite suited to the people whom he had pressed into his service.

But the original mill was superseded by another, built in 1821-22, by one Joseph Chapman (for the mission), an adventurous buccaneer or pirate, who by good luck was captured

by Spanish Californians and somehow acquired their friendship. He eventually married the daughter of a large land owner, became a substantial citizen and landed proprietor himself—a romance of itself!

The new mill, being located just opposite the mission, did the work needed and the old one was abandoned. In 1859 Col. E. J. C. Kewen purchased a tract of land including the original mill, and converted the mill into a dwelling, where he lived with his family for many years. Colonel Kewen became widely known as a democratic politician and as an orator. He was elected attorney general of the state. A son, Perry Kewen, now resides at South Pasadena and is fond of relating how he once hunted wildcats and foxes where Pasadena's business now centers.

The original "Old Mill" passed into the hands of Col. E. L. Mayberry, who built a fine residence near it and lived there for many years. This property is now part of the Oak Knoll tract and the site of some fine villas. The mill itself is now the club house attached to the Huntington Hotel, and a golf club headquarters. One of the millstones used in grinding was secured by Mrs. Jeanne Carr, and is at present used as a doorstep at her late home on Kensington Drive. When Mrs. Carr built her home at Carmelita—long since removed—she procured some of the original tiles from the mission at San Gabriel and utilized them in constructing a fireplace in that home. The hearth was thus formed. The second mill herein mentioned was long ago destroyed, no trace now remaining.

Here is a story of the "Old Mill" which is believed by many persons. An old German miller and his son, who once devoted themselves to grinding out grain from its rumbling stones, kept their gold and other valuables hidden in the mill. During an Indian raid a long, long time ago these millers, fearing the Indians might loot the premises, took their valuables out to an oak tree at Oak Knoll, and secretly buried them under it, marking the tree carefully. Both of the men were killed by the Indians—it is said—in a skirmish that followed. As no one knew just where the gold was buried, it has never been found, but many have hunted and dug under numerous oak trees since, hoping to uncover it.

Thus passeth the romance of the once famous "Old Mill." Perhaps a modern romance may some time hallow it—the romance of golf sticks and the effete business man endeavoring to rehabilitate a bated constitution and the girl.

CHAPTER LVIII

SOUTH PASADENA

SOUTH PASADENA has grown with its sister city and now contains about 8,000 population, has a city government of its own, well paved and lighted streets, a fine public library and other things that go to make a fine "home" city. Two railroads pass through the city and a street car system connects at frequent intervals with Los Angeles and Pasadena.



GEORGE WELLMAN GLOVER

It is worth while to include in this history a brief résumé of our sister city's claims to distinction. This author requested George Wellman Glover, a resident of South Pasadena for thirty-three years and well known writer, to furnish the required information.

SOUTH PASADENA

BY GEORGE WELLMAN GLOVER

Because a portion of the lands originally bought for settlement by the San Gabriel Orange Grove Association are now within the city limits of South Pasadena the author has felt that there should be a chapter of his History of Pasadena devoted exclusively to South Pasadena. I have been asked to write this chapter, which must of necessity be rather more limited as to length than some enthusiastic residents may deem just; but I am sure a close reading of the history will show that the subject has not been slighted.

BRIEF GENERAL HISTORY

The first white settler in what later became South Pasadena was Mr. David M. Raab. Buying a ranch of some thirty acres from Mr. D. B. Wilson, he built his house on the site

still occupied by his widow and those of his children that are not the heads of families of their own. The slightly location on the brow of the hill overlooking the entire valley was chosen both for the sake of utility and of beauty. Later, when the new house was built, it was constructed to face Buenavista Street. Mr. Raab came in 1870. Carl Raab, now a resident of El Monte, with his family, was the first child to bring joy to the new settler. He was born February 4th, 1873, thus coming along just nine months and nine days too soon to claim the honor of being the first born in Pasadena. True, he was right on the ground, but at that time there was no Pasadena, the incorporation having been consummated on November 13th, 1873, and settlement even later. Considering the wonderful growth and success in every way of Pasadena, who shall dare assert that there can be anything unlucky about the number 13?

However, before the settlement was far advanced, some of the early settlers were hard at work getting out water, preparing to build their homes and in other ways demonstrating their faith in the future. Among these, and who chose locations in what is now South Pasadena, were Messrs. P. M. Green, A. O. Porter and William Barcus. Mr. Green and Mr. Porter built their houses very close together, for the sake of company, and they were the first plastered houses built in what is now South Pasadena. They still stand in a good state of preservation at the junction of Orange Grove Avenue and Oliver Street.

At the time the first of what is generally known as the Indiana Colony arrived, there were but three houses in this portion of the country. They were the residence of Mr. D. M. Raab, the Garfias adobe, long ago disposed of, and the adobe house then known as the Bacon Ranch House, now better known as the property of Mrs. Mary Belle Hardison. It stands on Garfield Avenue, just southeast of the Raymond Hill. The Gar-



SOUTH PASADENA HIGH SCHOOL

fiat adobe stood on the bank of the Arroyo Seco, on property now owned by the writer.

The postoffice was established in South Pasadena January 1st, 1883, by Frank M. Glover, brother of the writer, and who died March 29th, 1884. The office was established in the north-east room, ground floor, of what was then Hermosa Vista, the first hotel in South Pasadena, and kept by Mrs. M. J. Glover, mother of the writer. This house still stands at this date, although after changing hands a couple of times it was remodeled and changed into a modern residence, and is now owned by and is the home of Prof. George E. Hale, the eminent astronomer.

This location was widely known as a health resort even at that early date. The first postmaster came here in the vain hope that he might be cured of tuberculosis. When he died the office was taken over by Mr. Charles Case, who held it but a short time before he, too, yielded up his life, a victim of the great white plague. Each had come too late for the climate to be of lasting benefit, although doubtless each had a little longer lease of life. At the death of Mr. Case the office was taken over by his widow, Mrs. Gertrude Case, daughter of an early settler, Mr. O. R. Dougherty, who was prominent in the activities of early days here. Soon the office was moved from its location on Columbia Street, where Mr. Case took it on succeeding to the postmastership, to a location of greater convenience to the little business center that was by this time springing up on and adjacent to Mission Street and Meridian Avenue. The office remained for several years on Meridian Avenue, just north of Mission Street. Then it was moved farther south on the same street, where it was more convenient to the Santa Fé Railroad, which had by this time superseded the two four-horse stages that plied daily between Pasadena and Los Angeles, and took care of the mail of our postoffice as a call station. When the Santa Fé Railroad changed its route through South Pasadena the postoffice was moved to a location on Mission Street, almost directly opposite where it is now located. Here it remained until the Alexander Building was completed, when it was moved into spacious quarters in the new building and has remained there since. To make the line of postmasters complete, it may be added that Mrs. Keith, the present city librarian, succeeded Mrs. Case when she remarried. And she, in turn, was succeeded by Mrs.

Stephens, who held it until succeeded by her son, Mr. Roy Stephens, who held it up to the time of the consolidation with the Los Angeles postoffice.

RELIGIOUS HISTORY

From the best data obtainable there can be no doubt that the first religious services ever held in South Pasadena by white people was a series of services held by the famous old padres beneath the spreading branches of the old live oak tree that stands just adjacent to the spring that bubbles up from under Arroyo Drive, a couple of hundred feet south of where Hermosa Street joins Arroyo Drive. Old Spanish and Mexican residents who lived in this vicinity even after the arrival of the writer in 1884 used to tell of the services held there, and agreed that the services held there antedated the first services held at San Gabriel, before the building of the San Gabriel Mission was undertaken. This point was the temporary place of worship while working out in detail the plans for that historic old mission. A cross was at that time cut in the bark of the tree, and its dim outlines may yet be found by close observers, or by those who knew the location of it before time had so completely healed the wound. A third of a century ago, when the writer first observed this cross, it showed very plainly, and evidently had been cut deeply when it was made. Yet it will not take another third of a century for the great healer, Nature, to obliterate all vestige of it. Within the last year or so some person has applied a light coat of a bluish colored paint over the old cross, evidently in the hope that the exact location of it may be preserved, or else it may have been done for the purpose of photographing it. But even this is rapidly fading away, and it would seem to be a good thing for the Landmarks Club, or some other organization of record, to have the old cross recut sufficiently deep to preserve it; of course, first getting the consent of the owner of the tree at the present time.

Coming down to more modern times the first record that can be found and verified relating to religious organizations in this city show that about the 1st of October, 1885, a union Sunday school was organized in the South Pasadena school-house. The late Mr. George A. Green was elected superintendent, and Mr. George W. Wilson was chosen assistant superintendent. It was organized with the understanding that

it should come under the supervision of the first evangelical church to be organized here. The Sunday school was claimed by the Congregational Church, when that organization was completed in the building that then was known as the Sierra Madre College Building, but later was remodeled and made over, and for many years has been the residence of Mr. C. D. Daggett. Mr. Green went with the Congregational Church when it later built a new house of worship on the corner of California Street and Pasadena Avenue.

The South Pasadena Methodist Church was organized in the fall of 1886, with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Soper and Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Cone as charter members. Of these four Mrs. Soper is the only one yet living in this city, both Mrs. Cone and Mr. Soper having passed away, and Mr. Cone having left the city some years ago.

The Baptist Church was organized in 1888, and soon thereafter a house of worship was built on the north side of Mission Street, at the corner of Fairview Avenue, where services were held for a number of years, when the property was sold and a new and larger edifice was erected at their present location.

Calvary Presbyterian Church dates its organization from the year 1892. An organization bearing the same name, however, and worshipping in a chapel that was built on Columbia Street, came into existence in 1887; but by request made to the Presbytery of Los Angeles, it had by that body been disbanded.

Next the St. James' Episcopal Church was established in 1901. And some years later their house of worship was built on the corner of Fremont Avenue and Monterey Road.

In 1904 the Christian Church was organized, and later the present house of worship was erected.

Next came the organization of the Catholic Church in 1910. Property was bought on which to erect a house of worship, and later, the Holy Family Church will be built on the corner of Fremont Avenue and El Centro Street. In the meantime, services are regularly held in the temporary structure that has been used from the time the property was bought.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

There appears to be a woeful lack of official data to be secured concerning the schools of South Pasadena in the early days; and in fact up to a date long after such records would

naturally be supposed to be treasured and jealously guarded. However, gathering from personal memory and from older settlers, it seems to be pretty accurately stated when it is declared that Mr. Charles Case, the second postmaster of South Pasadena, was the teacher of the first school here. [Correct.—Ed.] The sessions were held in a small building that stood almost in the middle of what is now Rose Avenue, at the top of the hill, before that street was graded and the hill cut down. The building was erected with funds donated by the settlers, and it is a moot question as to whether there were six or seven pupils in the first term of school. The little old building is still in existence, but since its removal and incorporation in another house its identity practically is lost. It was moved down the hill to the Scharff place early in the '90s or late in the '80s, and at its new location additions were made to it, since which time it has been used at various times as a residence and a storehouse. Mr. John Lewis Childs of Floral Park, N. Y., now owns the property and the house.

The unfortunate hiatus in the school records makes it impossible to state the wonderful growth of the South Pasadena schools by years. But it may be said without the fear of contradiction that the schools have had a very rapid growth since the beginning of that little school away back in the very beginnings of the '80s. The city now has four roomy and substantial elementary buildings, one kindergarten building and two kindergarten schools housed in rented quarters, in addition to the magnificent group of high school buildings. The enrollment in the elementary department last year was 950; in the high school, 325; and in the kindergarten, 100. To take care of these bright young minds and fit them for the future requires the services of thirty-four teachers in the elementary department, nineteen in the high school and four in the kindergarten.

The high school of South Pasadena has a very high standing, and the regular course of studies is superior to some other high schools. The high school was formally established December 3d, 1904. That year a class of but five pupils were given instruction in ninth grade work by Professor Harter, at that time supervising principal of city schools and teacher of the eighth grade. The following year quarters were provided in the Center Street building, where the term opened with thirty-one pupils and two teachers. Then bonds were voted

in the sum of \$75,000, and with this money a six-acre tract bounded by Fremont Avenue on the east, Diamond Avenue on the west, Bank Street on the north and Rollins Street on the south was secured at a cost of but \$15,000. With the remainder of the money the first building was erected, work on which was begun in July, 1906. On April 8th, 1907, the school was transferred to the new building.

In 1913 it became necessary to add two more buildings, and the Manual Arts and Household Economy buildings were erected in that year.

The schools of South Pasadena are always crowded. They have a good name, hence it is almost impossible to build ahead with sufficient speed to provide at all times the room that seems to be required.



CHAPTER LIX

THE BEGINNERS IN PASADENA



RECORD of the "original" in various lines of endeavor would be very interesting if obtainable. But that is an impossible undertaking now. Here is an interesting as well as a valuable historic record for future information.

The first baby born was Helen Wentworth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Wentworth. She saw light on what was then the Joseph Wallace place, on the northwest corner of old Fair Oaks Avenue and Mountain Street (now East Orange Grove and Lincoln avenues). Born in 1874—exact date not obtainable.

The first store was a small frame building on South Orange Grove Avenue, just below Colorado Street (No. 59), M. Rosenbaum, proprietor.

The first church—the Presbyterian—built in 1875 on California Street, just east of Orange Grove Avenue.

The first schoolhouse was built on South Orange Grove Avenue, just south of California Street, in 1875. The first teacher was Jennie Clapp.

The first public religious services were held at C. H. Watts' bachelor cottage, August 30th, 1874, Rev. W. C. Mosher conducting them. The first regular sermon was preached in the schoolhouse, February 7th, 1875.

The first wedding was that of C. H. Watts and Millie Locke, March 12th, 1875.

The first drug store was the Pasadena Pharmacy, conducted by this writer—February, 1883.

The first "official" citizen was I. N. Mundell, who was appointed road overseer, 1875.

The first postmaster was Henry T. Hollingsworth, appointed September 21st, 1876.

The first bank was the Pasadena Bank, organized November 21st, 1884. It began business January 12th, 1885. P. M. Green, president.

The first "practicing" barber was A. S. Hollingsworth, who had a chair in the corner of his father's store. The first shop was opened on North Fair Oaks Avenue in 1883 by a man named Rossi, and afterwards moved to West Colorado Street; later purchased by Joe Laspada, who still owns it.

The first harness shop was owned by Harry C. Price, who opened up in 1883.

The first automobile was owned by Robert H. Gaylord. It was of French "extraction" and was a thing of wonder to all beholders.

The first photographer was George Weingarth, who opened the "Ferndale Gallery" in 1882. Some of the old pictures in this book were from his photographs.

The first real estate dealer was T. P. Lukens.

The first telephone was put in Williams' store in December, 1883, and the first "Hello" was made by Wesley Bunnell.

The first bicycle owned in Pasadena was owned by Will Hisey. It was one of the "big wheelers."

The first bicycle shop was opened by Ed Braley just where his fine four-story building now stands.

The first dentist was John White.

The first lumber yard was started by J. Banbury. The office stood where the Metcalf Building now is—on Colorado Street, by the Santa Fé tracks—1883.

Charley Ryan built the woodwork of the first wagon built in the city. He was probably the first hardwood worker in the city, 1884.

The first blacksmith was J. H. Baker, and his shop was on the corner of Fair Oaks Avenue and Walnut Street, 1875.

The first bakery was run by Fulford & Crozier in the Mullins Block, South Fair Oaks Avenue, 1884.

The first buggy was owned by Sherman Washburn.

The first newspaper was the *Chronicle*—Ward Brothers, owners; Charles M. Daly, editor—1883.

The first billiard room was owned by Jerome Beebe in 1884.

The first milk route established in 1883 by L. A. Carey.

The first express office—Wells, Fargo Company—1885. C. A. Sawtelle, agent.

The first train came into Pasadena on the San Gabriel Valley Railroad, September 21st, 1885. John D. Ripley was a fireman on that engine.

The first mail via train arrived September 25th, 1885.

The first gas used for lighting was made by an engine owned by R. Williams and supplied Wood's Drug Store and Williams Building. October 22, 1885, was the occasion.

The first arrest was of a "dago" who had imbibed too much "dago red" and was hauled to the Los Angeles "jug" by Tom Banbury, deputy sheriff.

The first house was built by A. O. Bristol, February, 1874.

The first death was that of William Green Porter, June 13th, 1876.

The first city election was held June 7th, 1886.

The first book store and news stand was owned by Thomas Grimes.

The first doctor was J. M. Radebaugh, who came in 1882.

The first architect was C. B. Ripley. Also the first builder.

The first dry goods store was opened by A. Cruickshank in 1883.

The first nursery was owned by Byron O. Clark.

The first ice company was the Pasadena Ice Company.

The first brickyard was run by Goss, Simons & Hubbard.

The first brick store building was built for Craig & Hubbard, grocers, where the Brunswick Billiard Hall is. This was in 1885.

The first (and almost only) brick *residence* was built by B. F. Ball on North Fair Oaks Avenue in 1879.

The first hardware store was owned by Will Wakeley.

The first paper route was run by Whit. Elliott, who went to Los Angeles at 2 A. M. each day for his papers.

H. Corday was the first tailor.

CHAPTER LX

THE FINAL WORDS



IN saying these last words, which parts the writer from his patient reader, I naturally feel that regret which comes with a parting from an agreeable companion at the termination of a long journey. My chief hope is that this companion may feel—equally with myself—the same tinge of regret, or at least, so much of it as will satisfy him that the journey has not been entirely without profit, pleasure and information.

I have had a long span of years to encompass on this journey. Perhaps I went too far back when I took the leap to that romantic period when the sandal-footed friar wandered, patiently, from post to post in the work of the Holy Church. But I believe that California owes much to these self-denying missionaries who gave themselves to the work of Christianizing aborigines and establishing a better civilization in this land. Coming down to a later, more modern, date, it seemed proper, in fact, necessary, to pause a little at that unforgettable period when romance dwelt in the land and endowed it with its palpitating atmosphere. Nowhere in the United States but in California could such life be lived, for it is the history of all nations that climate and environment produce their own temperamental types and mold the life of peoples. I like to dwell upon the time when the *Caballero*, like the troubadour of old, came on starlit nights, when the atmosphere was redolent of perfume, and sang to dark-eyed senorita behind restraining window bars, and who wore as the fair one's guerdon her accolade of bright-hued lovers' knot.

I like to dwell upon the brief years when the Rancho San Pascual had its own Lady Chatelaine—if but for a time—who conferred upon it such sentimental distinction as fair duenna might. Oh, romance! that it must vanish so before the tramp of the gringo, who so heartlessly replaced the lattice windows with Yankee-made shades, and the patio with a porch!

Those were tranquil days, days when existence was *manana*, when the sire was a patriarch, when the sons were

gay *Caballeros*, and the daughters ever lovely and beautiful. Then the flocks wandered in peaceful content over virgin pastures, treading their brilliant floral embroideries under heedless feet. Then priests wended their pious footsteps from post to post, and leather-coated sons of Mars surrendered to the compelling lures of Eros and became patient spouses, engaging in peaceful pastimes and in raising families. This was before the gringo looked with covetous eyes upon this fair land, and took full note of the too confiding dons' prodigal ways.

No one may contemplate the passing of these hospitable dons without a sentiment of regret—even if conceding it necessary to the progress that was irresistible.

But we must pass on, leaving behind us these pleasant memories, and give place to the "yanqui" from Indiana, from Iowa, or from wherever he might come, that he might set up his more modern shrine wherein sentiment had but little part.

And these invaders! The pioneers had few traditions to hamper them. Habits and customs might cling to them with stubborn persistency—and did. But a new horizon was opened up, and it behooved them to evolve from it a far better ultimate than did past conditions divine. Here was found a beneficent climate, fertile soil and beauteous environment—stimulus to great things, to high ideals of life. Here was the melting pot of ideas from which there must come a gracious measure of new life.

So, it was their duty and must be their pleasure to "make good," to transform the gifts that nature had bestowed upon them to a practical utilization. Would they do it? And they did cast about them for the ways to invest these blessings and utilize them. The canyons distilled from the winter's storms sparkling pools and streams, which came singing down their pebbly beds. The alchemy of soil, and water, and sunshine gave back luscious fruits, rare vintages and nourishing grains. Here, indeed, was fair foundations of a splendid commonwealth! The eyes of Lynceus were said to see through the earth. The pioneer had no such vision, but he did perceive phenomenal promise in the land of his adoption and fortunate choice. We know the results. The pioneer does not claim all of the habiliments of this goodly city to be of his foreordaining. But he did his part. Came the transformation from sheep pastures to a community of happy people; came Flora,

Pomona, Ceres—all fairy goddesses contributing their luxurious endowments. Water and land, and the guiding hand of man—what glory of attainment! But it was not all as easy as it sounds, or to read about. Indeed, no! Deprivations and hardships went hand in hand, even though there were always alluring dreams to bring hope.

The husbandman who busied his days pruning trees and in directing the living streams through thirsty furrows dreamed of oranges at \$5 a box, and became *muy pronto*, a three-tailed Bashaw, with Pactolean streams flowing in sweet rhythm from his gold-minting groves. Alas—dreams not often realized!

Came then, and later, the vanguard of speculators, acclaiming new emprise and offering honorariums of real gold. Gold was bartered for land, and land again for more gold. Those who had waited with patient philosophy found their vigils ended and opportunity knocking loudly at their doors. The end seemed achieved, though in an unexpected way, and it was accepted, at first, dubiously. They had become subjects of the superman. But the superman begat a city.

An ancient philosopher declared that man, abiding amidst beautiful things, must of necessity become a finer, a better man. This because the constant contemplation of beauty expands the imagination, purifies the soul and creates higher purposes. If Plato was right—and I am sure he was—then the coming generations who may live here, must be a superior people, with lofty ideals and accordant practices, setting up on a high pedestal of desire the achievements that are programed in the round of their existence. To habitats such as these must come philosophers, poets, artists, and workingmen, too, with visions of altruism and of the beautiful, a fixed ambition. The rich will here build mansions; the lesser rich bungalows no less worthy, for the joy of living is not measured by millions spent in palaces.

There are many cities more important and there are some very beautiful on this American continent. But there can be none lovelier to those who desire lovely places to reside in, and where every horizon adds to the picture. Travelers in Europe affect to call Southern California the Italy of America. But we who call this our home, deride comparisons and scorn even the gardens of the Mediterranean with their unhappy poor.

For about us here, we may see even humble life enjoying the luxuries of climate and beauty, alike with the rich and the more rich; for it costs little money and little effort to transform a bare span of soil into a delightful garden equal to those that decorate the hills of Sicily. For one thing, Pasadena presents no streets of wretchedness, nor sordid poverty, to rend the soul or distress the heart.

Pass through these miles of fine paved avenues with their grassy parkings and lawns, always green and well groomed! Note the prodigality of flowers and shrubbery in such well-ordered profusion. The kingdom of Flora has been ravished for rare varieties to add to the symposium of beauty. And lining the streets, trees little known outside of California lend their grateful shade and form vistas of beauty—the pepper, the camphor, the acacia and others equally as picturesque.

Within these lovely gardens are set the dwellings of men, each with its own architectural distinction, no matter whether humble bungalow or spacious villa; for it is the passion of the Pasadena builder to give his own touch of personality to the home he creates. And it does not take long to produce these charming effects in this exuberant climate. A year or two perhaps, and the once bare lot assumes the aspect of a real garden, with its fascinations of multi-hued flowers, and pergolas of drooping roses whose bloom may never cease. Trellises bear rich floral burdens and sunny gables sustain fragrant arabesques of color. It may be the millionaire's mansion or the Chinaman's shack; each may sport its graceful festoons of purple or white wistaria, or the pergola be a bower of glorious Kaiserin, of Henriette, or of any other hundred varieties of roses. The lawn is always there, neat and trim, a carpet upon whose emerald flowers the gorgeous crimson stars of the poinsettia or the flaming scarlet banners of the canna. In yonder shaded corner blooms, in an ardent pyramid, the scarlet-trumpeted hibiscus, hint of far distant isles in tropic seas, where dusky-eyed houris chant amorously from leafy ambuscade. These are some of the pleasant things that greet one in Pasadena.

And then there is the country outside, where orchards and orange groves yet exist, and where sweeping spacious fields may yet be seen, in spite of a spreading city's demands. To these country highways lead, and tempt the pedestrian to rural delights, the joy of living unhampered. Here a skylark's note

risers in clarion welcome or the robin bids cheerful sociability. Here, too, the sunshine spills its golden beams and fills the air with intoxicating vigor; and the mountains, ranged against a turquoise sky, proclaim the rhythmic cadences of a California summer.

Pasadena, the Jewel City in the constellation of Cities Beautiful, should be a constant inspiration to the highest in civic pride and civic virtue. Let no profane hand drag its banners into reproach, or write upon its escutcheons inglorious records.

Dollars must not usurp ideals, and dollars must not be the highest sum of things when considering public expenditures. There is a point beyond which economy may be an economic waste and prodigality a cardinal virtue. Would anyone, now, replace the Colorado Street bridge with a plainer structure, or the Polytechnic School with a cheaper one? Of course not! Our public structures must harmonize with the native beauties that have been our heritage and delight. A new city hall, a library, an auditorium—let them come in time, but not without due observance of the beautiful.

Augustus said he had received Rome in brick and would leave it in marble; so the builders of Pasadena must leave in marble—or its equivalent—edifices that will testify to its material progress and civic pride. Of all things, let these be beautiful to the eye, an appeal to the intellect!

Look upon the beauty of the mountains that fringe the horizon; look upon yonder lovely valleys, and upon the tender skies above! Each has its wondrous charm, its splendid fascination! Compare them with Kashmere; we scorn Kashmere! Compare with the gardens of Samarkand; who knows the Indus except in song and story? Scheherazade may have disported her loveliness in fragrant groves, in floral retreats; but were they lovelier than the gardens of Oak Knoll, of Orange Grove Avenue? Perhaps so, but I have a right to doubt it, though harking to the song of Omar. The Falernian hills were not lovelier than those of Linda Vista, or of San Rafael; nor the promontories of Lesbos greener. Watch the eastern ranges as they disclose themselves against the rising sun, ponderous and inspiring silhouettes of opening dawn. Note the kaleidoscopic marvels that paint their camoes on the skies each hour, until night drops his conquering mantle. Can one see these transformations daily and not feel, with Clarence Urmy, the lotus of Bagdad in his veins?

*“The purple shadow of an angel’s wing
Is flung across the range, and softly creeps
Adown the mountainside; the rocky steeps
Are blurred with veils of amethyst that fling
Their filmy folds round barren spots that cling
To jagged slopes; the yawning canyon keeps
Fond tryst with dusk, the windless forest sleeps,
With naught save one faint, long line lingering.”*

The resident of Pasadena, having once eaten of the lotus, is an heir to good fortune. He may not even care to change his habitation for Paradise, though he is getting attuned to it. Over its portals may fittingly be written, “Let him who enters here leave discontent behind.” Sitting at the feet of this modern Aphrodite of the West, whose charms allure, and whose loveliness must endure, the Pasadenan may, in patriotic fealty, exclaim: Oh, may thy future be full of accomplishment, may thy history be a record of civic virtues and artistic triumphs, and may the dweller herein be a mortal full of happiness and content!

A PROGNOSIS

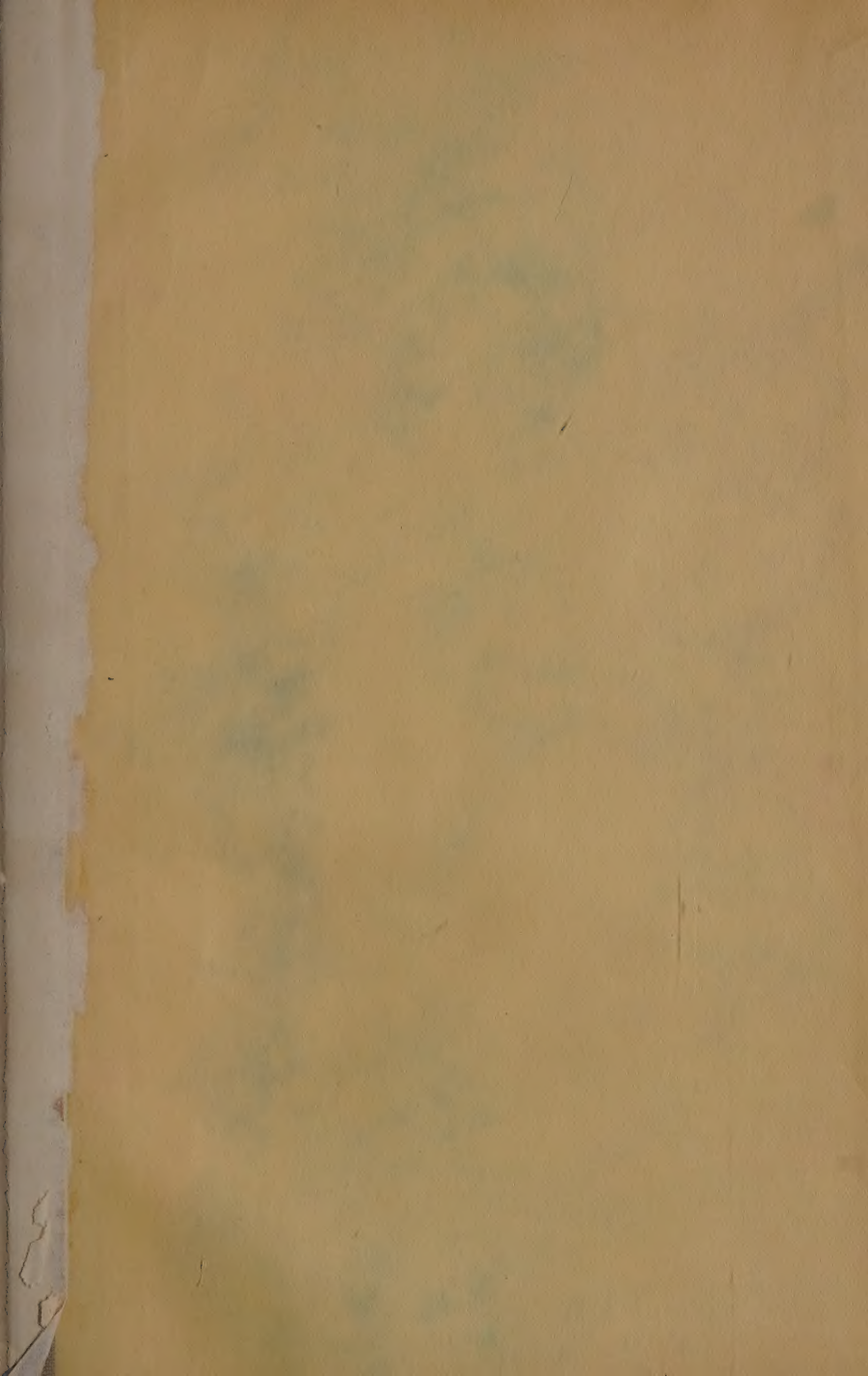
But of the future? It may require no prophetic vision to see it. Invention and genius, well applied, will confer their magic, and we can in our horoscope, discern clearly a rehabilitation that will give to this community a new fame. There will be no trolleys nor tracks to impede traffic or mar the landscape; no unsightly poles to create objurgations. A great city will fill the valley and the foothills, from Altadena to Los Angeles, and there will be one ambition besetting its inhabitants—that it will be the best of all cities! Noisy trolley cars and nerve-wrecking gasoline autos will be replaced with a wonderful new motive power vehicle—an invention by a genius educated at Throop. A new library, a new Parthenon, will rear its classic walls above a grassy Acropolis. Within its doors endless stacks of books will lure the reader from far and wide, and in it the student will have his cosy corner to browse at his content. A city hall of splendid architecture will adorn the proper spot and cause the citizen to glow with pride at its mention. In one of the parks will be a heroic bronze representing, in allegory, the Pioneer and the things he wrought. A casino, the forum where civic affairs are discussed by the citizens, and where the city band of forty-eight

pieces will play each day, will be an accomplished fact—at last! Children's playgrounds everywhere; public baths in various convenient sections of the city will add to the good cheer of its people. And there will be citizens filled with wisdom—the wise men of the town—who will be ready at all times to devote their spare time to the betterment of the community—men whose highest aim is patriotism and civic pride. Colorado Street will become the real Via Crucis and Appian Way of a better age, and there baazars of trade and the rounds of fashion will call the men and women in daily parade—bent upon errands of business and display of styles. There will be a municipal theater where talent of the highest will tempt both wise men and busy women to relaxation and enjoyment and fortify them for sterner duties.

The coming New Zealander (or New Englander) who will pause, leaning upon the parapet of the Colorado Street bridge, will gaze with eager appreciation upon a city throbbing with joyous existence—the epitome of civic problems wrought to happy conclusion, and a citizenry filled with purposeful ideals. And thus the dreams of the civic idealist will have been here accomplished! *So mote it be!*







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